

Maybe I Will, Maybe I Won't

The Young Veins

I don't want to find my home
Just wonder what happened to it
My hands are cotton stones
Who stole all my bones?

All my forgotten poems
Are a joke
What do I know, baby wood rose
Doesn't it show?
People get old when they're alone

Seven days over the seashells
Sunk so many leagues,
Will you come visit me?
Finally finding sleep,
We'll swim around in dreams,
Stay afloat

Maybe we will
Maybe we won't
Doesn't it show?
People get old when they're alone

Maybe I will, maybe I won't
Maybe I will, maybe I won't

The weather is impeccable
Riding to a festival,
When suddenly it's grey

Do not be afraid,
For the wind it doesn't stay
It blows and goes away
It blows and blows
But never shows it's face

Doesn't it show,
People get old when they're alone
What do I know?
Maybe I will, maybe I won't

Maybe I will, maybe I won't (Maybe I will, maybe I won't)
Maybe I will, maybe I won't (Maybe I will, maybe I won't)
Maybe I will, maybe I won't