

# Aereogramme, Golden Hiding Places

A summer of golden hiding places  
A summer of empty streets  
A place of love, boredom  
And release

Predictably wrought with thoughts and questions  
Circumstance and plans  
Why you're away from me  
I don't quite understand

A summer of golden hiding places  
A gun in my hand  
I love you  
I need you right away

Predictably wrought with thoughts and questions  
Circumstance and plans  
Why you wait for me  
I don't quite understand