

Acquiesce

words by Sven-Erik Seaholm

music by Sven Erik Seaholm, Drew Andrews & Charlie Loach

A hundred yellow taxi cabs
Are blowing by your door
But you don't wanna go no more
Hangin' out on your front porch

The autumn's in the leaves
The dew is on the ground
The air's so crisp it makes a sound
Breathe in all the sweet surround

Lean into the new horizon
Then just turn away
Memories are tethered to your waist
One less sour bitter-sweetness
For your tongue to taste
Fall into that warm embrace
You feel a touch
And then you...acquiesce

A hundred million tiny drops
Against your window pane
Listen to the tumbling rain
You can feel the seasons change

Best without and not within
The places that you hide
The faces that you hide away from me

(Chorus)

Don't forever play the fool...

You feel that touch
And then you...
Acquiesce