

Across Five Aprils, Through The Pane

Simply put I'm satisfied just to hear you speak
And holding on to what you said last time, here with me
I remember listening to passing cars, on our backs staring at the stars
And I survive by these memories, these memories of you

So I'll press my face against the pane
Of the window as I watch you drive away
The glass is still stained in my bedroom
Where you wrote 'I Love You' with your lipstick
And once again I'm left here fighting tears away

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