

Of Birds, Bees, Butterflies, Etc...

Late Night Alumni

Summer had seen enough of me.
A fall down and building up stone by stone.
Spring unleashed a swarm of birds and bees.
I did nothing to stop it. I'd come undone.

Everything you hear, it's nothing like the way it feels.
The flavor in the air, it's nothing next to being safe here.
I'm all of me all ears, if ears were stars to catch your tears.
Yet everything I hear flies like butterflies right through my ears.

I wake up, still feels like a dream.
I lie down, get up again and I'm still stunned.
Alive, unleashed; it proves too much for me.
There's no way I can stop it. It's too much fun.

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