

Sights Like These

Edwin Raphael

I was waking up to the way you move
The way you love
The way you fall

Tell me is it time?
The way you stare, way you stare
Tell me is it fine?
The way you make me, the way you make me

My fantasy's finite
Yours could be type nice when you try
But I like when you shy out
Reflecting in your words
So you lie down

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The way you stare, way you stare
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The way you make me, the way you make me

And it's painted I see
I'm fainting and you won't turn around now
You won't turn around now
And I'm craving sights like these
I'm faking but you won't figure it out now
You won't figure it out now

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You won't turn around now
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