

# 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...