

Plans

Charlie Cunningham

Next time I'll listen more, I won't even talk
And I'll hear all of the thoughts you've got
When you gonna call again? If I'da known
That it would only be just then years ago

It was two sitting on a bus
Looking like the two of us
Talking about the days gone by
What they did and they'da done it they'da had more time
This is it because it always comes down to the time

How we wanna pull back the time
If only for a moment
To clear out the mind

Surround myself by
People that remind me of you
People that I like that you knew
But more I like that they knew you than they know me
Just a little more than they now do, if only

Never wanna make a fuss
Or talk about the two fo us
Or how we could've filled up the time
But this is where it rolls in the mind on and on
But then at least it still rolls in the mind and
It's good that it rolls in the mind
It means it survives and it's still alive
It means it survives and it's still alive

A heavy load, you can carry it though
It's something you'll hold till it rolls
That's how it goes, no one knows when
Heavy load