

WANDERING

Bren Joy

I get wandering eyes
Whenever you come my way
Pondering how
We're only touching in my mind
Wondering why I'm even down
On my knees

Could be the Ferragamo jeans
Sealed with Jacquemus seams
That's taking over me
Fields full of wheat
As we whistle our way through

I'm conquering all that breathes
On making me weak
Still I get watery eyes
Wandering as I speak