

Michael's Garden

Amanda Jensen

Somewhere lies a card to send
Under Michael's garden
Faded greetings from the pier
We were never there
Where
Old air
Care

We don't always have tomorrow
As late comes too early
Lead a way that I can follow
You've flown away from me

In ruins where houses used to stand
Lives a future friend
Keep the troubles that I like
Lit by Northern light
Why
Old sky
Try

We don't always have tomorrow
As late comes too early
Lead a way that I can follow
You've flown away from me

We don't always have tomorrow
As strangers of our street
Lead a way that I can follow
We stay although we leave
You've flown away from me

You are