

Fastly Gone

Aaron Strumpel :: bpm 90 :: From the album BIRDS



It's the things dreams are made of
These odds that are wagered
In the hands of old winners
In the hearts of young lovers

It's the things lives are given to
Our hearts and hands are given to
The work of the fields and seas
The nights of the birds and bees

It's the days that are fastly gone
Where minutes and seconds don't even count
In minds that are full of fear
Let's fight these thoughts full of fear

It's the talking that won't ever count
For more than the smiles found
In brilliant moments in the sun
In breathless moments when we're done