

# Travis, The Fear

All I wanted was a chance to say  
I would like to see you in the morning  
Rolling over just to have you there  
Would make it easy for a little bit longer

But here  
Closer every year  
So near  
The fear is coming clear  
My dear  
The fear is here

Hottest summer in a hundred years  
But summer didn't bother getting up this morning  
And so all the trees forgot to wake  
They were dropping all their leaves on the ground below them

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So near  
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