

Spill Canvas, The

"The Season"

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Our eyes are glazed over
and shining out beams
of hopes and aspirations
and the glistening dream

it's like winning the day
in a glorious, glorious way
and the colours
they fall from the trees
i hear the shuffling
shuffling of your feet

let the satellites show you
some kind of way home
and i am kicking up dirt behind you

let the satellites show you
some kind of way home
and i am kicking up dirt behind you

and your house smells like autumn
it feels like home to me
and i'll 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 colours
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 am kicking up dirt behind you

let the satellites show you
some kind of way home
and i am kicking up dirt behind you

melon orange and red leaves
up to my knees
as we lay dead still in the backyard
and your hair falls onto me
i raise my hand onto 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
yeah 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'm right behind you
i'm right behind you

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