

Audrey, Six Yields

I go down to the water
To pull the raft of the beauty
You make a sketch on missing parts
Well, nothing is real until it's lost

There are lovers floating by in stream
that's a state that we won't get in

You put a scene up
hold on

(It's a dream of show? to cover all that scene)
Can't understand why you're trying to
put us in, that you put us in

You're up in the ceiling
you'll save the state of healing
as I called up your feeling
I found misery by leaving

I'm fond the dreams you have
The raft, the sea, and me

You put a scene up
hold on