

I can't breath a whisper, which is why this room's so loud.
I can't make my bed, but I'm made to lie in it alone,
And maybe you'll come here to visit and you can sit and watch me sleep.
We can talk of what you will, but I'll miss the point
Cause all I have are dreams saying:

I've been asleep with the lights on for days on end now
And I should have listened to someone who could see this happening.
Won't you mend my broken head? If I wake up will your face fill
this room?

And I can't make it out yet, but your voice sounds sweeter than
it ever did.
Did I just hear you leaving? Or have I been alone a while?
And maybe you'll come here to visit, and your luck just might be in.
But it would be false hope if any, and I wouldn't want to waste
your time.

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And I've been
Plugged into machines at the side of the bed,
Woke up from a dream, could have sworn I was dead.
How long has it been? Because I miss you to death.
A miracle or so they said.

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