

You see?

I've been so hollow

I find myself single and cast away

You could see nothing will follow

Is it me, or is it of paradise

I cannot feel the sun

And your gentle touch

I can't find the highs or the lows

Is it me, and you, or our follow through and youth

As the lights turn down

The rain burns out the castaways

Too lit up to see.

I can't feel the sun

And your gentle touch

I can't find the highs or the lows

Is it me, and you, or our follow through and youth

As the lights turn down

The rain burns out the castaways

Too lit up to see