

He left them on the stairs of gold
Matsumoto crossed the world
Heard it on the southern wind, blew the seeds into his hands
Blooming with the color of a miracle
Meet me on the same park bench
When the trees hang their purple heads
I'll be playing the same song, the beat you were working on
Singing, "Don't be long, don't be long"
I won't be long. I won't be long

Played it raw, played in true, when I was young enough to lose
Saw it shine ever brighter when I was young and on fire
When I was young and on fire

Spread my arms and plant my roots
Until I am native too
Heard the question in her song, calling just before the sun
"Where do I belong, where do I belong, where do I belong
Where do I belong, where do I belong?"

I didn't fear, didn't tire, when I was young and a liar
Just my breath was my gold when I was young enough to know
When I was young enough to know

And though I heard no help at all
It came to me and I let it fall
The only home is in our steps, I won't wait to catch my breath
I am asking you for a miracle, I am asking you for a miracle

I heard love in it all when it was young and my fault
Saw it shine ever brighter when I was young and on fire
Just our breath was our gold when we were young enough to know
Saw it shine ever brighter when we were young and on fire
When we were young and on fire