

The Matches, Clouds Crash

Clouds crash on the hillside
Set to sail your soul at high tide
High time you left that shadow,
Dead weight in the meadow
Let it follow far below

Oh, Oh, Oh

Whoa what a ceiling
All the angels cracked and peeling,
Revealing constellations,
One day you will name one,
After a boy you knew
When you were back in middle school
And ingrained his name in love notes,
Every one retained though,
In a box behind your raincoats

Oh, those days
When rainy days meant
Trace the spaces raindrops made when
Racing 'cross the windshield
The pace of life wasn't real
Oh, though how we quickened
How the slope began to slicken
You slip into a grin then,
Begin with where you've been and
In my linen you are skin again

La da da
La da da da da daa
Da da daa
Da daa daa
La da da daa da da daa daa

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