

Crooked Lines

Hey Marseilles

Silent summer licks in old town
Forgetting Sundays
Trading moments of sound
Aimless wandering through the evergreens
All the moments I lost while caught in your words
I tried to find all the patterns and lines
You left behind
Those crooked signs
Words I tried not to write
I left behind
Every autumn moves me backwards
And my memories start to loop in reverse
All the fallen leaves
The slipping symmetries
Every waking hour
Takes me back to your words
I tried to find all the patterns and lines
You left behind
Those crooked signs
Words I tried not to write
I left behind
I've been going back, back to the old place
Couldn't figure out
I couldn't figure it out
Am I going back, back to my old ways
Couldn't figure out
I couldn't figure it out
I've been going back, back to the old place
Couldn't figure out
I couldn't figure it out
Am I going back, back to my old ways
Couldn't figure out
I couldn't figure it out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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