

## Wooden Wand

### "Supermoon"

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Well, I fell out with you around the time of the  
Supermoon  
In a whirlpool of lies and some high greedy tides  
That swallowed what remained of your pride  
A capsized silhouette against a sunset copper red  
Well, no one's gonna climb, well, no one's gonna climb  
No one's gonna climb this sounding line

By the mark twain at two fathoms  
By the deep six at six fathoms  
I am slowly sinking down  
I am slowly sinking down

I was always holding my breath as if there wouldn't be  
any left  
After you took to mine, siphoned my blood and my time  
I don't believe I will climb this sounding line

By the mark twain at two fathoms,  
By the deep six at six fathoms  
My heart and I decide to drown  
My heart and I decide to drown

By the mark twain at two fathoms  
By the deep six at six fathoms  
I am slowly sinking down  
I am slowly sinking down

You were to me a ringing fever in my head  
An old letter tucked inside a book I've never read  
I've made a home some place you'd never want to stay  
300 miles or 100 league away

I'm not leaving any clues when I leave this afternoon  
No one will ever find  
No one will ever find  
No one will ever find my sounding line

