

Park, South For The Winter

Listen to that sound of
something in your ear
Pulls you sounds so
Shakespearean Tugs you
wish you were here We're all
you've got till your wedding
day Falls through the ground
and leaves you feeling wetter
So long to sweet goodbyes
they never last that
long So long to Shakespeare
wish you were here In the
making of your life there's a
part of you that just won't
seem to try Don't stop the
red light or you might confess
it to your life something
irresponsible to you am
young and going numb from
growing up on the inside you
believe and that I am nothing
catch your breath.
We like your style And we
will confess to address until
we collapse