

Common Dead "Outer Harbor"

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Placing all my bets on vivid dreams
Romancing, collapsing
Even if all dies here, I have my place
Surrounding, withdrawing
Lay blame on intentions or call it on fate
I'm looking around but never the right way
I want to return to a place of purity
But I hope that I am welcome
Who am I to say? I love waiting
Naively, privately
Real yet surreal, my own to feel
Transgressing, regressing
And life is sort of twisted that way
When you want things to stay, that's when things
change
I'm looking to preserve an era called home
All feasible doubts unwelcome
We're passing the time and trying to keep sane
A matter of perspective and all views change
I want to return to a place I called home
But I hope that I am welcome

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