

It's cooled.
I'm away now, here and I say,
Our bench, the only thing,
Where did I go wrong with you?
And I like to cut around the chair
Alone, saddening soldier by the truth

Look kids, the sun is out! Do you know what this means?
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It's where I'm fading,
Lights are dimming now.
Except I'm still here,
Sensing in the air your ghost,
And a liking, floating here around my own,

Thinking that all would be okay.

(We need your truce!
Outside, to be your mind,
It seems to be your time.)

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