

Boo Radleys, Barney (... And Me)

Now it's getting colder
my hands chilled to the bone
I watch you breath and trace

it's steps as it mingles with my
own. The lake is almost frozen
the grass is silver air
the wind is high in the blue sky
I wish that I could care.
I recall when we were younger
we shared the streets of home
spoke of our dreams and soaring
schemes and places we would
go, if I stay much longer
I'll never leave again, I have to
move I cannot stay, believe the
voice that tells me leave it all
behind me, I know that I know
that I am wrong, I'll never leave
now it has been so long

and now I'm getting older, I still
can't find the words to empathise
with what's inside, express the way
I feel and now I'm getting older
It's easier to hide, to run away
day after day betray the voice that tells me leave it all behind me, I
know that I know that I am wrong, I'll
never leave now it has been so long