

Cross-legged

Summer nights feel somehow colder
Although I know you're here
And we all feel so much older now
Since you've been gone
It's not fair

I through a flower into your grave
And fell down with her
What I found was clarity
And further down despair

I miss you
Every time we drink and every time we talk
And I miss your steps
Every time we dance and every time we walk

Who will listen to my songs now
Cross-legged in the front row
Your place is empty and can't be filled by
This black and white photo

I try to track you down in everything
Beautiful I see
But you know better than to show yourself
Life is a mystery

I miss you
Every time we drink and every time we talk
And I miss your steps
Every time we dance and every time we walk
And I miss you
Every time we dance and every time we walk
And I miss your voice
Every time we laugh and every time we talk

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