

Mildred

Deaf Havana

Has it really been three years since we chose that name?
And sat in each other's rooms with our guitars and dreams of fame.

We used to stay up and plan our lives to the sound of your worn
out beat.

And drink through till the morning light and get our backs up
off the seat

It just seems, seems like we lost a friend

It feels like the end.

It feels like the end.

Now it just seems, seems like we lost a friend.

It feels like the end.

It feels like the end.

And now you're away to the city, and I'm still here by the sea
When you were a kid, a relentless child
but you should still be free

Without the missed opportunity hung around your neck

There's a way to know that it's mine in the sound of your every
step.

It just seems, seems like we lost a friend

It feels like the end.

It feels like the end.

Now it just seems, seems like we lost a friend.

It feels like the end.

It feels like the end.

When I last stepped inside your house (inside your house)

We stayed up 'till the early hours (the early hours)

But you looked at me and said 'I can't'

(said 'I can't')

'We're sudden strangers', but I swore that I was still the same

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