

Lynx

"Rising Tide"

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You're an island of a girl
A drift in a world with the rising tide
You know that the coming storm is going to be a crazy
ride
With your alters made of trash
The aftermath of disposable dreams
You know you were born for more than what machines
provide

I would write you a song that sounds like
A faded photograph of your favorite night
Just a little something to remember me by
You could sing along if you like it enough
Play it on your phone even though it sounds kind of
rough
Just a little something to remember me by

You're an ocean of a girl
Surrounding a world with a blackening tide
You know that the coming storm is going to be a crazy
tide
With your alters made of bones
The aftermath of disposable dreams
You know you were born for more than what dreams
provide

I would write you a song that sounds like
A faded photograph of your favorite night
Just a little something to remember me by
You could sing along if you like it enough
Play it on your phone if you like it enough
Just a little something to remember me by

You could sing along if you like it enough
Just a little something to remember me by

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