

# Trembling Blue Stars, Last Summertime's Obsession

I found my home now I'm back to drifting  
I miss the feeling she gave me of belonging  
If I was only going to lose it  
In a way I wish I'd never known it

I still want someone that I can't have  
But now it's someone that I once had

It no longer matters that I'll never  
Kiss the lips, hold the hand  
Of last summer's constant companion  
Of last summertime's obsession

It's the touch of a different hand I'm missing  
Lips I've kissed already that I want to be kissing

I was careless with a precious gift  
With what we'd found, with what had come around  
I was careless with a precious gift  
With what we'd found, with what had come around  
Around