

Heatwave

Hollow Coves

When I was a young boy
I would dream of flying
And I would fly my plane
To you, each day

It's funny how we changed
From what we were those days
I told you that I loved you
And you said you felt the same

But it was just a heatwave [x2]

You leave me standing here
After all those years
And I know it seems to be time
To leave this all behind

Cause it was just a heatwave [x4]