

Silverbeam

"The Punch"

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I wasted time to find you in the line of love
Just so you could learn how to hide
Because we're finding answers now and screening
evidence
That just doesn't add up to your innocence and it's
wearing this case thin

You say:

This scene is all surreal and I cannot find just how to
feel because my dream just died
I want to run but my feet get in the way of the getaway
that day

If I could know, well I tried to know
But defeat grabs for me and it's hard to realise just
where to go
I know I should have shown charisma but at a loss for
words
We flew like birds without looking where to go

This scene is all surreal and I cannot find just how to
feel because my dream just died
And I want to run but my feet get in the way of the
getaway that day

She left here what a sight
"What the fuck is it I'm trying to please you"
Sweetheart says
"We don't pick our loves we just pick our paths"
Photographed, watch her side, we don't collect
evidence for a reason
Trade insides so we could pick our lives
When we could just pick our paths.
Sweetheart says
"We don't pick our loves we could just pick our paths"
Trade insides, watching blow by blow for letting things
go

I crawled into your thoughts and through your mind to
gather essential pieces again

This scene is all surreal and I cannot find just how to
feel because my dream just died
And I want to run but my feet get in the way of the
getaway that day

Sweetheart says
"We don't pick our loves we just pick our paths"
Trade insides, watching blow by blow for letting things
fly by
Keep eyes wide, I'm watching from windows and
keeping tabs on all those lies
Watch faces as I make a widow for letting things go

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