

Model Ships

Rosaline

I've dragged this halo through the dirt for the last time
I can't find the thrill in this, I don't think I even tried
If I make this bed the way it was
I'll erase the story of the night
like the ocean forgets about a storm,
like I can't tell what's wrong from right
Somehow I've made it through the night
As sure as the rise and fall of the tide
Rayleigh scattered morning blue across my sky,
the windy city is frozen and covered in ice
So I've got this theory of vitality
And it turns out that it means the world to me
We trap our demons in beer bottles
And throw them to the curb the next day
I've dragged this halo through the dirt for the last time
I can't find the thrill in this, I don't think I even tried
If I make this bed the way it was
I'll erase the story of the night
like the ocean forgets about a storm,
like I can't tell what's wrong from right
Within this bottle I'll build a ship
and I'll sail it straight into your lips
because you look like her