Curbside

James Blake

I would come out just see you
Dancing freely by the sunset
Like the sun you'd shine brightlyWe'd spend hours by the curbside
Telling stories under streetlights
How your words would amaze meNow those days are gone
Slowly they'd slipped awayI still go out by the old house
Where I met you our first summer
Where are you now, you're with another?I am sitting by the curbside
Where we'd hang out under streetlights
How those times still are with meNow those days are gone
Slowly they slip away

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