

Lost Trailers, The "Walking blind"

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Tide keeps creeping, squeezing me to row.
Sad surrender of the summertime of my soul.
Water will you wash me down and away.
Carry me home, to the place where I need to lay.
Carry you there and halfway here again.
Trying to freeze-frame, when the second hand seems
to spin.
I wonder can you tell me how to keep on flowing to then
from now.

There's a quiet and a rest,
It ain't that bad, but far from the best,
And my dream keeps getting pulled away from me.
And the time I wait will be my time to tell
If I'm walking blind or if I'm running well,
And my dream keeps getting pulled away from me.

Rain crash harder, leave a ripple on my front page.
Flood rise higher to drown out my age.
Wave break down over me; send me walking to where I
need to be.
There's a quiet and a rest,
It ain't that bad, but far from the best,
And my dream keeps getting pulled away from me.
And the time I waste will be my time to tell
If I'm walking blind or if I'm running well,
And my dream keeps getting pulled away from me.

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