

Last Days Of April

"Lost And Found"

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Watching,
Watching airplanes paint the sky,
With cloudy lines,
Listening,
Listening to the roaring sky,
Comes falling down.
Knowing,
Knowing that others felt as I,
As I do now,
Will calm me down,
Release my mind,
I spend time alone,
Searching,
Searching through the lost and found,
A second time,
Knowing,
That nothing is what I'll find,
For the second time,
Why do,
Why do airplanes paint the sky,
With cloudy lines,
And why do I,
Spend all my time,
In lost and found,

With worn out jeans,
And burnt CD's,
Don't make me see,
Let me believe

Worn out jeans,
And burnt CD's,
Don't make me see,
Let me believe.

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