

Socratic, Too Late, Too Soon

When I fall, I fall far.
I guess that's what I get for standing tall.
And when I see, I see clear.
I'm looking but it's blurred.
One day the world will turn and try to forget you.
Just remember to have fun.

I guess that makes it imperfect.
I guess that makes you sad.

It's too late too soon.
You enter this room, as you start to undress.

And after all, as we lie around.
But I'll go out just enough.
One day the world will turn and try to point at you.
Did you remember to have fun?

I guess that makes it imperfect.
I guess that makes you sad.

It's too late too soon.
You enter this room, as you start to undress.
In time you'll see, how small you seem.
Can you fall in love from miles away?
Away.

How can you look at me?
And how can you lie to me?
And how can you look at me?
How can you sit beside me and say a life's too young?
How can you lie to me?
How can you sit beside me and with your lying tongue?

It's too late too soon.
You enter this room, as you start to undress.
In time you'll see, how small you seem.
Can you fall in love from miles away?
Away.

You start, you start to undress.