3AM Eastern

Over It

its 3am again thanks for your patience
repeated last night, to watch the harbor ripple in your eyes
and we watched sailboats spoil our view as if we had a choice
knew all along that there was something more inside than distan
ce had it been a test
of my security missed something there but i'd be blind to see y
ou missing me
so footsteps trace our way back to night-time skies
and clouds diffuse reveal your eyes your secretes aren't myster
ies
and i would'nt feel so alien if you weren't so me
im just a boy, im lost and confused and distraught from misuse
and i've given up my head for you
because nothings logical so tell my i can't be the things you n
eed
when its you i've need all along and im waiting
because its all on this moment when you'll slip between my arms
 again
so even if you aren't that way thanks for your patience sleep s
till i'll watch you sleep

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