

Paris Texas

"Arcee Springer"

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When it comes and doesn't
Fold before it's done
When it shades and plays
What you call a melody of
Sense Your pretense
So hard to conceal what I
Feel back when I was so
Idly wild I'm awake now
Tonight without sundays
Mornings bruises on my
Neck Quiet kind of thinking
Not anything wishing I was
Far away where trees drop
Leaves as far as I can see
Arcee shivers beside me
Scooping up the softness
Promising shell be with me
Forever Why does this
Music make me sad could I
Make a part of myself, true

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