

The River

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As I began to care
I thought about the memories we shared
They won't turn into dust
I'll rust, I'll rust, I'll rust

And when I closed my eyes
I saw different versions of you and I
And never made a plan
I fell into the river again
I fell into the river again

As I began to breathe
I thought about the memories I'd keep
I tried to write a book
I looked, I looked, I looked

Released them to the wind
To find a home of someone else's skin
And never made a plan
I fell into the river again
I fell into the river again
I fell into the river again
I fell into the river again