

Christie McCarthy

"Flood Gates"

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I dont remember who I was then, but I think Im about to
find out

Could be the sweat of this hot summer wind or maybe
just this taste in my mouth

But the floodgates they wont wait for you

And maybe I dont know myself, but the floodgates do

Very old and residual, a rains been falling and no one
noticing, everybody keeping dry inside

So heres a metaphor, Ive got a reservoir chained to my
soul and its overflowing, everybody gonna watch me
cry

But the floodgates, they wont wait for me

And maybe Im blind to the vision of myself, but the
floodgates see

They see right through you like an angel in the sky

Staring through and daring you to lie

And the floodgates, they wont wait, they wont wait for
you

And maybe I dont know myself, but the floodgates do

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