

Like Lions

"Cheap Seats"

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Cheap Seats

in the winter of 92
right before these ugly trees grew
i thought i'd never figure you out.
this season lasts so long,
i close my eyes and you're gone.
with subtle moves you silently disappear.
by then i'll get back
to my old dirty habits
and useless conversation.

for every moment that just passes by
and from the cheap seats,
i'll find you.
i'm not sorry for anything.

even when in my dreams
i can hear you softly speaking.
never losing that same tone through the years.
and as your face gleams,
i watch as your figures fading into the thin air.

for every moment that just passes by,
and from the cheap seats, i'll find you. i
'm not sorry for anything.

i'm not sorry for anything.

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