

Paulson, Miami Current

Home again and you're remembering when you were young
Thoughts that come to you surrounded by your flesh and blood.
You were blown away cause they made the trade, made it anyway. You're in a rush to grow, when

Take your time, let it float away.
Let the current bring you back to me.

Recordings of your voice and notes are buried underground.
Something in the way she spoke that made you turn around.
Now you're open wide, she's got you off the road, but she's gonna get you home.
You gotta let it go, she's got you under the gun, back to square one.