

# Averi, Flutter

I walk across Storrow to the water.  
I thought I'd watch Boston wipe the sleep from it's eyes.  
And as the sun goes down over Cambridge  
I look around and find that there is no one I can share this with.  
I've got your number in my pocket  
But I don't think I can call it ever.  
Because I feel like I'd start to frequent  
These walks alone at the break of morning if I did.

This all starts to feel so typical  
There are things that I hope and the things that I know.  
When it's you and the city at 5am  
These thoughts tend to flutter and there's no way to stop them  
I'm just waiting for the sun to come up.

I'm not sure what exactly happened  
It seemed alright and then it vanished with those words.  
I remember how your body felt  
And how hours later I could still smell your skin.  
I've got your number in my pocket  
But I'll never call it, because I don't think that I should.  
I couldn't stand to start to frequent these walks alone at the break of morning  
While everything sleeps.

This all starts to feel so typical  
I wanted to stay but I knew I should go.  
And when it's you and the city at 5am  
These thoughts tend to flutter and there's no way to stop them.  
I'm just waiting for the sun to come up.