

The Further I Slide

Badly Drawn Boy

Starting today we're on holiday
Everybody sees you in the wrong way
No one else sees you my way Your gazes cripple me, keep life a mystery
I don't want it to change
Just keep them coming my way, that's all a lie
I can't rationalize the further I slide I can't seem to get back to your side
'Cos you're a summer child and I'm a winter mild
I can't stay with the heat
As you blossom out around me What if there is nothing after this?

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