It's too late, you're too late
Reach for the window pane
Look to our childhood for screws that are loose, don't we?

We all know ourselves well Winter has dug in its heels Living like all love we worked for was something we stole.

How does the wind sing so sweet
Even after all this time
How the lights dim, heavenly
Taking back what was mine
You should have seen the way you loved me
Leaving our hearts out to dry

How did we come to this? Chips in the paint that we missed. Hard to put my finger down on the day it turned cold.

June turned into July.

Oh how the time will fly by

We were so careless to run from the words that we spoke

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