

Lake Of Tears, Making Evenings

Where is the color of my evening deep red
Lost in the middle of the morning rays, he said
Heading for the heart of a different sun
Hopeful and high and set to get one, now she's gone

Dark park moon balloon, he said

Where is the light of my nighttime sky
Left in the morning without a goodbye
Heading for the heart of a different sun
Just in case she fails to get one, now he's gone

Dark park moon balloon, he said
Dark park moon balloon, it's bad