

LaGrecia, Hey Medic

When the day goes away and the river, if its the closest Ill ever get
To feel me close to home, then I dont want a home
If I could just close my eyes, wake up melted from all the guises
The secrets that you hold, the truths that no one told
The solastic rhythms
Are not missing drive
You can call me jaded
You can call me whatever you like
Just need a song
Oh, just need a song
To wash us over
Redeeming me every time
But I dont think that Ill ever wait for us
And we dance
And we stumble
But we vacant know what used to be romantic
I might not have the means, the means to get through the end
But I dont know whats wrong, no, I dont know whats wrong
If I did what should I do, texting it former in my favour
But would that do the trick? It might not do the trick
Im lost in seasons
They make me feel kind of shitty
And you can call it depression
And you can call it whatever you want
And the saddest songs
Oh, the saddest songs
Take me over
They leave my lips every night
And I try and I try and I try and I try
Now we dance
And we stumble
But we may cant tell what used to be romantic
Are we dead?
Dont know how
The blood, the plain that numb the pain, its living