

Back Again Pt. II

Cloud Cult

Sometimes I dream about summer twenty years ago.
Can I go back again?
Sometimes I wonder if I could go back to being eight years old.
Can I go back again?
Sometimes the stars seem to be conscious of my memories.
Can I go back again?
Sometimes I romanticize my memories.

I'm just a machine, but my memories will fill the Universe.
I won't come back again.

(If the wind in the grass is too much to handle,
I won't be the one to force you to breathe.
If the moon and stars are too bright for you,
I won't be the one to make you see.)

I think that hope is a pure thing
But I can't forget that whole sting
That he wooed her with the greasiest smile
And all my love turned into bile
I lived in my car for a while