

Donots

"Static"

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think of good times
mind the bad times
try to divert my gaze
just to come back to this place
crooked spin deja vu
i'm gonna walk this way place without you
a million miles, a perfect view
to erase the routine, to save me and you
i try to leave it all behind
and still i think about you
i try to leave it all behind
think of good times
mind the bad times
try to turn my face
away from yesterday's grace
nothing's easy anymore
i've overestimated myself
i try to remember how to forget
but it's getting harder day by day
think of good times
mind the bad times
cannot divert my gaze
i hope this is just a phase
the nights are long and the words unsaid
i'm still waiting for a phone-call
a list of excuses in my head
which you wouldn't understand at all
i cannot leave it all behind
still i think about you
i cannot leave it all behind
without talking to you
i cannot leave it all behind
i just cannot leave it all behind
you ought to know you're still on my mind

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