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