

Impressions

Descendents

That could be me, that could be me Walking down the Seine
Where I'd throw my glasses away
That could be us, that could be us Walking through the garden
Watch the flowers melt together
Boats reflected in the river
The picture on my wall
Your picture in my wallet
Blurry and beyond
If I stare and stare
Maybe I'll be there
And we'd walk through
Breathe through open mouth
I don't care what they say

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