

Rain

Apashe

When it rains
Will you think of me
Will you wander off into your head
Shield your eyes from everything you said
Would remain, when I fall asleep
And wake up to someone else instead
Like you were never really here, in the first place
Never really here, in the first place
Like you were never really here

If anything goes
If anything goes
If anything goes

If anything goes then why won't you come to me
I wrote you in prose, but you never seemed to read
Ghost in my heart and monster in the streets
I met you under a dying olive tree

I miss picking you up, wherever you are
And taking you with me wherever I want
I miss picking you up, wherever you are
And taking you with me wherever I want

When it rains
Will you think of me
Will you think of all the things you said
With your hands crossed tied around my neck
Babe the pain
The way you let me bleed out
Did I dream or was I being blind
Did I die or is this making it out alive
Did I dream or was I being blind
Did I die or is this making it out alive

I miss picking you up, wherever you are
And taking you with me wherever I want
I miss picking you up, wherever you are
And taking you with me wherever I want