

Paris

Geographer

that look will take me right to the ground
and I'll be laughing the whole way down
with thunder beneath us all
i want to feel is your arms
i know i'm leaving but we all
leave no matter what
if time is a mouth to feed
every hour is ice in our fingers' heat
so give your time to me
if it changes you i will never see
old lovers fall like leaves
but just if you let them
the roofs of the city like an
ocean spread for miles
i swear i saw my whole life
flicker in a window light
you think you know what I'm
thinking but you don't know
why i need you tonight
you say you feel nothing hoping
nothing's all i'll leave behind
if time is a mouth to feed
every hour is ice in our fingers' heat
so give your time to me
if it changes you i will never see
old lovers fall like leaves
but just if you let them
i hear them beneath your feet
but nothing is endless