

I wrote the first part of this staring out my window at the beginning of quarantine.
Fast forward to today when I was listening to the Nordic Choir's rendition of The Wailin' Jennys' "Swing Low, Sail High". I was inspired.

The combination of my handheld mic and my audio not coming out both headphones on some tracks (???) I was like screw this and I just started doing whatever.

I was thinking about the perfectionist comment Victoria made and I was like alright screw this we are freestyling today.

You didn't tell me that it would be this way
What a cliché, I know

I know
It is right here
Right beside me
Right in front of me

Hold me, hide me
Try to guide me
It's not here

Try to fight it
I got invited to that, dear

I'm sorry

But you didn't tell me that it would be this way
What a cliché, I know

But you didn't tell me
That it would be this way
That we could fight all day and let the roses float away
What a cliché, I know

(something about days, and reminding myself that there will be more(unless there wont? Add that too "even if this is my last day here I have fulfilled what I came here for")

There will be another one, will be another one
There will be another one, will be another one
There will be another one, will be another one

There will be another one (soon)

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