

Wrong along

Please the Trees

heavily pregnant silence gave birth to another fight
You left to your place and I left to mine
It's sick, it's sick, it's sick, it's sick
You being always too busy and me always ready
For a text:
"Good night sweety, you'll always be my boy!"

We're in love but somehow wrong
We're in love but just can't get along
I wish I could tell you to leave
I wish I'd be the one always busy
Writing:
"Good night sweety, you'll always be my boy!".