

Birthday

Jillian Edwards

I can't wait
To call you on your birthday
Well, we agreed not to talk, but I don't like it this
way
Well, I've worn the shoes you are wearing

But he didn't give me the space I needed
So I grew cold as stone.
And I don't want that for you, you know.
So I'm keeping distance, and I'm leaving it up to you.
Secondary sources to bring me news of you, but you're
still in my drawer
They are saying time will sort this out

Every curl and bending your name
I used to know so well, and now I couldn't say
And there are times, times when I feel barely
I think I could talk to you, but no that's not what we
needed

Cause I grew cold as stone.
And I don't want that for you, you know.
So I'm keeping distance, and I'm leaving it up to you.
Secondary sources to bring me news of you, but you're
still in my drawer
They're saying time will sort this out

I wanted to keep you
I wanted to keep you
I drove you on, now you're floating on my floor
I got an answer, not the one I was looking for

I can't wait
To call you on your birthday