

Sound City: Real To Reel

"Centipede"

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This is goodbye
Goodbye to all those little crimes
Screaming inside
It ain't enough to turn the tide

Just so

I let them go
Unpinning butterflies
In the hopes they'll come alive

Alive

Foolish, I know
The bread crumbs home were all devoured
After charades
I love the way you wear your face

Just so

I let them go
Unpinning butterflies
In the hopes they'll come alive

I let them go
Unpinning butterflies
In the hopes they'll come alive

Climb the same old wall
To the top and fall
Again

Can you hear me call
In the hopes they'll all
Come alive

First sign of a locust swarm
A worried mind; a thunderstorm
Rending heaven's knowing view
The eye of a needle few get through
I saw you sitting in your room

Weaving plans in sorrow's loom
Solace chatter deal in vain
No [unclear] no [unclear] to face the rain
A hopeless, dreaming, time disturbed
Friends and family, [needling cur?]
Away in your imagined box
The chains on chains and locks on locks

Take holding onto centipede
A hundred hearts and all you need
A Venus marble works in song
As short in love as life is long

Take holding onto centipede
A hundred hearts and all you need
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