

Our Song

Morgan Page

On a frozen subway corner late December
Oh I swear to god your face it stopped the rain
Yeah your voice is like a song my soul remembers
Sing it again, love, sing it again

You had that vinyl record player from your father
We were dancing to the New York City trains
And they told us love was hard but I know I loved you harder
Play it again, love, play it again

This is our song
You can take the music with you
It plays long after we're gone
So if you're ever lonely
Put that radio on
Cause this is our song
This is our song

Will you let this be the soundtrack to our story
When the candle's burning slowly till the end
Don't you hear your father saying child don't worry
Sing it again, love, sing it again

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