

Travis "Fear"

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All I wanted was the chance to say
I would like to see you in the morning
Rolling over just to have you there
Would make it easy for a little bit longer

But here, closer every year
So near, the fear is coming clear
My dear, the fear is here

Hottest summer in a hundred years
But summer didn't bother getting up this morning
And so all the trees forgot to wake
And they were dropping all their leaves
On the ground below them

But here, closer every year
So near, the fear is coming clear
My dear, the fear is here

All I wanted was the chance to say
I would like to see you in the morning
Rolling over just to have you there
Would make it easy for a little bit longer

Make it easy for a little bit longer
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