

Further

Grizfolk

I'm a letter in the wind
I'm a postcard with no stamp
Just some words that you've forgotten
Got no return address
I've wandered till I'm lost
With bricks inside my chest
I don't know who I was
I don't know what to miss

The further that I get, the closer I am to you
Now memories are dreams that never did come true
Why does all the good I find, I find a way to lose
The further I get, the closer I am to you

Like winter turns June
Before you know it's spring
Like flowers and balloons
Are only for the best days
I've got white knuckles
And tears by the bucketful
Like I'm on the moon

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