

Forevermore

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These are just the three degrees of
Failing.
First it's in your voice and how it's
Trailing.
I can tell my grip on you is
Fading.
'Cause I can feel your disposition
Changing.

So say that this is still where I belong
Or tell me I'm wrong.
And I'll put my bags down
And close the door.
And we'll get back to our forevermore.

I can't look at you
It hurts too - Too much to...
Like a ghost you're here
But I can't touch you.
So just pretend you're blind and you can't see me.
And we will drift apart and sail on
Freely.