

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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