

Jason Mraz, After An Afternoon

I bare my windowed self untamed and untrained
Dreams that hardly touch our complexions truest faults
If room enough for both my drowsy spirit shall fall
Bold waves tumble oh to the season of my heart
And you have offended my faith and my trust
Until all is lost into the beauty of the day
Until all is lost, until all is lost

But there's something in the way you laugh
And it makes me feel like a child
Aspects of life they confuse me
You and your thesis amuse me
Oh, after and afternoon with you
And your rich brown eyes
Your lips and dark hair
Elbows and exposed knees tossing toward the ceiling
After an after, after an after, after an afternoon
After an after, after an afternoon with you

Face to palm
Tear to tear
Mouth to tongue
Heart to ground
Heart to ground
Heart to ground
I am in love