

Courrier

"Inch Of Rope"

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I remember when we dreamed in motion
We were children singing vinyl dreams
I remember when the souls projected on silver screens
We lie awake, we hear the children breathe
And heard the prayers of those highway choirs
Every night turned into years forgotten
Every inch turned into miles.

Chorus:

I know you can't trust yourself,
You can't trust yourself with an inch of rope!
And I know those words burn like hell
Those words burn like hell when they're in the throat!
When they're in your throat!

In my sleep I heard a siren singing
We forgot that we were lovers lost
In the sea amidst tidal waters
Throwing us against the rocks!
You've been drowning in an unknown ocean
Hemispheres away from anyone
Now the dream is just a fading sign
Of your innocence undone!

Chorus:

I know you can't trust yourself,
You can't trust yourself with an inch of rope!
And I know those words burn like hell
Those words burn like hell when they're in the throat!
When they're in your throat!

Honey, you are someone else
You are someone else in every wind that blows.
But I'll be every knot you need
When you're lost at sea with an inch of rope.
Yes, I'll be every knot you need
When you're lost at sea with an inch of rope!
Without an inch of hope!

Chorus:

I know you can't trust yourself,
You can't trust yourself with an inch of rope!

And I know those words burn like hell
Those words burn like hell when they're in the throat!
When they're in your throat!
When they're in the throat!

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