

## Back Again Pt. II

Cloud Cult

Sometimes I dream about summer twenty years ago.  
Can I go back again?  
Sometimes I wonder if I could go back to being eight years old.  
Can I go back again?  
Sometimes the stars seem to be conscious of my memories.  
Can I go back again?  
Sometimes I romanticize my memories.

I'm just a machine, but my memories will fill the Universe.  
I won't come back again.

(If the wind in the grass is too much to handle,  
I won't be the one to force you to breathe.  
If the moon and stars are too bright for you,  
I won't be the one to make you see.)

I think that hope is a pure thing  
But I can't forget that whole sting  
That he wooed her with the greasiest smile  
And all my love turned into bile  
I lived in my car for a while