

Seasons

The Snuts

Some hold on me
Never find yourself starting to be
Nothing but a love mess
Simple lines of losing your mind

Just hold on me
If you find yourself starting to be
Nothing but a wholesome soul survival
Losing your time

So tell me, how are you feeling?
What are filling your dreams with?
Have you been stuck in the seasons?
I made those plans to believe in

So call on me
If you find yourself down on your knees
With nothing but a hopeless tranquilliser
Numbing in your mind

Just hold on me
If you find yourself starting to be
Nothing but a wholesome soul survival
Losing your time

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What are filling your dreams with?
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