

P J Loughran

"Remsen St"

Visit "[Remsen St](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sitting here beside myself taking time
Replaying these moments that you remind
Im floating three feet higher then I was a week before
Im still sorting through these feelings so sublime

And youve opened my eyes
Im not as clean as I thought Id seem to you
And my slick tongue is tied
Strap yourself in and lets ride

Down past Remsen St.

You and I sit alone by the bay
Replaying these parts we used to play
and sometimes the philosopher can learn from the
listener
so talk to me, I have nothing to say

And youve opened my eyes
Im not as clean as I thought Id seem to you
And my slick tongue is tied
Strap yourself in and lets ride

Down past Remsen St.

And here we are again, face to face
And it seems that Im the one who's made a mess of
things this time
And all these overworked apologies seem wasted

But, oh, dont you know
That you make up the best of me
And if anything,
If anything,

if anything is love
then it is what we had

and had again...

