

Letters To Cleo, Laudanum

It's getting harder
To believe.
I've gotta go,
But I don't wanna leave.
You've got your mortality
On your sleeve.

And if I'm something
You've outgrown,
You think that maybe
I'd have known.
God, I wish
I'd just known.

I want
You to be
Like me.
It'd be so easy if you'd just agree...

I've chucked it all out
In the past,
'Cause you're the one I
Want at last.
You are the one
For me...

I want
You to be
Like me.
It'd be so easy if you'd just agree...
Yeah.

Oh-oh-oh-ohh...
Oh-oh-oh-ohh...
Oh-oh-oh-ohh...