

The Days I Recall Being Wonderful

Last Days Of April

Would you trade me.
For more of yourself.
When it's silent.
Try not to give too much.

So you won't grow tired.
And I knew you.
The good and the bad.
The days I recall being wonderful.

And I lost you.
Because I held it back.
Please tell me that everything will work out fine.
Pictures taken fast.

The proof that I've known you.
In albums stuck to bleach.
But memories they'll keep.
If this is the last dance.
Then may I have it