

Here With You

Van She

Sweating on your window, I'm not craving, I'm not
listening.
I'm not reading, over shoulders,
Missing meaning, in the lights.
Carry me out, dive in deeper,
Reaching into branches(?), whispers, hello (hello hello)
Running out naked in the truth of you,
Floating over seas through the seasons of change.
It will never be this good with you,
It will never be this good again.
Lead the winds with tongues and whispers,
Nothing adds to meaning like being with you,
Being with you, being, with you.
You know it's a pleasure to be here,
Come back we can breathe here.
You know it's a pleasure to be here,
Come back we can breathe here.