

# Contours Of Spring

Edwin Raphael

A window built by the sea  
I see violins gliding out  
And your girlfriend's dressed like museum artifacts  
It's the poetry of things  
Material things  
Ensure me  
We could still be good  
We could still be fighting, warriors

And I won't settle  
I won't choose a sight  
If it's too much for my eyes  
Can you show me, I'll live it out

Overcompensate  
My feelings in a haste  
Is it wrong for me to say  
Is it wrong for me to make it bout me

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