

## Catch My Breath

Circa Waves

I lost my head  
Over you, over me  
I count the things I said  
At the golden age of twenty-three

I try to catch my breath  
I try to say a lot of things

My mind is crystal clear  
And a hundred tales appear to fall  
If I was at [?]

I try to catch my breath  
I try to say a lot of things

So I, I lost my head  
Over you, over me