

Shins, The

"Black Wave"

Visit "[Black Wave](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This goose is cooked, these tongues are tied,
Around the block and airborne blind,
But looking on the brighter side,
There's far less to which I

In the meadow where the black breeze blows,
Where underneath the waves, you were most alone,
Can you hear a subtle, aching tone?
Through the water, through the Earth, trimmed up
bone,

Looking on the brighter side,
Looking on the brighter side,
Looking on the brighter side,
Looking on the brighter side

Visit [Shins, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.