

415-1000
When minutes

When minutes feels like hours, hours feel like days
When the hole in my belly seems it will never go away
I look out the window, the sun slowly setting
There's nothing anyone can do or say

I sit at the counter at the local diner
Try to find an appetite, i need something to eat
But all i can think of is your hair so golden
The way you held my hand and kicked at my feet

I know they say tis better to have loved
But sometimes those who speak can't see my heart
And alone i walk on the beach at sunrise
I'm doing my very best not to fall apart

Years become seconds in the blink of an eye
And we may become infinite when we die
But i still wander that beach looking for you
And a thousand years later for you i still cry