

New Model Army "Wipe Out"

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This is where we go to - to the blue of the ocean
On the 30 westbound to the diamond water
Lost out in the white waves - salt purification
Bright eyes and breathless - this is how Love feels
Wash away the black stuff, wash away the road-dirt
In the thrill of the wipe-out, feel it pulling you under
This is where it saved your life in the days of the new
beginning
All the sweet redemption lines that you wrote and told a
thousand times
This is where we go to - to the blue of the ocean
On the 30 westbound to the diamond water
On the back-lanes down to the sea we pulled to the side
of the road
Danced together in the headlights beam to the songs
on the radio
Cheek to cheek . . .

We're up on the cliff tops as the dusk falls and the wind
drops down,
the last of the light fading in the sky out to the west;
and far out to sea, the water glows iridescent, perfect,
like a promise
of warm water in the shallows, cold water out in the
deep,
splashing on my face and rolling over, over, over . . .

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