Breeze

Squaremeat

I'm a tree with my leaves in the breeze
Free in the air with my roots underneath me
Every time that I walk out the door
I'm alone in a world that I don't seem fit for
And it maybe that lately I can't be sure
And it maybe that lately I'm insecure
I can't forget about
The time that we ran on the beach
And the time that we felt out of reach

And the time we watch tv
You and me every night for a hundred weeks
And it maybe that lately I can't be sure
And it maybe that lately I'm insecure
I can't ever forget about
And it maybe I'm just like you said I'd be
And it maybe you're just like I thought you'd be
I can't ever forget about

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