Brett Anderson, A Different Place

We sat under London skies on A perfect June day. I touched her hand And whispered our names. And all of the birds flew by and The clouds blow away The rose oil in her hair And her infinite craze. These are the thoughts That take me To a different place. There are the words That take me To a different place. And I gave her A rose from my garden And the petals Blow away.

They look like confetti
On her
Beautiful face.
These are the thoughts
That take me
To a different place.
There are the words
That take me
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