

On My Own

Guster

It was all right but I had it wrong
I just assumed we were further along
But somewhere an ocean
Breathes from a storm that is slow and strong

I'm just a tree, but you are the wind
When you walk by my leaves rustle again
Somewhere, somehow
Waits in the shadows of lost and found

I was all right
To be on my own
With no one
There to hold onto

I was so glad
To be on my own
But it's so
Hard to hold on

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