

Southland, The "Shadow"

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Don't matter how rotten you feel
there's a shadow in the morning
splits my head wide
memory keeps me back on my heels
like a cold wind
like a shadow it follows me round

we ride the line between twist and crime
from the angels i seem a distant cry
but this is how i am and you are
and it's real life

I take a soul - then disappear
look for cover
helicopters circle above
we've worn your stone down to a sphere
you keep growing like a shadow
when the sun's going down

we ride the line between twist and crime
it seems plain like day as the years go by
that this is how i am and you are
and it's real life

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