

# Breeze

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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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