

# Akai, First Song Of April

When I'm fishing through my pocket for a quarter or a dime  
all I get is an empty pocket where your hand once held mine

I had a well full of happy memories of laughing in our bed  
Your gorgeous smile and sparkling eyes, but now my well's gone dry

(Now they're twisted; they had their life stolen)

In this crowded smokey room be so much better with you here  
I could wrap my arms around you but the music's lost its charm

Car ride  
Rain falls  
Hospital  
Someday