

Seafood, What May Be The Oldest

So how does it feel you made a fresh start
I slept as fuelled the fire in your heart
I got no regrets just happy we spent
Just like you said were shaped for something else

(Chorus)

I've been waiting for my turn
And I am not that scared of you
And I will not be confused
And looking back I think I always knew

No point in denial
Escape for fresh air
Wish I could tell
Too scared of what comes next
So hard to resist
So try to forget
The sarcasm fits
Been working on my smile

(Chorus)

Been waiting for my turn
Too scared of what comes next
I've been waiting for my turn
One day this all will make some sense
What may be the oldest always hurts the same