

Letter to Michael

We Are the Ocean

Michael I've been talking to you
Even though you can't hear my voice
There are things I've wanted you say for so long
But the road has its way

Michael I must thank you
In the way you held me high
I could see over the crowd
You told me "Son when you grow older
Everything I am is everything you are"

Michael I've been talking to you
Even though you can't hear my voice
I've been thinking God when I laugh it's as though you are laugh
hin' as well
With me in the Collosseum
And I know the ink in our chest is the same as the colour of ou
r eyes

Michael I must thank you
In the way you're always there
Even when our backs are turned
You told me "Son when you grow older
Everything I am is everything you are"
And you held me high
I could see over the crowd
You told me "Son when you grow older
Everything I am is everything you are"

And everything you are is everything to me