

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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