

Alex Parks, Wandering Soul

i'm wanting your body, your mind and soul for a moral-less state.
of that which i can't get out of my endless thoughts of.
the sharp edge of you cuts my voice.
when i say you name. i'm thinking that,

i'm just a wondering soul, waiting for someone to take hold.
and i'd choose not to love you.
i've been here too many times before.

reflection imagined.
you're one thing in the front of my mind,
staring me into my blue eyes.
the sharp edge of you cuts my voice.
when i say you name. i'm thinking that,

i'm just a wondering soul, waiting for someone to take hold.
and i'd choose not to love you.
been here too many times before.

i'm just a wondering soul,
wondering a wondering soul. i've been here too many times before.
i've been here too many times before.

i'm thinking that,
i'm just a wondering soul, waiting for someone to take hold.
and i'd choose not to love you.
i'm thinking that,

i'm just a wondering soul, waiting for someone to take hold.
and i'd choose not to love you.
i've been here too many times before.