

Walking Under Green Leaves

Spymob

Winter's slowing down
Nothing is really earned or gained by prolonging this
I'm high above the ground
On a windmill pointing out the sights of the country
In a corner of the barn, the pickup rusted out
By too many years
I can see your mouth is movin'
You were saying something
Probably asking us to come down
There is something so nice about
Driving down here with you
Please, just a few more hours
I don't wanna drive back to town just yet
'Cause the sun sets late this time of the year
And I've been deprived of it for so many months
I'll bet my face will burn
But I ain't even concerned about it
No, no, no, no, not one bit, 'cause we're
Walking under green leaves at last
Walking under green leaves at last
There's something so nice about
Driving down here with you
Please, just a few more hours
I don't wanna drive back to town yet
Day is winding down
Nothing is really earned or gained by denying this
Thanks for the few more hours
You sleep now, I'm feeling alright to drive
The sun sets late this time of the year
And I've been deprived of it for so many months
It's leaving me again
I don't wanna miss one minute of it
No, no, no, no, not tonight
Walking under green leaves at last
Walking under green leaves at last
Walking under, walking under green leaves at last
And walking under green leaves at last
Walking under, walking under green leaves at last

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