

Maybe I Will, Maybe I Won't

The Young Veins

I don't want to find my home
Just wonder what happened to it
My hands are cotton stones
Who stole all my bones? All my forgotten poems are a joke
What do I know, baby wood rose
Doesn't it show?
People get old when they're alone Seven days over the seashells
Sunk so many leagues
Will you come visit me?
Finally finding sleep
We'll swim around in dreams
Stay afloat Maybe we will, maybe we won't
Doesn't it show?
People get old when they're alone Maybe I will, maybe I won't
Maybe I will, maybe I won't The weather is impeccable
Riding to a festival
When suddenly it's gray Do not be afraid for the wind it doesn't stay
It blows and goes away
It blows and blows
But never shows its face Doesn't it show?
People get old when they're alone
What do I know?
Maybe I will, maybe I won't Maybe I will, maybe I won't
(Maybe I will, maybe I won't)
Maybe I will, maybe I won't
(Maybe I will, maybe I won't)
Maybe I will, maybe I won't

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