

Amy

Alu

Amy, I often wonder why
we had to leave our playthings
behind, behind.

Maybe, the fear of what I'd find,
oh, you know, it forced me to leave my baby bean
behind, behind.

Are you a teacher now or a mother?
Your poetry reads like a dream
of you, of you.

And your house on the hill is falling down.
And the boy chasing us home - he is falling down.
Daddy's little girl, oh, you know she sometimes falls down.
The tide is coming in now. The waves fall down.
We all fall down. But not you. Not you.

Amy, they say no regrets
but in all of my days, I wish I had stayed
with you, with you. Amy.

Lyrics submitted by madison.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>