Was it you who spoke the words that things would happen but not to me Oh things are gonna happen naturally And taking your advice I'm looking on the bright side And balancing the whole thing But often times those words get tangled up in lines And the bright lights turn to night Until the dawn it brings A little bird who'll sing about the magic that was you and me

Cause you and I both loved
What you and I spoke of
Other just read of
others only dream of the love, the love that I lovewhoooo oo ohh
See I'm all about them words
Over numbers, unencumbered numbered words
Hundreds of pages, pages, pages forwards
More words then I had ever heard and I feel so alive

Cause you and I both loved what you and I spoke of and others just read of and if you could see me now

Now you and I, you and I
Not so little you and I anymore
And with this silence brings a moral story
more importantly evolving is the glory of a boy

you and I both loved what you and I spoke of and others just read of and if you could see now

well I'm already finally out of words \dots

and it's okay if you have go away
just remember the telephone works both ways
and if I never ever hear it ring
if nothing else I'll think the bells inside
have finally found you someone else and that's oookay
cause I'll remember everything you sang

you and I $\{Gboth\ loved\ what\ you\ and\ I\ spoke\ of\ and\ others\ just\ read\ of\ and\ if\ you\ could\ see\ now\ well\ I'm\ already\ finally\ out\ of\ words\ .$