

(April) Spring, Summer & Wednesdays

Status Quo

I can't leave, but I won't stay here
If I stay, I still won't be here

I am the grass upon which she lays
April spring summer and Wednesdays
I am the hand which feeds her always
I am the bed upon which she plays

Nah, na na nah, na na nah ah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah ah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah

I can't leave, but I won't stay here
If I stay, I still won't be here

I am the feathers in her pillow
Anywhere I hide, she knows, I know
I am the sunshine through her window
Anywhere I go, she goes, we go

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