

Summer Again

The Wytches

We could speak without talking
A week without leaving,
Your laughter is flowing,
Plans are expanding,
Her eyes were not working
When you led us to the garden
Knew where we were going except with directions
But you led the way down
We were a dying breed
A couples with no means
We shouldve hung around together
When the walls were all closing
I undid your dress
you climbed up my jeans
We went for eachtoher
Still with no means
But you led the way that I
I hold on to your words
Like they were rules frmo a book
I clean my things and drop them on the way home
And now youre a dream, im too scared to have
Because if I do in the morning ill walk back
To that sentimental park
Where I ate from your hand
You showed me what the truth is I still dont understand
And now im dwelling on the past
With a bottle in my lap
Shouting at the wall cause hes shouting at me back
Im going to finish off this spag
Something out of my hands
So I can fall asleep fast
In a bed of broken glass
Like a fire I rose
Over to the grass
No one wants to put me out
Because I never made a sound
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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