

# The Dodos, The Season

Somewhere in between this ocean and mountainside  
I have this dream I think of it still sometimes  
I know it's just the season  
I sense no time or reason  
The sky falls down; it's evening  
The feeling goes; it's leaving

Miles until this desert brings me back to your face  
Those eyes you know you know I think of them still sometimes  
But you're away in Eden  
And I'm still here the heathen  
This times for real, we're even  
We do this for the season

I cross the sand  
without your hand  
I go back to  
where you and I began  
and I was yours  
and you were mine  
things seem so soon to say goodbye  
I hope you're well as I am fine  
I keep to myself where I go where I lie

I woke up in a cave  
No air no light no shade  
when did things turn this way?  
I miss you on certain days