

Mulligan

"Four Feet Of Water"

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It always rains, but where we are this cold makes snow
Don't make this a waste, get the water in your lungs
I fear that what I've wanted most is coming true
I've got a letter in my right hand, I can't read to you

It said all you've ever wanted from me, you know.
I have convinced myself to never speak these words
out.
I will only write them down. I will only carve them on
the walls in my bedroom, replace the pictures I've torn
down.

And I feel these lungs are burning, from breaths being
held.
Am I just outlines? Or should I let this air out?

But this sunset is killing me.
It's all the colors that I think I see.
I'm thinking of a war's retreat
with this red and orange on a reflecting sea.

It was a battle that the moon won
with its stars fighting a blood red sun
But the night sky sends it down to you
and this valley that we stand in too.

And I feel these lungs burn, from breaths being held.
Am I just outlines? Or should I let this air out?

So lets not even try
Worthless challenge and prize.

And I feel these lungs are burning, from breaths being
held.
Am I just outlines? Or should I let this air out?

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