

# New Year

## Beach House

All I wanted comes in colors  
Vanish everyday  
I keep these promises, these promises  
Stranger things will come before you  
Always out of the way  
We keep these promises, these promises  
Can you call it  
See it coming  
Just enough to tell a story bout a  
Portrait of a  
Young girl waiting for a new year  
All you ever wanted  
Is it getting away?  
Visions of a feeling  
The footsteps at bay  
You were getting stronger  
Memories again  
Now you're open wider  
It's better this way  
All I wanted comes in colors  
Vanish everyday  
I keep these promises, these promises  
Stranger things will come before you  
Always out of the way  
We keep these promises, these promises  
Won't you write a letter  
On the page  
In your own way  
Write it in a letter  
On the page  
It's your own way  
You were getting wiser  
It's better this way  
Faces in the mirror  
Memories again  
Now look to a feeling  
It's lighter than breath  
All you ever wanted

Is it getting away?  
Can you call it  
See it coming  
Just enough to tell a story bout a  
Portrait of a  
Young girl waiting for the ending of an era  
Can you call it  
See it coming  
Just enough to tell a story bout a  
Portrait of a  
Young girl waiting for the new year

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