Paris

Geographer

that look will take me right to the ground and I'll be laughing the whole way down with thunder beneath us all i want to feel is your arms i know i'm leaving but we all leave no matter what if time is a mouth to feed every hour is ice in our fingers' heat so give your time to me if it changes you i will never see old lovers fall like leaves but just if you let them the roofs of the city like an ocean spread for miles i swear i saw my whole life flicker in a window light you think you know what I'm thinking but you don't know why i need you tonight you say you feel nothing hoping nothing's all i'll leave behind if time is a mouth to feed every hour is ice in our fingers' heat so give your time to me if it changes you i will never see old lovers fall like leaves but just if you let them i hear them beneath your feet but nothing is endless