

Salt, So

So, could you declare
the things I'm saying?
To me those terms won't fade

So, will the picture
of your mind remain?
To me those frames will be

Some kind of tenderness
in your laughter
Some kind of tenderness
in your face

So, you see a friend
behind your shoulder
To you those shades won't fade

So, will the time
you met stick with me?
To me those days will be...