

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