

Turn down the headlights and look my way.
We'll tell our parents the best of things no matter how awful they seem.
The sickness of a family.
Trace your eyes, wake and retrieve,
The morning sun can look so mean - the color.
Kiss your head don't say a thing
We'll live forever in books darling.

It's the secrets beneath the leaves I keep with me. I'm falling up and down.
And I'll never write the letter, I wish you could read the words perfectly.
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