Thursday

On gentle ground I waited for you In drops of dew I wished that were you With heavy hands I reached out for you My skin soaking wet My eyes searched for you

It seems you lost your way You've let it all fall apart Nothing's left here but you All you do is remind me Now that we've lost our way The rest can all fall apart All I see here is you All it does is remind me

With sharpened tongue I cried out for you And must I refrain Now that I need you The autumn wind feels As if it were you And swayed through the fields Where I once held you

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Whistle through your window We act the same as you

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Asobi Seksu