Overchay With Me

Damone

I sit around to read your note,
I read it over and over.
I think about you and fall asleep,
And dream.'Cause on the first paragraph you wrote,
It's real.
And nothing matters but you and me,
Thats how you feel.I'll write a song then go to work,
I'll sing it over and over.
I'll write it down, put it on your jeep,
While you were E.M.T.And I'll imagine the sound it makes,
And how it feels.
And what the look is upon your face,
And dream.

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