

# Leaves

## Winterbourne

I do believe  
Luck falls from the trees  
It has fallen to me  
As the wind brings its leaves  
And with the water at my knees  
I could feel you next to me  
And that's how it is  
Everytime our lips meet And I will believe  
All that I see  
But what if my eyes  
Only decieve  
And they do not know  
The hope within me  
Well it's how it is  
Not how it should be  
'Cause lovers and leavers  
Are all or they're neither sometimes  
And followers follow and givers will give up their lives  
And we all break promises  
And promises will break what we find  
Oh, but it's how it is  
Not how it should be Distance I love, distance I hate  
I know that this heart  
Will make it's mistakes  
And I know that this happiness  
Has come too late  
But I do not know  
What I can say  
Oh, winter will come  
And I'll remain  
Here  
Well lovers and leavers  
Are all or they're neither sometimes  
Oh, followers follow and givers will give up their lives  
We all break promises  
And promises will break what we find  
Oh, but it's how it is Not how it should be  
Oh, that's how it is  
Everytime our lips meet

And they won't anymore

Well, not like this

And if you're sure

I guess I'm glad they did

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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