Golden hour

Nat Rose

Hold them up when the trees come back.
About the cup of wine surrounds me,
Never can tell me it doesn't care.

So where are you when the trees come back?
I can't forget about the way you move,
The way you looked before you left.

I'm better of running to see you in your green shirt.
Walk through the city, the colored lights.

I'm better of running to see you in your green shirt.
Walk through the city, the colored lights.

So punish me now with those brand new eyes.

Wish you were here when the trees come back.
And the weather is nice this evening but I don't care.

I'm better of running to see you in your green shirt.
Walk through the city, the colored lights.

I'm better of running to see in your green shirt.
Walk through the city, the colored lights.

I'm better of running to see in your green shirt.
I'm better of running to see you.

So punish me now with those brand new eyes.

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