

I touch your silver shirt without you in it.
It looks like you've been hurt.
I'm told to "stay here." police all gather around.
They want to know where I've been...

You could be anywhere.
By design, I forgot you everywhere.
And won't you come back here? You could be anywhere.

I search for months around.
I finally see you dancing off the ground.
I run to meet you. I've been in this room,
locked inside with you.

I try not to do this.
Your hair's so long like it was years ago.
My fingers need it... to touch you like I should have known.
I don't think I should stay here. You must, but I should go.
There's nothing left to do here. I must leave time alone.