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.

Lyrics submitted by Serena Jo.

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