

Catch My Breath

Circa Waves

I lost my head
Over you, over me
I count the things I said
At the golden age of twenty-three

I try to catch my breath
I try to say a lot of things

My mind is crystal clear
And a hundred tales appear to fall
If I was at [?]

I try to catch my breath
I try to say a lot of things

So I, I lost my head
Over you, over me