

Backseat Goodbye, Raindrops (Clouds On A Couch)

love, like a unexcusable daydream.
left on the corner for everyone to see.
alive still though, alive and well.
calm, everynight and for the time being.
interrupted so politely on a saturday it seems like raindrops we fall.
like raindrops we fallhold, hands instead of hearts.
like children's laughs on rooftops.
we are vibrant and mistakeably understood with no use for words, no use for time and everything b
shout, fears you hide under walk-in closets.
flashlights shine, you thought you had lost it.
but there stands the past, to the right toward the back.
go ahead and cry, if we weren't meant to we wouldn't be able to... right?
right, right the wrongs and sing along.
to the storybook ending of the movie script song.
to the sound of the cars and the treetops' handclaps.
to the drive in movie and the ground that collapsed.
there's only so long something can be walked over.
so step lightly, footsteps can be oh so deadly.
close, books and eyes, doors and lies.
there's a reason for reasons, for you and i.
to make like stars and fall.
like raindrops we fall.
like raindrops we fall.
but somehow, somehow we make our way back up to the clouds somehow.
somehow.