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Hungry Young Poets "Deep"

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Flying high across this memory lane
The only bad thing was the weather
And if I come across an angel or a saint
I better better better join the parade
It'll take more time to get me out of these
prison walls I built myself
And now I've fallen too deep deep

All I gotta do is shut up and smile upon this impossibility
Cause I've said all the words, done all the deeds with a single stare
The sun has gone to bed but I choose to sit
And befriend this darkness
And now I've fallen too deep deep
Maybe tomorrow you'll surprise me
Maybe tomorrow you'll understand
Maybe tomorrow I'll get lucky
You'll you'll you'll you'll ask ask for my hand

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