The Season

All Get Out

Somewhere in between this ocean and mountainside
I have this dream I think of it still sometimes
I know it's just the season
I sense no time or reason
The sky falls down; it's evening
The feeling goes; it's leaving
Miles until this desert brings me back to your face
Those eyes you know you know I think of them still sometimes
But you're away in Eden
And I'm still here the heathen
This times for real, we're even
We do this for the season

I cross the sand
without your hand
I go back to
where you and I began
and I was yours
and you were mine
things seem so soon to say goodbye
I hope you're well as I am fine
I keep to myself where I go where I lie
I woke up in a cave
No air no light no shade
when did things turn this way?
I miss you on certain days

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