

Away From It All "The Summer Of Cicaida"

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one glance back and I'm back through the door clawing
at the bed sheets
my body melts through the mattress as my mind starts
to wander
I need you to tell me how we lost something so great
there's no waiting this out
your love is more than criminal
I'll die here without you
there's too much that dies down here
caring's so over rated
you cut the ribbons and I'm lost in the breeze
I've hit the floor but our names are still etched on the
ceiling
how impossible we now seem

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