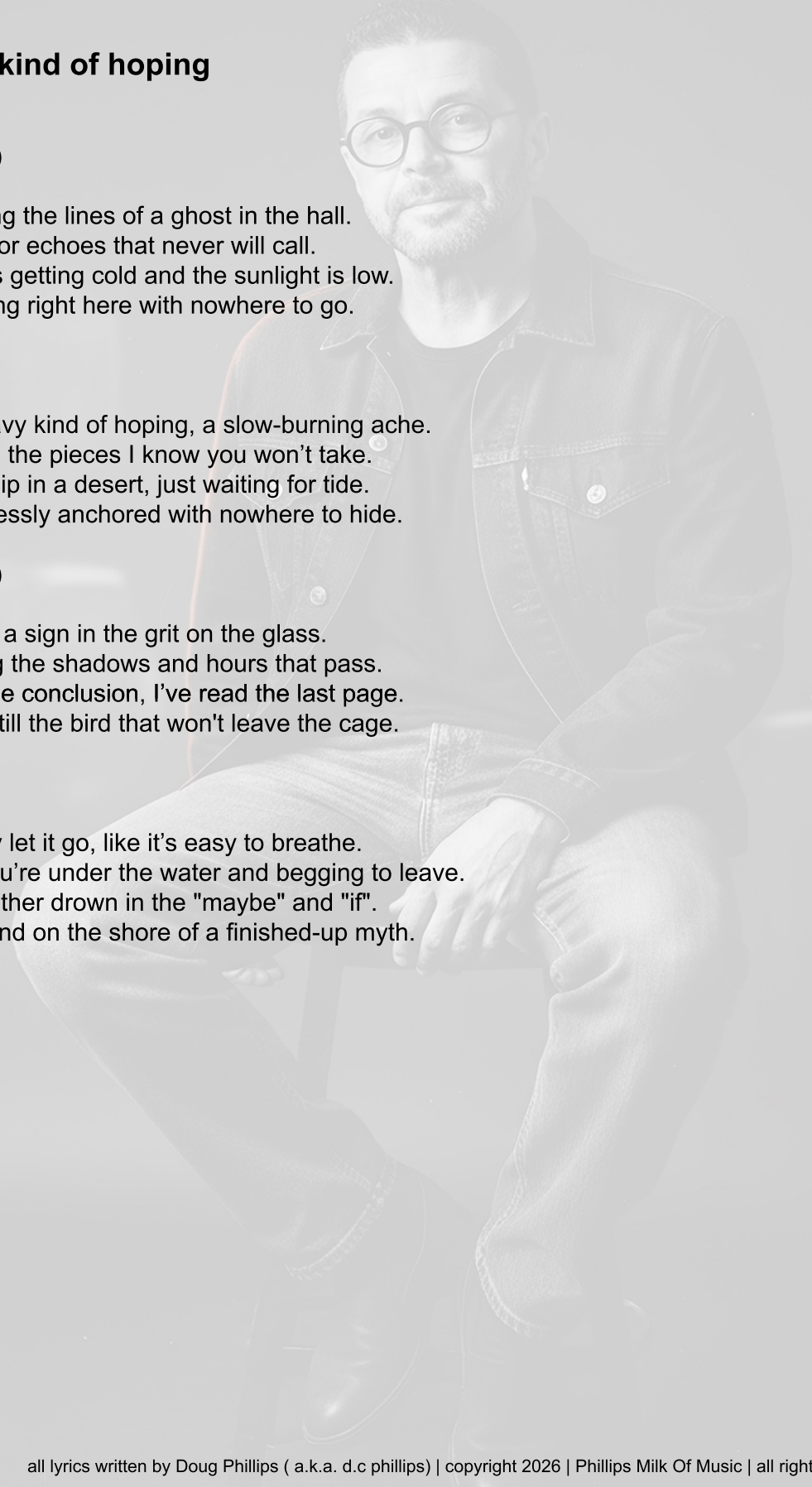




heavy kind of hoping

(Verse 1)

I'm tracing the lines of a ghost in the hall.
Waiting for echoes that never will call.
The tea's getting cold and the sunlight is low.
I'm staying right here with nowhere to go.

(Chorus)

It's a heavy kind of hoping, a slow-burning ache.
Counting the pieces I know you won't take.
Like a ship in a desert, just waiting for tide.
I'm helplessly anchored with nowhere to hide.

(Verse 2)

I look for a sign in the grit on the glass.
Watching the shadows and hours that pass.
I know the conclusion, I've read the last page.
But I'm still the bird that won't leave the cage.

(Bridge)

They say let it go, like it's easy to breathe.
When you're under the water and begging to leave.
But I'd rather drown in the "maybe" and "if".
Than stand on the shore of a finished-up myth.

(Chorus)