

Afterglow

José González

I feel just like an open book
Exposing myself in this neighborhood
Talkin' to people as if I knew them well
Thinking that everyone has gone through different kinds of hell
Lately, I've found myself in doubt
Asking myself what it's all about
What am I doin' here, what's this leadin' to?
What's the point of all without you?

Well, I've got promises to keep
Like the cutting [?] of the light upon my feet
Each time I fall

Every now and then in dreams
By the river, 'neath the trees
Leaves of yellow, red and brown I had
You whisper in my ear
Your love belongs to everyone
I feel just like an open book
A couple of words is all it took
In front of a bright white canvas [?]
Stirring vacantly no freak [?] against my will

A drifting vessel in the storm
Pushed around from shore to shore
I know I've so much left to see
I know I've so much left to give
But the memories remain
Yet this courage don't feel the same
Filling pages one by one in the warmth of other songs