

YouInSeries, Often Too Much Thomas Kincade

Parade, release, I feel it coming up quickly
You've been so pensive
Until you found me, pressured now but searching
You would never ask me to settle down
Breath first...
More than anything thoughts you removed
They're healing outside of you
Parade, release, I feel it coming up quickly
You've been so pensive
Until you found me, pressured now but searching
You would never ask me to settle down
Breath first...
More than anything thoughts you removed
They're healing outside of you
More than anything thoughts you removed
They're healing outside of you
Thoughts to remove, more than anything
I'm starting to believe you
More than anything
I'm starting to believe you could never exist here
More than anything
I'm starting to believe you could never exist here
What more could you want for yourself
What more could you want for yourself
Oh my oh you, I'm such the depressed
Such is putting me to sleep
Oh you oh me, I am such the depressed
such is bring me awake
Oh my oh you, I'm such the depressed
Such is putting me to sleep
Believing that maybe I've been asleep for years