

Beck Goldsmith

"Semaphore"

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In the road in the street light
I wills tay froozing my feet like
Half way home turn the day
So off my shoes
Couldn't stand to stand back form you
I was hurt . should have known
now .. pearls on your own
sent out for the guards .. mouth to mouth by card
I was coming to tell you
Indisposed indiscreet didn't notice the creeping lost
lies
Seen times never tell what beat your .. never was
I found a thrill last enough but swallow every time
I let your feelings fall into mine
Seven hours for the stage I will talk
He will translate .. I was trying to tell you more
I don't die you are holding out
You are hiding you are hiding
I don't doubt you are holding out
You are hiding you are hiding
I don't doubt you are holding out
You are hiding you are hiding

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