

# Tangled Web

Matt Hires

Oh, every silhouette and skyline  
And constellations in the city lights  
They're passing in and out of my mind  
And I'm trying so hard not to fall

And it's the same old situation  
The same red blood is flowing through us all  
I hear the groaning of creation  
And we're trapped up against this wall

Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
Of powerlines and city streets  
So blow wind, blow  
Go on and carry us home  
We all just want to see  
We want to see

We're always waiting on a landslide  
To bury us or set us free  
And now my words aren't coming out right  
As he opens the door to leave  
To leave

Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
Of powerlines and city streets  
So blow wind, blow  
Go on and carry us home  
We all just want to see  
We want to see

Woooahhh  
Woooahhh  
Woooahhh  
Woooahhh  
Woooahhh

Hold me like the setting sun  
Hold me like the setting sun  
Hold me like the setting sun  
Woooahhh

Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
Of powerlines and city streets  
So blow wind, blow  
Go on and carry us home  
We all just want to see

Blow wind, blow  
Go on and carry us home  
We all just want to see  
We want to see