

Fairweather, Southstreet, 1 Am

Philadelphia today, a face my eyes to see
Cold wind to move a tape of songs
For this time in youth, a score I've set to you
And images of a world that's passing by
Lay me down I'll sleep for days
And dream of you
Lay me down I'll sleep for days
Dreams subtract the distance

Attention paid to leaves slowly turn their shades
Ignore increasing miles that argue with
A decision to come, despite my better thought
But I can't argue with my...
From this house for roads and hours
I swallow hard
For your words this drives existence
I can't wait to see you