

Weatherbox

"The Thinnest Of Maps"

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It's midday in the town
All the people drive around
With the cars that they afford
With the gold in their drawers
You need money to get you by
You need anything to get you high
You don't eat or sleep or talk
And you've been drinking around the clock

Pills and boats and suns
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake
Bays and grains of sand
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake

I found you in between
My skin and the sheets
Tonight I'm selling clothes
Tonight I'm coming home

Pills and boats and suns
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake
Bays and grains of sand
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake

The thinnest
The thinnest of maps
The thinnest
The thinnest of maps
The thinnest
The thinnest

Pills and boats and suns
I'm selling clothes
I'm coming home
(What child here has crossed this road?)
And bays and grains of sand
You're selling clothes
I'm sailing home
(What fish world has sunk this boat?)

The thinnest
The thinnest of maps
The thinnest
The thinnest of maps

Threads and vines and glass
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake
Pills and boats and suns
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake

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