

The Hills

Goth Babe

Some days I'd wait and others I'd cry
Some days I'd dream of you and I
Storm waves are here and waves are grey
Guess I'll been seeing you another day

You and I
You and you
Storm's gone, now summer blues

You and I
You and you
Storm's gone, she wears no shoes

Some days I'll call and others I'm dead
And I don't even stay because I don't have a shed
Laughing at deaths keeps things in line
All things have fallen it's just a bad time

You and I
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