

Spring Standards

"Enemies"

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Lover, you're wrong
I'm not that strong
With a whisper your breath could just blow me away
So I'm clutching like hell to each word that you say
Like a flag to it's mast in a hurricane

Lover, beware
This hijacked prayer means as much as the praises I
raised as a child
When my lips did their duty while my insides went wild
Every Sunday the Lord was beguiled

CHORUS

Are we enemies of simplicity?
Have we done wrong?
Or are we just friends who let touching hands linger a
little too long?

Don't close your eyes
It's no surprise
I'm adrift in the ocean and you are the coast
You're the one I'm ignoring 'cause I need you the most
Heaven help us if we get too close

CHORUS

How can this be wrong?
And forever might not be too long.

CHORUS

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