

# 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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