Last Thing

Ephemera

The last thing i would do Always comes first to you Joy is a life of compromises Sometimes hard to say Sometimes, like today Truth is the daddy of surprises Oh yes im doing fine Didn't i tell you ive surely had a better time Your eyes still melt me down Like a daffodil Trampled on Is it quite okay To turn the other way To avoid hi-bye-conversations I can't deny that i Sometimes tell a lie To avoid awkward situations When autumn comes in july Leaving me sleeping Without goodbye