

Incomplete

Fish

We got one hundred-forty stations on satellite
Beaming on down to our home, but I'm watching you
I've got half a million bills to pay
You never hear a word I say; I dream of you

Oh, I feel so incomplete
Oh, oh, it seems so incomplete
If we could only close the distance
If we could only cross these lines
If we could only fill the space
That's grown between us over time

You don't hear me anymore
You don't touch me anymore
You don't know me anymore
There's a wedding dress in a suitcase
Full of memories in the attic; I think of you
Where the ghosts of summer butterflies
They gather in the dust; I long for you

Oh, I feel so incomplete
Oh, oh it seems so incomplete
If we could only bring those days
Back when there were never wounds to heal
When everything was perfect
And the dream we had was real

You don't hear me anymore
You don't touch me anymore
You don't know me anymore
Oh, I feel so incomplete
Oh, oh it seems so incomplete
When there were never any questions
Over who or what we were
And the future only promised
All the answers to our prayers

You don't hear me anymore
You don't touch me anymore
You don't know me anymore