

Dreams From Gin

"Seasons"

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I'm losing my mind
To some sort of
Instinctive uncertainty
Can you find yourself through it all
With just culture and integrity?

I just woke up
Behind the wheel
In a town I've never seen before
My mileage in Greece
Forecast is gray
And I'm just somewhere inbetween

I wouldn't wanna be
Besides me
How can you trust anyone
When we all change with the seasons?

A flip of the coin
Decides the end
To this routine open conversation
I'm cut and I'm dry
When I'm without information, inspiration

Only time will tell who I am
Only time will tell who I'll be
Only time will tell who I am
Only time will tell

I would not wanna be
Beside me
How can you trust anything
When we all change with the seasons?

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