

Adrian Orange, While You Live

They can tear down the monuments
of the sentiments of our past.
We can forget our childhoods
and kill all our moments.

But before you die,
I'll play you the song
I sang through your open window
that one summer along with the breeze so warm.

We can spend all our money.
We can spend our whole life
living royal and wealthy
just by being satisfied.

And before you die,
I'll serenade the same song
I courted you with
when we were young.

They can tear the roof off your house
and your home's still the sky.
You'll lay down in the gutter
while the water rolls by.

Overwrought with a fever,
hot flashes and chills
can make you jerk and stutter
and pull at your will.

Until after a while
of daydreaming like a child,
the glaze on your eyes
shines all through.

And then before you die,
I'll play you the song
I wrote for our love
one more time.