

Matt Pond PA "For Sale"

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now you're pressing them farther than you thought
they'd go

i've lost my mark, it's best to let go
the salt's between us as it sticks in the folds
we side in the swell, we both have to know

*which side are you on
i won't be here that long
off the rail it's awfully stale
i'd never thought that i'd turn down the offer to fail

watch them get smaller to the shore in the cold
arms hold me up, the legs kick a hole

*

she is the comfort ,somehow brings me in
the sands to stand, we don't have to know

which side are you on
i won't be here that long
we rise in the swell
we rise in the swell
off the rail it's awfully stale
i'd never thought that i'd turn down the offer to fail

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