

Matt Simons – Catch and Release

There's a place I go to
Where no one knows me
It's not lonely
It's a necessary thing
It's a place I made up
Find out what I'm made of
The nights I stayed up
Counting stars and fighting sleep

Let it wash over me
I'm ready to lose my feet
Take me off to the place where one reveals
life's mystery
Steady on down the line
Lose every sense of time
Take it all in and wake up that small part of
me

Day to day I'm blind to see
And find how far
To go

Everybody got their reason
Everybody got their way
We're just catching and releasing
What builds up throughout the day

It gets into your body
And it flows right through your blood
We can tell each other secrets
And remember how to love

There's a place I'm going
No one knows me
If I breathe real slowly
Let it out and let it in
It can be terrifying
To be slowly dying
Also clarifying
We end where we begin

Matt Simons - Ag Glacadh is Ag Scaoileadh

Is liom an áit seo
Nach n-airím cráite
Níl mé cailte
Is rud ann atá de dhíth
Áit ar shamhlaigh mé faoi
Chuile rud geal faoin ngrian
Is na hoícheanta lán
Talann is féidearthachtaí

Chuile rud thar mo cheann
Ag siúl gan mo chosa faoi
Tóg anois mé go háit ina mbeidh 'n crá chroí
seo imithe
Lean anois ann ar aghaidh
Stop leat ag coinneáil greim
Glac an lá sin is béic amach an chuid sin dím

Ó lá go lá 'mé dall don ghrian
Is imithe liom
Gan stró

Leanann chuile dhuine réasún
Leanann chuile dhuine é
Muid ag glacadh is ag scaoileadh
A fhorbraíonn i gcaitheamh an lae

Fanann sé istigh ann
Ag cuisliú trí do chorp
Ag roinnt rún dá chéile
Is ag cuimhneamh faoin saol seo

Is liom an áit seo
Nach n-airím cráite
Gan analú níos moille
Lig amach is fan lasmuigh
Bíonn faitíos orainne
I gcaitheamh na huaire
is ag soiléiriú nuair,

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a fhanann mothúcháin laistigh
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