

The Dead Milkmen

"Echoes To You"

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I don't want the hour to fade
I don't want to make the break
I don't want a conversation
With the echos of a dying nation
I just want to spread your wings beneath my sky

I don't want to pale the light
I don't want to lose you twice
I don't want an explanation
Like the echos in the waiting station
I just want to spread your wings beneath my sky

I don't want to forget you
I don't want a perfect blue
I don't want to know the answer
Like the echos of an aging dancer
Just want to spread your wings benesth my sky

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