Lake Malawi, Always June

when will you let me go? so many things that we don't show I visualize you now we're in my car we're driving home

no one knew that it would end so soon it's always June these things happened in June

so why do I still hold you? I still hold you when nobody does the sky is made of iron made of iron Caroline, she smiles

give me another day maybe the tides are gonna turn my way

Richard PARKER AND ME WE ARE SAILING NOW WE ARE HUNGRY AN WEAK BUT WE WEILL BE OK

so why do I still hold you? I still hold you when nobody does the sky is made of iron made of iron