

Lilac Land

Damon & Naomi

The morning so sweet has a way of disappearing
That moment is lost to the day
The truth I believed has a way of interfering
With what I find I must sayMy heart is now broken
And I fear we've run out of timeThe new growth of spring comes alive in such profusion
I don't even mind when blossoms fall
Your voice on the phone, it fills me with confusion
I don't even want you to callMy heart is now broken
And we, we've run out of time

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