

Natasha Bedingfield, Backyard

It's been too long
Don't think I've seen you smile
At me for quite a while
And we're too busy doing things
We haven't noticed what's missing
Where's the fun we used to have?
My childish ways and your sarcasm
Silly jokes and fairy tales
Where did we leave them?
Lost in the backyard

Your lasso
My tiara
My wand
Your plastic bazooka
Why can't we be how we were
In the backyard
Your cowboy hat
My tutu
You hide and seek
I catch you
Why can't we be how we were
In the backyard
In the backyard

Simple days of hand in hand
And drawing our names in the sand
Somehow life just complicates
Our buried treasure it just waits
Lost
In the backyard

Your lasso
My tiara
My wand
Your plastic bazooka
Why can't we be how we were
In the backyard
Your cowboy hat
My tutu
You hide and seek
I catch you
Why can't we be how we were
In the backyard
In the backyard

Lost you in the backyard
In the backyard

You can still meet me in the garden
You and I
And hide behind the rosebed
You and I
You and I
Lost in the backyard
Again

Your lasso
My tiara
My wand
Your plastic bazooka
Why can't we be how we were
In the backyard
Your cowboy hat

My tutu
You hide and seek
I catch you
Why can't we be how we were
In the backyard
In the backyard