

# The Aftermath

Kashmir

I'm wondering if my thoughts of her  
Have ever crossed her thoughts of me  
And if they're half as clear as mine  
And if there'll ever be a time

For us to journey once again  
As lovers and as trusted friends  
What if the best is yet to come  
And this was only the first part run

Get a hold of yourself  
Don't worry about the aftermath  
There is no one after you  
Or on your back  
There is no one after you

But the everyday just can't compete  
With the beauty of a Polaroid  
Where the fairytale endures complete  
And her eyes are always full of joy

Like a frozen glimpse of butterflies  
On a colorized celluloid sky  
She waves her cheerful last goodbye  
And begs for me to let passed things slide

Get a hold of yourself  
Don't worry about the aftermath  
There is no one after you  
No one on your back  
There is no one after you