

Thomas Dybdahl, A Love Story

honey i told you
that these things never last
and one of these days now
you'll start dreaming of the past
when life was once too short for all the things we'd do and the shots we'd call
and endless summer without a fall
when promises were meant to keep
and nighttime wasn't meant for sleep
a love story at it's peak
doesn't it feel good
to know that you've been loved
and doesn't it make you
laugh when you think of
the day when we all got lost on the old mans farm
just trying to get across
it was only then i knew what love was
sunday mornings that never ended and hangovers that never mended
a love story at it's peak