

Simple

Midlake

Simple, simple it used to be
Riding bikes through the city
But you can't make it better
And you can't drop out of sight

Sundays, Sundays after awhile
Leaves you worried inside
But you can't make it better
And you can't drop out of sight

Drugstore table the place falls down
You sit there broken and lonely
But you can't make it better
And you can't drop out of sight

Remember the place you know
Where things were so still
We were so still
It's perfect for my sweet queen

When it happens I'll cling to you
We'll go around a thousand trampolines
But you can't make it
And you can't drop out of sight

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