

# Surround

Darlingside

I don't care for you informing me of gospel I didn't know of  
Thinking bless my soul, I lost my hold on every wishbone I let  
go of

I hope your good things said have nothing to do with the distance

I'm standing right next to you  
But I'm not there inside your semicircular view  
Oh, I guess I said too much too late  
And you don't feel it

So hear me now  
Give me once around  
Hear me out  
I surround, I surround

Understand, I'm heart in hand, and I am holding out to be shaken

Hoping with good things said I've nothing to lose  
But you never looked at the lines

Too worried I'm in the words, inside your semicircle again  
Oh, I guess I said too much too late  
And you don't feel it

So hear me now  
Give me once around  
Hear me out  
I surround, I surround

I don't care for you informing me  
Thinking bless my soul I lost my hold  
Tell me good things, good things  
Tell me good things, good things  
I said too much too late, and you don't feel it

So hear me now  
Give me once around  
Hear me out  
I surround, I surround