

Elm Treason

"Mood"

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Iâ€™ll have you like the way it was before
when the five was still a four.

Maybe soon, youâ€™ll see it like I see
like the way you look at me.

I sense a little play â€™til the holiday.
Pretend that the clouds have gone away.
I will be your friend
until the end.

I want you. Like a whisper falling hard,
Iâ€™ve never gotten far.

If you do, youâ€™ll find me in the sun
learning how to run.

I sense a little change in how we play.
Donâ€™t stay inside and think of when.
I will be your friend
until the end.

When Iâ€™m through, the pride that keeps me free
will get the best of me.

Maybe you can look and look again.
It happens now and then.

I sense a little change has come my way.
When the pain comes silently Iâ€™ll say
that you have been my friend
until the end.

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