

Lemons

CYN

I could feel you on my skin in the wind
Just sitting in my kitchen letting the breeze in
Pen on a blank piece of paper
Don't know how it happened
But when it happened
Felt a little bit too meant to be, magic
First class flying out to Pennsylvania

Can't stop my free fall down your hill
Want this forever, yes, I will
Life has a plan, aww man, we're making sense of it still

Lemons growing on a tree
In our front yard for you and me
We pick em and make lots of lemonade
It's sour but with sugar it gets sweeter by the hour
Picking lemons making lots of lemonade

Flirting down the isles of the Giant Eagle
Said I'll never find another like you though
I believe in every word you say

So you're a little bit older with a lot more baggage
And I'm a little less jaded that gives us an advantage
We've been taking chances, yeah
We're so romantic, yeah
Always knew all of this would happen

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