

# And We Lean In

## Trespassers William

What if the sound of my voice is the sound of your lover's voice?

What if the back of my hand feels so familiar?

We don't stop, don't stop, don't

And we lean in, how'd you do that? It's strange how light catches on things like there is nothing else

Or say it's my eyes or it's my heart, well, I can close them all

Won't look, I won't look for the signs of, I won't look

And we lean in, how'd you do that?

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