

t's you I wanna hear,  
Nothing more to please my ears  
Our moments go back in time,  
As I sit here watching TV  
So please just come home straight to me

Tell me that you'll be okay  
I'll fight my tears while I must wait  
Just come to me and I'll hold you tight  
Close your eyes and imagine, imagine the good times

Nothing is real  
Nothing is real

Two weeks have passed in all,  
your cell phone still rings when I call  
I imagine that you'll be fine  
Reassuring myself all the time  
While this feeling of grief leaves me blind

Tell me that you'll be okay  
I'll fight my tears while I must wait  
Just come to me and I'll hold you tight  
Close your eyes and imagine, imagine the good times

Nothing is real  
Nothing is real