

Some Paths

Mishka

Some paths will not forget you
Some roads remember footsteps yeah
Even though you left
Some paths will not forget you
Some roads remember footsteps yeah
Even though you wept

White horses dancing on the ocean
Coal fire burnin in the hills
Sweet smell of rain upon the dry land
Point to the ground and ask are you still

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Once upon a country road you danced
Smell of orange leaves crushed up in your hands
Sun so hot it shimmered on the pavement
Said it looked like diamonds in the sand

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Hear familiar voices out in the distance
Hoping someone out there will throw you a line
We're all out here on the edge of existence yeah
We're all out here on the edge of time time time time

Whheeee...