I'm not saying that I felt like you cared I'm not saying that I want to go back The salty sea behind the eyes and it's the tears that come and make me cry the falling leaf that never tries to hold on to what keeps it alive I was so green nothing could touch me I'm not saying that this is good or bad I'm not saying that I wanna go The salty sea behind the eyes and it's the tears that come and make me cry the falling leaf that never tries to hold on to what keeps it alive the summer dream behind the eye and it's the sleep that makes me alive the sudden ease when you arrive and it's you that makes me try