

Consider

Girl in a Coma

I'm going right back to my
lost comfort ...would you close your eyes
on our first kiss of the night?
carve my name on your bedroom wall
I am going nowhere
sulking in days i now laugh over
would you smile if i wrote you song?
and would you cry for every nite i am gone?
We long for those special people
who pull away when we start to figure them out
i am going nowhere
sulking in days i now laugh over
but now we know just were they go
when there crawling alone searching
for a piece of what they long for