

Tina Dico, Back Where We Started

It's cold when it's October here
so I guess I won't see you at my birthday this year
and who'd have thought a love like that
would wither and wash out as winter pulls near
I'm not gonna cry about it no
I'm just gonna lie about it
your laughter filling my sails

As in fall the golden leaf must give in to the winds
this here tale of love is somehow meant to end where it begins

So
back where we started
back where we started
and why don't we just leave it
no
not broken hearted
just back where we started
and why don't we just leave it at that

The summer asked no questions and the wind found no excuse to abridge our story
over
And nature is a faithless friend and counting on her favours will make you sorry (yeah)
I'm not gonna cry about you
it's not like I'll die without you
your laughter filling my sails

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