

The Faceless

"There's Something Not As Valid When The Scenery Is A Postcard"

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Delivery this morning
Our clothes are hung to dry
We're visiting the selling's
On the shore of the puget sound
The scenery gets a hold of you like a bad record
There's something not as valid when the scenery's a
postcard
And the view from the glass is just the glass upon the
finish
And the conversations people have about the lush
surroundings
Are all tainted by the cards they got from travelling
companions
Olympia is shorter to the street than what i thought
The view from in the city
Isn't scenery at all
But it gets a hold of you like a bad record

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