

Polish Girl

Neon Indian

It's been at least another year
And still I haven't got the chance to say
Always rolling off the tongue
Never said but nearly sung about a million ways

Every photograph and story
Trickled through the lengthy web of friend
I overthought but understood
Distant look but looking good
And not the other way

But you fail to remember
But you fail to remember

Do I still cross your mind?
Your face still distorts the time

Do I still cross your mind?
Your face still distorts the time

With heat struck afternoons long through
Those idle dreams go back to you
Was this only in my head
Just like most things go misread
When overthought