

Veda, Song Four, Side Two

dreamers stop here
in hopes they'll get a chance of a lifetime ago
but i will not wait there
drifters stop here and think
the way they lived life with no plans
my decision is drawing near
please lover find me
though the seasons break us up
please lover remind me
that at the hand of the sea
it's you and me again
branches break here in denial
of what they once held up
the crisp air cuts my heart
breathe it in they say, live the life
but as the snow falls you no longer see
the light of who you could be
all the flowers slowly fade
all the leaves that long to change
even in december i'll still be calling out