

Tripside, Tomorrow

Forgive me girl, for writing to you.
I could not think of a better way.
My expression recession,
depression aggression,
is all for you.
I must give you away,
I do not want to complete this final view.
I must do it today,
and I fight the past with your beautiful eyes.

Sparks fly, we die, I just want to see tomorrow.
Sun rise, blue skies, I just want to see tomorrow.

I catch the cold drift you cast upon me,
too late to change my clothes.
You're leaving me breathless.
Can I catch a gasp?
With your beautiful hair waving.

Tomorrow is today...