

Through the Pane

Across Five Aprils

Simply put I'm satisfied just to hear you speak
And holding on to what you said last time, here with me
I remember listening to passing cars, on our backs staring at the stars
And I survive by these memories, these memories of you So I'll press my face against the pane
Of the window as I watch you drive away
The glass is still stained in my bedroom
Where you wrote 'I Love You' with your lipstick
And once again I'm left here fighting tears away The glass is still stained in my bedroom
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