

Portrait 19

The Paper Kites

Oh what tidings acted heal
Melancholy cant hurt here
I wont give you any tears

Your own one day your own muse
Clarity in spoken truth
Give me nothing give me you

I hate to see you go
I hate to see you go
Oh could I let you go
Should not

Friend of mine
Direction of a different kite
Whether with me whether somewhere new
Know that I'll be seeing you

I'll be seeing you
I'll be seeing you
I'll be seeing you

You are there