

I Felt I Knew Her

Roses Are Red

As night falls, your words are ringing above all.
And now the summer rain is gone.
Pawn the photos on your wall.
I'm standing in the same place that you left me.
And I'll stay until you find your way back here again.
Everything that I wish I could say to you fell between the skies
we stare into.
So promise me you'll tell me everything tonight.
And if this ink ever runs dry maybe you'll fail and wonder why.