

Games

Ryan Adams

As pretty as a song
A song could ever be
Like Christmas on a river
Without a boat or Christmas tree
This afternoon with you was something like a letter
The kind that someone writes but never sends
And when you look at me
You remind me that someday it's gonna end
And when you pass on
I bet you miss your friends

As simple as a breeze
Tugging hard upon the sail
Been moving through these streets forever
From Istanbul to Amsterdam
This afternoon with you was something like a letter
The kind that someone writes but never sends
And when you look at me
You remind me that someday it's gonna end
And when you pass on
God, I bet you miss your friends

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