The Little Things

Everyone I know Is running off somewhere, But still, the deep blue sea Is right in front of me. Well I guess I'll wish them luck, When all they need is hell To keep them on their toes, Keep them safe and well.

It sounds wrong, it sounds weird But everything we are is everything we fear. Don't forget the little things. Don't forget the little things.

Everyone I know Is running out of love; Oh and it's so sad, It's the only thing we have. It's the only thing we have. Love's the only thing we have?

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