

These Things Happen

Macseal

Summer's been fine
Winter's around the corner
Autumn's in the way
No one tried to warn her

Talk to me

Tell me all the things that you wanted to, but you couldn't say
Now we have so much time, but we're running out of breath
And the one thing on my mind is your face behind my back

Judging by your face

The most anyone's cried today
Air conditioning blocks out, blocks out everything

Talk to me

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