

# Natasha Bedingfield, Backyard

It's been too long  
Don't think I've seen you smile  
At me for quite a while  
And we're too busy doing things  
We haven't noticed what's missing  
Where's the fun we used to have?  
My childish ways and your sarcasm  
Silly jokes and fairy tales  
Where did we leave them?  
Lost in the backyard

Your lasso  
My tiara  
My wand  
Your plastic bazooka  
Why can't we be how we were  
In the backyard  
Your cowboy hat  
My tutu  
You hide and seek  
I catch you  
Why can't we be how we were  
In the backyard  
In the backyard

Simple days of hand in hand  
And drawing our names in the sand  
Somehow life just complicates  
Our buried treasure it just waits  
Lost  
In the backyard

Your lasso  
My tiara  
My wand  
Your plastic bazooka  
Why can't we be how we were  
In the backyard  
Your cowboy hat  
My tutu  
You hide and seek  
I catch you  
Why can't we be how we were  
In the backyard  
In the backyard

Lost you in the backyard  
In the backyard

You can still meet me in the garden  
You and I  
And hide behind the rosebed  
You and I  
You and I  
Lost in the backyard  
Again

Your lasso  
My tiara  
My wand  
Your plastic bazooka  
Why can't we be how we were  
In the backyard  
Your cowboy hat

My tutu  
You hide and seek  
I catch you  
Why can't we be how we were  
In the backyard  
In the backyard