

Will The Violins Be Playing

Last Days Of April

Words I keep in here.
Thoughts that make me scared.
Always seem to show.
Your eyes let me know you know.

It's not you. it's all me.
As if me taking all the blame would make you feel much better now.
But all lights burn out.
What I'd like to say.

Is that staying friends is okay.
But you and me we know.
That in one heart love would grow.
Same time tomorrow.

When I wake up.
Will the violins be playing.
When my heart finally opens.
Will you be there to embrace me.

Because it's all so crazy now.
It's all so fucked up now.
I always thought that i.
Would find what I lack in you