

## Static

## Donots

think of good times  
mind the bad times  
try to divert my gaze  
just to come back to this place  
crooked spin deja vu  
i'm gonna walk this way place without you  
a million miles, a perfect view  
to erase the routine, to save me and you  
i try to leave it all behind  
and still i think about you  
i try to leave it all behind  
think of good times  
mind the bad times  
try to turn my face  
away from yesterday's grace  
nothing's easy anymore  
i've overestimated myself  
i try to remember how to forget  
but it's getting harder day by day  
think of good times  
mind the bad times  
cannot divert my gaze  
i hope this is just a phase  
the nights are long and the words unsaid  
i'm still waiting for a phone-call  
a list of excuses in my head  
which you wouldn't understand at all  
i cannot leave it all behind  
still i think about you  
i cannot leave it all behind  
without talking to you  
i cannot leave it all behind  
i just cannot leave it all behind  
you ought to know you're still on my mind