

Between the Trees

There she sits, tear on her cheek on her face on her first day,
Tear in her eye in her cry in that lonely place,
The cool space between the trees.

It was her first bliss, over and over and underneath her timid lips,
Sun on her hand, on her hair on their intimaters,
The cool space between the trees.

But the sun still shines there, the grass still grows and flowers dare to
show their face,
But the saddest part for her is another pair will lie there,
In love, in love, in lucky love.

Photo perfect, life through a lens well it always depends on the light
you let,
Don't be deceived by the colours you see in that tempting place,
The cool space between the trees,

Well is it worth it, to give up yourself just to please someone else who
doesn't deserve it?
Tear in her eye in her cry in that oh so lonely place,
The cool place between the trees.

But the sun still shines there, the grass still grows and flowers dare to
show their face,
But the saddest part for her is another pair will lie there,
In love, in love, in lucky love.

Well if love is patient, why didn't he wait,
If love is kind, why couldn't he find the time,
If love keeps no record, then why does he remember the time and
the time?

Well there is only one love for you,
There is only one that is true,
There is only one love and you won't find it between the trees.