

# Belvedere, She Sells And Sand Sandwiches

I must have fell inside a trap of sorts,  
You broke my weak facade,  
It seems despite my bad intentions.  
You won't believe, I'm just relieved,  
That you're still talking to me,  
Walking to me

## CHORUS

Most times, we let our hopes slip through,  
I can't recover, the spell I'm under,  
A constant fool and, those nights  
The heat just came off you, now every summer  
and every other I think in...

I think it's funny how some things can bring you back,  
Somehow my memories, they never served me well.  
The way you looked at me, exposing my transparency,  
And everything I have, which is nothing without you.

Most times, we let our hopes slip through,  
I can't recover, the spell I'm under,  
A constant fool and, those nights  
The heat just came off you, now every summer  
and every other I think in blue.

Most times, we let our hopes slip through,  
I can't recover, the spell I'm under,  
A constant fool and, those nights  
The heat just came off you, now every summer  
and every other I think...

Thinking in blue.  
Thinking of you.