

We were tourists in adolescence  
We were lovers in regression

And every time I hold your hand  
I feel something different in your palm

Such a palette of colours  
That you've never seen  
And you never dreamed  
You could look upwards for so long

As you stare into the sun (Sits, sits, I)  
Stare into the sun (Sits, sits, I)  
Stare into the sun (Sits, sits, I)  
Stare into the sun

But I want you back to me

You're still a child to me  
You're Adam's son

And as you sew  
The leaves around your waist  
You look the same  
But your eyes have changed

They seem to shake  
They seem to break

As you stare, stare into the sun (Sits, sits, I)  
Stare into the sun (Sits, sits, I)  
Stare into the sun (Sits, sits, I)  
Stare into the sun

But I want you back to me

I know you hide behind  
I know you hide behind yourself  
I know you hide behind  
I know you hide behind yourself  
I know you hide behind  
I know you hide behind yourself  
I know you hide behind  
But I want you back to me