

The Season

The Spill Canvas

My eyes are glazed over.
And shouting out dreams.
Of hopes and aspirations.
And the glistening dream.

It's like winning the day.
In a glorious, glorious way.
And the colors they fall from the trees.
I hear the shuffling, the shuffling of your feet.

Let the satellites show you some kind of way home and I'm kicking up dirt behind you.
Let the satellites show you some kind of way home and I'm kicking up dirt behind you.

And your house smells like autumn.
It feels like home to me.
And I miss you like October and the leaves are falling free, they're falling free.

It's like...
It's like winning the day in a glorious, glorious way.
And the colors, they fall from the trees.
I hear the shuffling, the shuffling of your feet.

Let the satellites show you some kind of way home and I'm kicking up dirt behind you.
Let the satellites show you some kind of way home and I'm kicking up dirt behind you.

Yellow, orange, and red leaves up to my knees as we lay dead still in the back yard and your hair falls under me.
I raise my hand to your cheeks and I can feel my heart skip a beat.
I raise my hand to your cheeks and I can feel my heart skip a beat.
Skip a beat.

And we are so young.
And we are so young and foolish.
And we are so young.
We are so young and foolish.

I'm right behind you.
I'm right behind you.
I am right behind you.
I'm right behind you.