

March 28
I love the way it feels inside
and I love the rain outside

I love the way it feels to be so beat
and let this foolishness repeat and fade tonight

In this chaos I shall find
forgotten dates and ~~orange~~ ~~roads~~
but this ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~single~~ ~~spots~~
Confusion swirls but do not blind

The rain is off and on
and now telling me
there is no hope to save
the Coast from its ~~specific~~ ~~brave~~ ~~and that~~

I love the way we learn like baby birds
on ~~not~~ being battered if we don't learn
and like the coast, she wises for wear
and blows tonight the cold ~~chill~~ ~~wind~~
That one by one takes all her friends
and for every candle that's lit its blown out there.