

Seedwong

Turnover

Lay down your head and drift.
Dream to close the rift between the world and your heart.
And float away on pleasant thoughts,
far away from things that haunt and
fee to the bleakness you see all around.
And run away now to the place, to the bliss,
that you created to escape.

It's early autumn where you are.
The air is cool, but not yet cold.
The sun is sinking and the skyline glows
while you're waiting for the stars.

You'd rather spend all of your time in your head.
"Why can't I just stay here instead?", you say.
"No one's gonna miss me back where I'm from anyway."

I wish that I could take all your bottled pain
and hold it down inside me. Hope, you just lost your hope.
I know that where you are now is where you wanted to be.

Goodbye. Now you don't have to close your eyes to feel alive.
I know you're smiling down at me.

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The air is cool, but not yet cold.
The sun is sinking and the skyline glows
while you're waiting for the stars.