

Chase Coy, I'm ready

We sit in your treehouse,
The view from the top floor
The moon shinin' through,
All the leaves in the trees.
I lean close and whisper,
"Can we stay here forever?"
Out here in your backyard,
Just us and the autumn breeze.
For the first time
I feel like I'm at a loss for words,
There's nothing left to do but move forward,
I'm finally ready for something good.
I don't know if you've noticed,
But I'm trying not to show that I'm scared.
That one day I might wake up,
And realize that you are not there.
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