

Morning For The Masses

"22"

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22, plus 30, was the first time that I saw the truth
22, minus a week or so, was the first time that I knew
That I'd never be the same
That I'd only cry on name
Ever again
For any reason

Dearest, best friend
I am yours for now and every season

I'm holding your face in my hands,
'Cause the following is sincere;
You are my future plans
So allow me one more half-year

If you're not here tomorrow
I wont be anywhere at all
If your hand is there to borrow
I wont be holding anything at all...

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