Season Song (Rui Da Silva Mix)

Blue States

The unfolding of the year
And now our season is here
All the balances are clear
Now that our time is hereIn a perfect present tense
Through our wide, rose tinted lens
When the words have all been spent
Will we still have meant them?Through the window, see the place
Like a fond and sweet embrace
For a moment face to face
In the sweetest embraceThe unfolding of the year
And now our season is here
All the balances are clear
Now that our time is here

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