

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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