

# Our Park By Night

## Craft Spells

On the slide I feel a certain liberation  
I took the bus to find out what you meant to me  
I saw the park I gotta find my destination  
12 o'clock and suddenly I feel so freeDon't know what it could be  
But some days  
I feel it crashing in  
If I could see you right here beside me  
I'd hold you once againEvery night I listen closely  
For your wind to catch me  
In our park way after dark  
On this bench I feel no itch of desperation  
Missed my bus and felt no major urge to leaveSaw a park and followed my dumb inclination  
Twelve o'clock and suddenly I feel so freeDon't know what it could be  
But some days  
I feel it crashing in  
If I could see you right here beside me  
I'd watch you once againEvery night I listen closely  
For your wind to catch me  
In our park way after dark  
Way after darkEvery night I listen closely  
For your wind to catch me  
In our park way after dark  
Way after dark  
Every night I listen closely  
For your wind to catch me  
In our park way after dark  
Way after dark

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

Lyrics provided by

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