

Broken Door

BEDlight for blueEYES

It's raining tonight, and the smell of the breeze through my window,
it reminds me of when I was a child.
And my mind drifts away, I close my eyes, it's like I'm almost there.
Things felt like magic then. And I think to myself...
If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at 23
.
Every day it feels more like the magic's behind me.
If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at 23
.
It was simple back then, looking out of this same window,
back when I was a child.
Before my friends passed away, before my trust had to be earned
,
and that first drink that lasted ten years.
And I think to myself...
If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at 23
.
Every day it feels more like the magic's behind me.
If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at 23
.
Summer day's lying in the grass, the world seemed bigger then.
I could never find a word for that feeling, until she told me her name.
It's what perfect means to me.
She smiled at me last night, rubbing her finger in the palm of her hand.
That's when I knew I was dreaming. I can't dream anymore.
If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at 23
.
Every day it feels more like the magic's behind me.
If I knew my father then I would ask if he felt like this at 23
.