

If it's true that time moves in one direction
Then why is my head still in your lane?
Through days that have paced steady, strong, circled by

So where were you at this moment last year?
When the days started losing their light
Was the mark of my birth in the line of your sight?

Spring and summer, I learned from you
I did what I did, what I had to do
But how many seasons 'til time ain't true?

I believe in a place where time moves backwards
And the truth seems so clear and easy to tailor
I've been trying to leave you there, but I have to get outside
of myself

Did I know what I saw in that mountain sunrise?
Did I capture the light and the lay of the land?
I've been writing the same song over and over and over again

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