

She thinks she missed the train to Mars, she's out back counting stars.

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She's not at work, she's not at school,
She's not in bed, I think I finally broke her.
I bring her home everything I want, and nothing that she needs.

I thought she'd be there holding daisies, she always waits for me.
She thinks she missed the train to Mars, she's out back counting stars.

I found her out back sitting naked looking up and looking dead.
A crumpled yellow piece of paper, with seven nines and tens.

I thought she'd be there holding daisies, she always waits for me.
She thinks she missed the train to Mars, she's out back counting stars.

I thought you'd be there holding daisies, you always wait for me.
She thinks she missed the train to Mars, she's out back counting stars.