Arcee Springer

Park

When it comes and doesn't
fold before it's done
When it shades and plays
what you call a melody of
sense Your pretense
So hard to conceal what I
feel back when I was so
idly wild I'm awake now
tonight without sundays
mornings bruises on my
neck Quiet kind of thinking
not anything wishing I was
far away where trees drop
leaves as far as I can see
Arcee shivers beside me
scooping up the softness
promising shell be with me
forever Why does this
music make me sad could I
make a part of myself, true

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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