

## Everytime I Ride My Bike

Firefox AK

Every time you say  
There will be a change  
I'll be counting til ten  
Until it strikes again

Your blood wrote melodies  
Formed patterns  
Like bright red leaves

The pavements grey ash  
Stained your face with dust  
I am holding on to you

Every time I ride my bike  
Past the corner  
Where you fell that day  
There is this growing feeling  
My head is pounding of shame

People are rushing by  
To busy to realise  
That there are still  
Flowers on the ground  
And several notes of goodbye

I'm holding on to you