

Wrong Side

Noah Gundersen

Fall of the light through the ceiling fan
Tryna catch it with your hand
Your fingers slip if the timing's bad
We never knew how little time we had

Paint the haze on all the years
All your hopes and all your fears
All the silly lies for love
And you forget just what the reason was

It was just like you promised
We were better off in time
Your memory is softer round the eyes
And I'm mostly being honest
When I tell you that I'm fine
Until I wake up in the middle of the night
On the wrong side

Fool me once, fool me twice
Fuck it, fool me a thousand times
'Cause you still look like silver and gold
Though that photograph is four years old

I come back to it all the time
When we found what we were trying to find
With no one else out on the beach
For a moment there we had our peace

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