

Over It "Bothered"

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(Don't be bothered, no.)
Don't be bothered by the fears.
I'll try to bottle them like my mothers perfume.
She wore it only on Sunday,
Kept it safe in her room in a chest with a key.
We found it anyway.
Don't be bothered by the fears.
They'll only join us like the sky that blushes red tonight.
And makes the wind die down, calms the troubled sea
(more out of duty than pleasure, but out of pleasure
nonetheless.)
CHORUS:
Your fire burns me like a favorite song.
A song I should have known all along.
I feel you move like smoke in my eyes.
And that is why.
Don't be bothered by the fears
That sing from my eyes like carillon
Ringing only on Sunday on the roof down our street
Finally Over the River.
Ring for you, ring for me,
finally, forever.
It's just I never,
It's just I never thought,
I never thought that I could be this free.
Your fire burns me like a favorite song.
A song I should have known all along.
I feel you move like smoke in my eyes.
And that is why.

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