Leaving The Fields

Jack Frost

Late at night
When we got drunk
We were falling from the stars
The smell of weed
Turned me on
And cured our broken hearts
The words they said
The things all done
Now they don't matter anymore

Then we left the fields
We stopped sinking in sorrow
There's no meaning in this memory
We were leaving the fields
Love is all around

We stopped sinking in sorrow
Love is all around
We were waiting for the night
And lots of pills
I swallowed all
I was my own's worst enemy
It wasn't me, the one who hurt you

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