

Spilt Coffee

UPSAHL

Spilling coffee on the table
Rushing to get out the door
So afraid of what you aren't able
To see in this sea of green

Oh, if you find the right ones
You will hear your sweet song

Spilling tea and it's so early in the evening
You've lived and you've loved and that's okay
You've given up before you've had the chance to fight
And that's okay

Because oh if you find the right ones
You will hear your sweet song
You thoughts, your ways, your pain will never be the same

There's spilt coffee on the tablem you're fearing the future an
d days ahead
Reading into all that you are able to see in this sea of green