

Mother Silverlake

Doves

I am a summer on an English lake
Full of sorrow, full of grace
Yeah, I remember in a childhood dream
Just want my mother looking down and watching over me

I just want my mother smiling over me
Hey, hey, hey
Winter season turns to rain
Winter season turns to rain
Winter season turns to rain
Winter season turns to rain

I'm not bad
I just want
To be loved

I believe, I believe, I believe
That we will meet again
Just know there's a reason to love life again

Ever since I was young I've been trying to communicate
It's just my words, they just came out way too late
Just out of reach a parting of the waves
A summer breeze that's full of want and full of ache

There is nothing here to be gained
No one sitting here will be saved

Winter season turns to rain
Winter season turns to rain
Winter season turns to rain
Winter season turns to rain

Am I bad
To just want
To be loved?

I believe, I believe, I believe
That we will meet again
Just a feeling to reason to love again
I believe, I believe, I believe
That we will meet again
Just a feeling to reason to love again