Sonoma

Ed Prosek

The hills and valleys of my youth
Have overgrown the coverup
The wrinkles that belong to me and you
And my face is all but fragile as my complexion turns to gravel
And my confidence has crumbled round my face
And in a different life I see
All I have thrown away

And a brown eyes match the burnt grass on the plains
And I recall the somewhat distance sound of the beating of her heart
Must have been the purest sound I'd ever found
Its been a while since I've found the meaning of what I thought was love
O oooo oooooo
Oooooo ooooooooooo ooo
Ooooooooo oooo
Da lalalala
To the four side of the subway rail
You and me alone again
Just enough to wake in my
And I lost you somewhere in between the silohetette and
Just to hear your voice again
And I will reach across the stars to where you are
And take you by the hand
Ooooooooo
I'll take you by the hand
Dadadaaaaaaaaaaaaah
Dadadaaaaaaaaaaaaah ahhhhh
Woa woa wooooooa
Woooa oooo ooooo oo
And I will imprint on the grass
Is all we have
To bring us back
To home at laaast, our
Inprint on the grass
Is all we have
To bring us
Baaaaack
To home
At laaaa aaa aaaast

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