Sarah Minor

Keaton Henson

And I know that there's friction
Between me and you,
I know that you're uncomfortable,
Believe me, I do.
I know that it's hard for you to tell me the truth.
But while we are doing so,
Sarah, I love you.

And though your skin's sheet white
And your arms carry scars.
Your hair isn't clean much,
Your lungs black with tar.
And god, you love to argue,
You can't play guitar.
But still, let me tell you
That I love who you are
Still let me tell you
That I love who you are.

Love, young love
I hope you are well
At least we now both
Have a story to tell
Young love, I feel
You know me better than most
In spite of real distance, we'll always be close,
In spite of real distance, we'll always be close.

Golden Brown was our soundtrack
A long time ago
We spent all our days in the lines
Outside shows
And I still remember this day,
A long time ago
I walked through the rain for you,
You said to "go home,"

Young love, young love
I hope you are well
At least we now both

Have a story to tell
Young love, I feel
You know me better than most
In spite of real distance, we'll always be close,
In spite of real distance, we'll always be close.

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