

## All Points

James Vincent McMorrow

In the canyon I was started young. In the ocean, in the valley  
run. There was hope that time would disappear, in the smoke and  
when the valley clears.

And I think about the cold air. I've been thinking about cold a  
ir.

And I was (I was) in the dark. I was (I was) in the dark, I was  
. (x2)

In imaginary destiny, reached the palms and stretched around th  
e skin. Every breath that echoes endlessly, every point to ever  
let it leave.

Still I'm thinking of the cold air, always thinking of the cold  
air.

And I was (I was) in the dark. I was (I was) in the dark, I was  
. (x2)

Tripping the call, distance is you. Lifting it out, we kept it  
with odds. Thinking the motion that been hurt. Setting in a fir  
e I can't stand the dark. Spilling in to fallness of it all.

And I've been thinking bout the cold air, always thinking of th  
e cold air.

And I was in the dark. I was in the dark, I was. (x2)