

# Hello Saferide, I Wonder Who Is Like This One

People are like songs, it's true. Some seem dull at first, but then they grow on you. Me, I'm like Can't get you out of my head. Annoying at times, but I make you want to dance. But you are the only one I've met who's God only knows. I liked you the first time I met you, and it grows, and grows, and grows.

People are like songs, I swear. Some found you as a child, and still they're always there. A boy I once knew was Anarchy in the UK. Burned out too quickly, but in such a beautiful way. And you are the only one I've met who's God only knows. Such a well thought out-plan, but with harmonies that flow.

People are like songs, I've been told. Some will claim your ears, but you never hear a story unfold. Old radio gaga, or your high school friends remind you of things, when you were someone else. And God only knows and you paired up as two. As the turn of the seasons, you come and go. I can never claim control of either of you, you're too sweet to be just mine alone. And I try to stay humble over the fact that sometimes, when the time is right you will pass my door, the crescendo comes and God only knows and you have this one sad similarity that every time it's over, I want to press play again but the only difference appears to be I can force it on one of you, and on the other I can't.