

SUN SHADE & CURTAIN

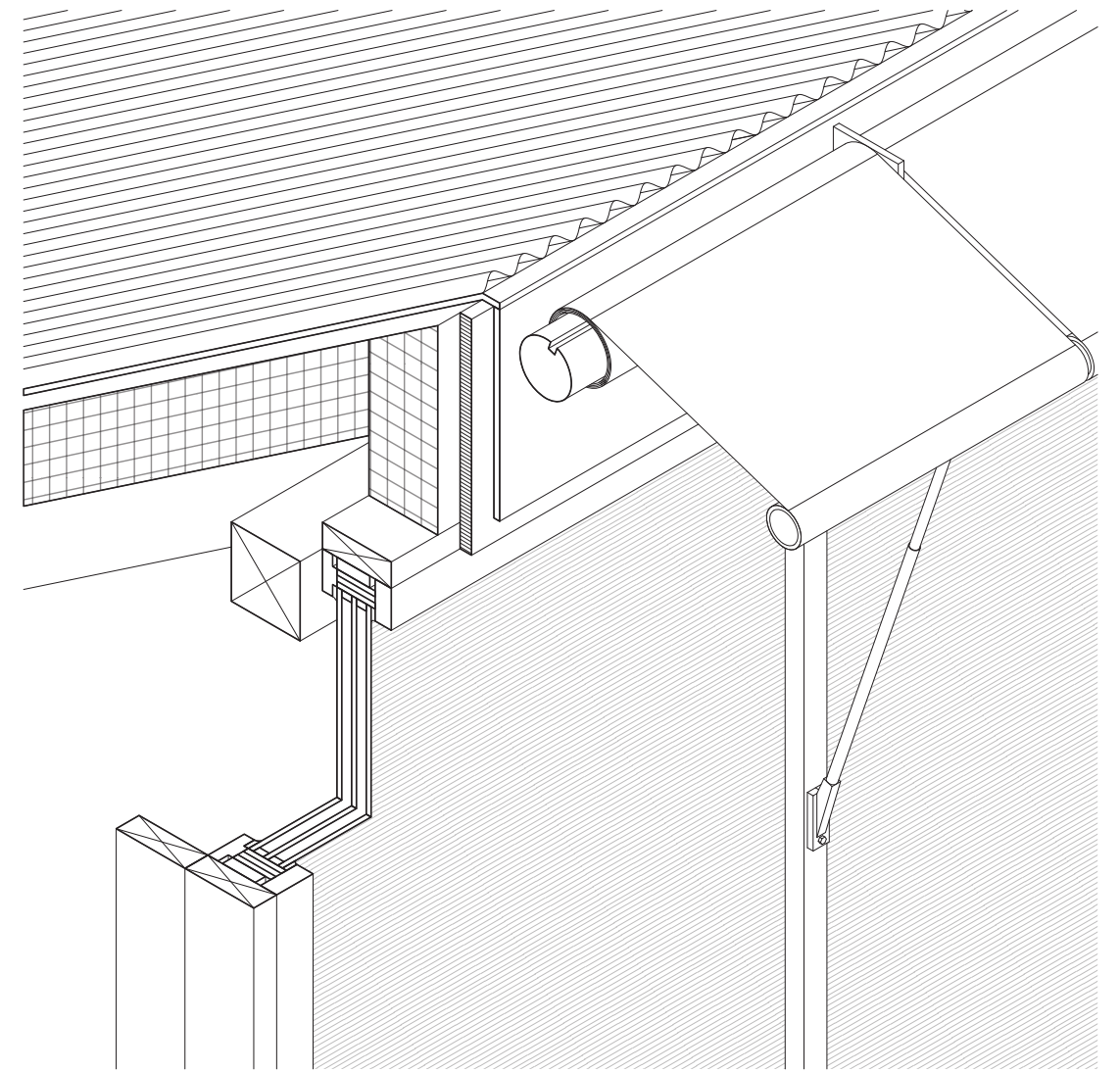
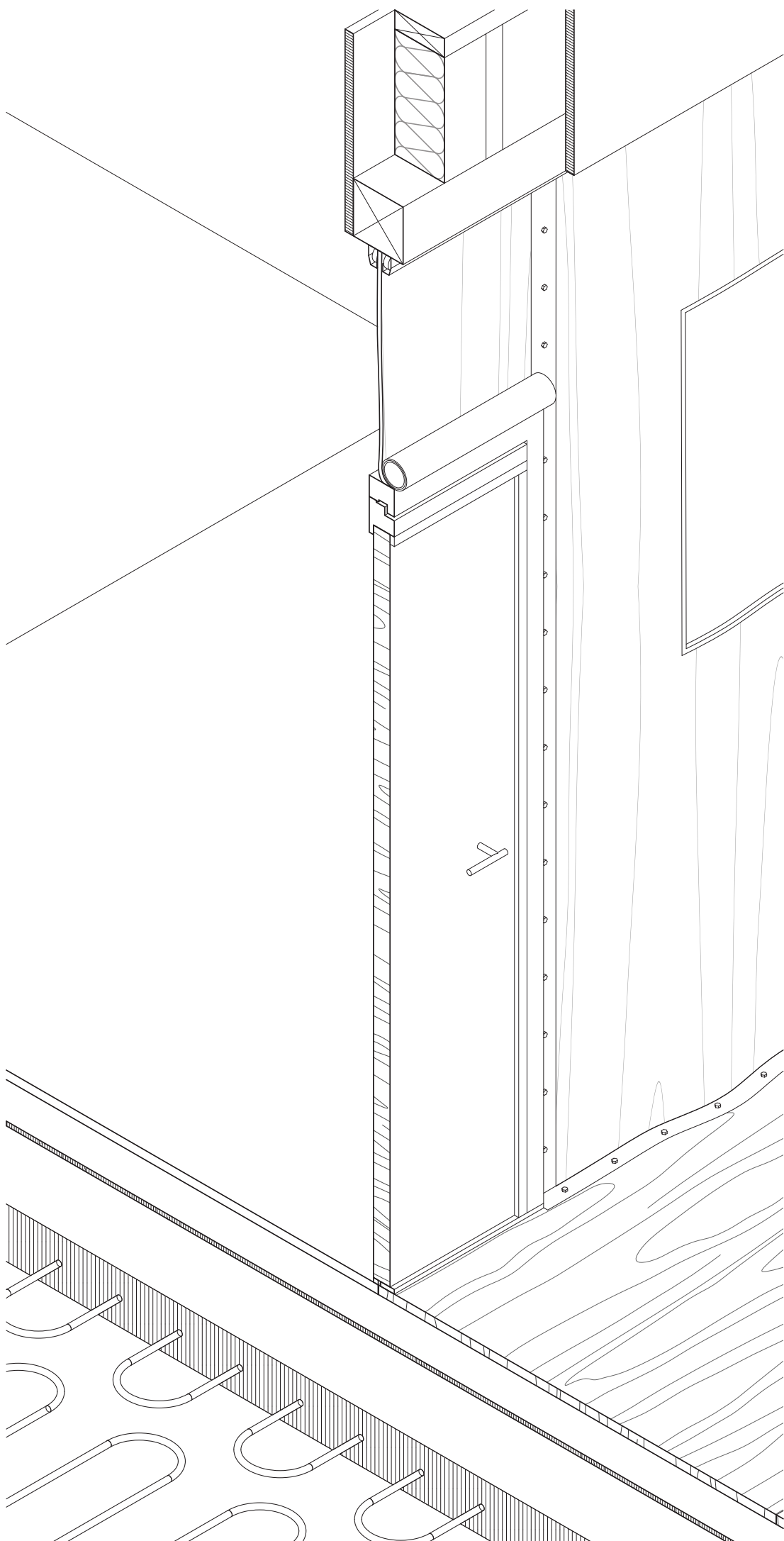
I remember

When I was younger

I once got lost in the woods

I couldn't find my way

I know how to find home



Tonight, the moon borrowed my bed.

You are your own biggest fan.

If you leave,

I don't want to hear rain crying on your skin
again.

If I pull the ratchet,

I don't want your tears touching the grates
again.

If a dandelion grows,

don't remind me

last night the sun was really bright.