

Golden Hour

Surfaces

If golden hour was a flower
It'd look like you
Solar powered, sweet and sour
And dressed in blue

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You're burning up inside, looking for peace of mind
A new need, turns a new leaf (yeah)
A desert of desire, a drop could go for miles
So stand free, with the same ease and

The less you see the more you know
The less you wait the more you grow
A desert of desire, a drop could go for miles
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All I ever wanted
Was to be your mound
Rooted in our love but
Free enough from ground

Sometimes rain is more than
Just a cloud around
Sometimes lost means more than
Hoping to be found

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