

## Impressions

## Descendents

That could be me  
That could be me  
Walking down the Seine  
Where I'd throw my glasses away

That could be us  
That could be us  
Walking through the garden  
Watch the flowers melt together  
Boats reflected in the river

The picture on my wall  
Your picture in my wallet  
Blurry and beyond  
If I stare and stare, maybe I'll be there

And we'd walk through, breathe through open mouth  
I don't care what they'd say