## Anarbor, I'll Stay To The West

The sun coming up, Seems to agree With our moods Slow with world. Slow with the world, on our finger tips And still we'll wish that we had something more to miss When you leave for the east, I'll stay to the west Don't expect me to miss you Yeah, don't expect me to miss you We called ourselves miles, we let ourselves dream But dreams only come when we sleep, We've got thousands of miles, with states in between I beg for you to forget me, just to let you be Don't expect me to miss Yeah, don't expect me to miss you My bed gets sick of your body Like the moon gets sick of the stars If I'm going down I'll take the whole damn town down Don't expect me to miss you, Yeah don't expect me to miss you, The sun coming up, Seems to agree With our moods