

The War On Drugs "Black Water Falls"

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Now's the time. Unpack your case,
And push your gold in the safest place.
So scared, you sweat and run for the hills,
While I lay back and cherish my chance to grip my will.

There is a train we take downtown
That buckles and bends from the weight of the ground.
You'll slowly lose faith in gravity
And give up the urge to sweat, and charm, and love,
and breathe.

I hear you dish it out, dish it out, dish it out.
I hear you dish it out, dish it out.

While you want to remain my friend,
No it's not -- it's not quite the same.
Remember me when you dissolve in the rain,
When the rivers run dry through the cold mountain
range.

When you turn to the name you invented
To keep your identity safe from the smell of defeat,
When there is no way to carve your righteous paths of
rage,
By holding the candle to those half you age.

Your jaw will be locked from hornets and bees,
And you'll understand I leave so suddenly with the
breeze.

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