

Silver Soul

Beach House

We gather medicine for heartache
So we can act a fool
It's incomplete without you
The silver soul is running through
It's a vision, complete illusion, yeahhh

The needle along the spinning wheel
Collecting silver coil
It gathers heat without you,
Whether or not you're turned from it
It's a quick turn
To let it figure out

It is happening again
It is happening again
It is happening again
It is happening again

The bodies lying in the sand,
They're moving in the dark
It is so quick to let us,
We feel it move through our skin
It's a sickness, a manic weakness, yeahhh

It is happening again...