

## Sex, Death & Landscapes

Tom Rosenthal

Sex, death and landscapes  
It's all the mistakes  
And how you did them well  
I fell for you in the summer  
And that was bummer  
Because you left in the spring  
Don't sigh  
Nothing's going to take you away from me girl  
You were there all along  
An old boy on a park bench  
Thinking in the past tense  
Looking for the words  
I'll wash my face tomorrow  
And for the days that follow  
I'll do it again  
Don't sigh  
Nothing's going to take you away from me girl  
You were there all along  
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