

# Green to Gone

## Snowblink

When I'm twenty-two,  
when it's two-thousand-four,  
when you're twenty-four,  
meet me Big Sur.

You dress in denim from your neck to your knees  
and you turn your back to the bossy breeze  
and a plane goes by silenced by riptide.  
Sea salty-watering me.

When I'm twenty-six,  
when it's two-thousand-eight,  
when you're twenty-eight,  
meet me Montana.

It's gonna be a sweet the end  
or a no,no it's too,too late  
or a my,my,my oh how I've missed  
the way your way makes me make me me.

Sometimes the leaves succulently;  
sometimes the leaves poisoning.  
Sometimes they go from green to gone.

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Lyrics submitted by Serena Jo.

Lyrics provided by

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