

## Calcutta

### "Chasing"

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You called me late one night and said.  
What's wrong with just being friends?  
I'm so tired of hearing this sour phrase,  
That I would do anything to change my ways.

Is this real or am I just another heart to steal?  
You're like a dream.  
Like a dream, it always seems.  
I dream that I'm still chasing her.

Three o'clock late one Saturday night.  
We never talk we only fight.  
You scream at me, you just don't understand.  
But how can I when you're holding his hand...

Is this real or am I just another heart to steal?  
You're like a dream.  
Like a dream, it always seems.  
I dream that I'm still chasing her.

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