

Inch of Dust

Future Islands

a part of me you have
a part of me you hold
apart from me you stand
and there's parts that you had stole
littering in the cupboards
like some pieces of the puzzle
a nest just like a mother
the dampness of your sweater
it's never put together
as i watched you from the window
behind the curtains you turned
slowly as a feather
wrap around you tightly
this love is built in metal
fall around in shadows
it's never put together
it's never put together
behind the curtains you turned
fall slowly as a feather
the part of you i have
the part of you i hide
the parts of you i hold
the parts you left behind
call me
i'll be there always
and call me
i'll be there always
and call me
i'll be there always
call me
i'll be there always
part of me you have
a part of me you hold
apart from me you stand
and there's parts that you had stole
the part of you i have
the part of you i hide
the parts of you i stole
the parts you left behind

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