

Oxford Drama, Preserve

Preserve all the love that you have
and keep it in a bottle
Take it deep underground
So no one will find
Preserve that blush that you have
Wondering round the cheeks
Give them sense of novelty so hard to define
Preserve all the nights that you have
Here just in the raindrops
Looking shy in his eyes
Going side by side
Preserve every spark that he left
Stroll them all over
Discover him like a map, so he won't be gone

I know I will find out in New York
It will be better
I know I will find out in New York
It will be better

Recall every time, thank for the confusing
Containing life in shapes so you act for side
Protect all the days that bloomed and let the night open,
and close your current embrace
So he will be proud
Protect every sound that I made
And thank for the confusing
Hide it closer to heart, so hard to define
Preserve all the love that you catch
And keep it in your pockets
Put it deeper in the seif so no one will find

I know I will find out in New York
It will be better
I know I will find out in New York
It will be better
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