

# A Day at the Fair, So Much For Nostalgia

This story keeps writing itself, pages and chapters of you and I, of things that I wish would have happened  
we still return to the seasons where these corners and cracks of this street are still leading me home  
this tongue just keeps tying itself, unspoken words from the mouth of a bottle of things that I wish I  
I keep running back in your direction, to these beaches and swings that we know, it's as empty as  
the truth behind story incredible glories of you and what my mind has made you, the life bearing piece  
still I fly high and away from these dreams  
still I fly high and away from these things