

Pati Yang, Summer of Tears

I seat neatly, just like you told me
I don't move, nor complain
only speak when I am hungry
Or when there's nothing else to say
So where do I go
If you are not here
I am breaking the rules
I wade in the air
I've broken our home
And fallen adrift
I throw away love
Then fall in again
I forgot breathing for days
Fear I might fall asleep forever
Can't tell the difference between us
How do I loose myself
How straight...
This is the summer...
This is The Summer of Tears...