

Emmy The Great, War

The dream that i have is always the same
a foot falls like an echo of a step i didn't take
and i see you coming in like you were never gone,
tell me, why did i wake?
Here in the world i was hiding from,
they're expecting it to rain

they say that the winter clears the drains/drapes
that time heals all things
and they said that the thought of you would fade, well i see nothing change.

and the dream that i have, breaks just like the day
i walk along the shore,
i take a picture of the waves
and then i throw it to the floor,
i say why did i wake?
Here in the world there is nothing more than your absence

now the sky is turning grey
now the birds have left the bay
now time is shrinking and they
said that the thought of you would fade
well I don't feel that way.

and hey, do you remember me the way
that i remember you?
and every movement of the waves,
oh they replaced the train
all the people went away, and i feel nothing
they say that winter clears the drains/drapes
well i dream lightly.. of sunshine