

## Ten Cents

Converge

I'm losing sleep a thousand miles away from my you.  
Unloved, in the dialtone,  
it's just not that simple when the perfect words don't ever see  
m to fit.  
She just slipped under harmony and now I'm empty handed.  
I'm just half empty, a second best.  
Somewhere it's too soon, it's just not enough. It's never enoug  
h.