

## Mad Love

Lucius

Deep are these valleys  
Deep and cutting are our words these days  
High as the mountains, I'm high as a kite  
And I won't win this fight with myself again

Mad love  
Spinning around like a carousel in a storm  
Slow it down  
Suddenly here, I'm falling  
Like falling in love again  
Mm-hmm

Soft are the pastel downtown city skies  
They look so pretty, depending on the light  
Hard are the moments we don't see eye to eye  
And we're left longing to get back to you and I

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