

Anchor & Braille, Summer Tongues

Tear,
Tear off your skin,
What's there within.
Life on wooden swings
When all was young
With summer tongues,
I don't (couldn't figure this out?)
Whose been before,
(On weekends spent around? couldn't figure these lines out either)
You could disappear,
You could disappear.

I'll kiss you in London,
Love you in France,
Sunsets in Germany,
Spain we can slowdance,
Somewhere outside,
Somewhere outside,
Somewhere outside,
Somewhere outside.