

## Untitled Track

Basement

I remember when you looked my way,  
feeling I was nothing on a summers day.  
I remember when you held my hand,  
nothing to be sad or to understand.

One and one is two.  
I'm running out of glue.  
I want to be you.

I remember when you looked away,  
told me I was nothing on a summers day.  
I remember when you moved my hand,  
nothing to be sad or to understand.

One and one is two.  
I'm running out of glue.  
I want to be you.