The Search (feat. Mark Beasley)

Mree

Wake at the start of an early dawn
To make me put my dress shoes on
You in your veil and your pale white dress
Still as kids, it all made senseOut in the back where we used to play
It's always been my favorite game
We'd close our eyes and we'd spin around
And seal our lips until we're foundLet's go back to the light of our younger days
Hiding beside the trees
You called me your little honeybee
And you would look after me
Though it's getting cold and we're growing older
Now that we have to leave
I don't wanna play like it's lost and found
But will you always search for meSlow at your hold, never let me go
Pray to god our time ticks slow
Of all parted hearts I've grown to know
Yours will always lead me home

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