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

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