

Shelter

June drips on the windowsill and maybe I should keep this closed
Wet wood will rot the frame, but how was I supposed to know?
Maybe it's something that's yearning to be exposed?
There in the kitchen light: the outline of another ghost

Well I skip my step between the cracks and draw my life out in the lines
See I'm hungry for a steady pay that feeds me and my soul in kind
Maybe it's something that's yearning to ease my mind?
But nobody tells you you're never running out of time

Somewhere beneath the paint
Lies the story of the first to leave this place
But how the hell do I leave this behind?
Lord, let me dig a hole that I can never find

Sun shines on a roaring shore and holds the thunder in the air
Blood rolls off my sweaty leg but no one really seems to care
Maybe this feeling has always been hiding here?
Nobody tells you never need to be repaired