

Surrender

Trade Wind

You cried a lot when they took the car
I hated how it would never start
You said I threw out our souvenirs
It was like I erased those years

I chased him down in the pouring rain
"Excusez-moi, monsieur, but I need those plates"
He rolled his eyes as I told him off
Now I'm crying and I can't stop

Now I'm crying and I can't stop

I wonder if you still have those plates
Or if they got thrown away