

Steve Angello, Saturday, Monday, The Ocean (ft.

We drove out to the ocean
Stayed inside your car for ages
Talking through the stages

Gone are the days of sun lotion
the carefree and the unsober
It's already October

We reach the end here, crushed like the waves
We reach the end here, nothing to save

And though the ocean looks infinite
from the far side
it breaks here, it dies

Like you and I

We drove out to the ocean
Tried to think of something fateful
- like we're grateful

Air and water in motion
Hair is blocking all my vision
Reach a final decision

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Like you and I