Everytime I Ride My Bike

Firefox AK

Every time you say
There will be a change
I'll be counting til ten
Until it strikes again

Your blood wrote melodies
Formed patterns
Like bright red leaves

The pavements grey ash
Stained your face with dust
I am holding on to you

Every time I ride my bike
Past the corner
Where you fell that day
There is this growing feeling
My head is pounding of shame

People are rushing by
To busy to realise
That there are still
Flowers on the ground
And several notes of goodbye

I'm holding on to you

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