

## Chosen

## Blood Orange

It was the last weekend of September, I stayed up all night long  
Waiting for the fire ache in my heart to subside  
It never happened  
He was the most beautiful boy I'd ever seen, most beautiful boy  
I'd ever met

My favorite books, around the clock  
scars of my knee  
I see him behind my lids in a bright grey shirt  
I see him running tripping and falling, covered in dirt  
I see a lot of things lately i know  
I know none of it is real

It's in the way that he moves but I don't want to choose  
Another day and I'll lose, but i don't want to choose

Face to the ground  
change the sound  
Time in your mind  
make it right

It's in the way that he moves but I don't want to choose  
Another day and I'll lose, but i don't want to choose