

In These Shoes (Parking Lot Part 1)

Aslyn

The field is ever-open for a silent reckoning
With the space and time you wanted to forget the grass was green

I know the air never easy over on that hatchback seat
With the sound of lonely counting down where hoping didn't meet

And the sun went down on the parking lot
And we sat love down to connect the dots
If I could lift you up or take it back, I would
But would you still mistake me for the hell I was making?
Cause I don't want to go to heaven in these shoes

You wore a jacket that held benefit to be happy more than right
While I wore a dress to pitch a fit, you were there, holding the lights
Well, if it ever makes a difference, I'm sorry I could never see
While I was counting up the problems, in the middle, there stood me

While the sun went down on a parking lot
And we sat love down to connect the dots
If I could lift you up or take it back, I would
But would you still mistake me for the hell I was making?
Cause I don't want to go to heaven in these shoes

A wise man once told me, "You should think before you talk
Let the horse out of the stable and let a grown man walk."
Now, tears are running down my cheekbones and my motor's stuck on "E"
I'm crying wolf for something but my tears don't say a thing

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And we sat love down to connect the dots
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But would you still mistake me for the hell I was making?
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And now, I can't lie
I've set my mind on you
Now, I can't lie
I've set my mind on you