

Too seldom sanguine,  
Always crying over closed doors  
You should feel like you should,  
You should feel like you should adapt well with a wistful heart  
I could never take it, but I'll give you your breath back  
Infants and whales still have the holes there, never proving to  
be born on time  
You keep your eyes to the light between finger and thumb  
And the sky just laughs as I stare at the grass,  
The sun, the green, I want the snow years ago  
I'll say it about routine  
I can't wait, I can't wait  
I want the genes  
I want the era before me  
I want ideas as imprints  
I want the future, I want the future  
I want your mistakes, what we were,  
What I was, what I'll be, what we'll see  
Hunters only stop to see the scenery when they've caught up,  
Watching what we have in common that makes us the men some love  
I'm not telling you who the rhythm is from,  
Something to look forward to "while I'm young"  
One day at a time, I'll never say anything when no one is looking  
I'll be so old, finally seeing  
Picking right days as they come  
Learning days said like this  
As purses and sheaths