

The Way You Do

Five Times August

She's not waiting
As I sit here and concentrate on reasons I'm alone
And I'm just saving
A little space to hold my grace on seasons made of stone

So maybe I'm just a photograph for her to laugh at
Seems that I don't want her back, I do

Seems to me a little bit crazy
Hard to think I'm in the middle of a maze
But still I feel a little real killing time
Seems to me a little too hard
I jumped the gun and I ran too far
And slowly I feel too
I feel the way you do

So move a little fast and make me the last
I feel a little down and want you around
And suddenly another me feels a little loss for words

Oh then I'll see
This ain't the place that I want to be
So sorry if I fail to see your view

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