

## **New Model Army "Wipeout"**

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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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