24-25

Kings Of Convenience

She'll be gone soon you can have me for yourself
But do give, just give me today
Or you will just scare me away
What we built is bigger than the sum of two
But somewhere I loose count of my own
And somehow I must find it alone
24 and blooming like the fields of may
25 and yearning for a ticket out
Dreams burn, but in ashes are gold

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