

White

Odd Future

Could this be Earth?
Could this be light?
Does this mean everythings going to be alright?
One look out my window there's trees talking like people.
I dreamt of storms, I dreamt of sound
I dreamt of gravity, keeping us around
I slept in the darkness it was lonely
And it was silent.
And what is this love?
I dont feel the same, I don't believe what this is could be given a name.
I woke you were there tracing planets on my forehead
But Ill forget 23, like Ill forget 17
And Ill forget my first love like youll forget a daydream.
And what of all my wild friends and the times Ive had with them?
Well all fade to grey soon on the TV station.

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