

Impressions

Descendents

That could be me
That could be me
Walking down the Seine
Where I'd throw my glasses away

That could be us
That could be us
Walking through the garden
Watch the flowers melt together
Boats reflected in the river

The picture on my wall
Your picture in my wallet
Blurry and beyond
If I stare and stare, maybe I'll be there

And we'd walk through, breathe through open mouth
I don't care what they'd say