

Streets of Sirens

Whiskeytown

Heart's a field of beautiful flowers
Mine's a street with sirens
Sleep a lull of gulf in drifted feathers
Lay with weighted eyelids
I recognize the whispers though I can't tell the words
Learn to lose the darkness
With things I heard
Even I once knew I should run
Learned when I was young
Heart's a boat that sails on your ocean's memory
Mine is still on empty
I recognize the whispers
Though I can't tell the words
Learn to lose the darkness
With things I heard