

Not Turning Older

CLMD

My idea
Isn't quite your idea
Your bright eyes
Does not comply to mine

Let the burdened and dull turn to dancing
I'll put both of my feet on the floor
When we lay our heads on the pillow
Shut our eyes, eyes

Listen to the sound, it's getting slower
In a moment's breath not turning older
Listen to the sound, it's getting slower
In a moment's breath not turning older

We have talked
Over it many times
Weighing it
Like it's a bag of rice

Let the burdened and dull turn to dancing
I'll put both of my feet on the floor
When we lay our heads on the pillow
Shut our eyes, eyes

Listen to the sound, it's getting slower
In a moment's breath not turning older
Listen to the sound, it's getting slower
In a moment's breath not turning older