

Would You Like Something To Drink?

Feeling Left Out

Vanilla scented sky
the candlelight can only show so much
So let our hands see what our eyes can't

You breathe softly
And move in slow motion
We keep a firm grip on this moment
Cuz it will never last as long
as we want it to

So let's make the best of a great situation
I think I'll start at your ears
Work my way down to your neck
Roll over your collarbone
End up at your chest

Hipbones are calling my name
Only I can hear their plea
Serve as handles for the night
Skin like silk becomes slippery

Let's make the best of a great situation

Like every good story here must be an end
It's the only way we can relive this again

So let it go and wave goodbye

Happiness is a handful of days away
It's easier to count the days than hours We learned that the hard way

The number is lesser in value
And easier to swallow