

i wrote me a book  
i hid the last page  
i didn't even look  
i think i locked it in a cage  
wrote a novel  
cause everybody likes to read a novel...

it started with a word,  
and it started pretty well  
about a rare and fragile bird that I couldn't even spell  
on the table  
i think i left it on the table...

i found the last page in the sky,  
cold and sweet, like an apple

oh hello,  
will you be mine?  
i haven't felt this alive in a long time  
all the streets are warm today

i read signs  
i haven't been this in love in a long time  
the sun is up, the sun will stay

The very last breath of the hero of our tale  
would you only to guess  
did he truly prevail  
in the sequel?  
I guess I'll have to write a sequel...

my favorite part's when I die  
in your arms like a movie  
it's tragic, but now the story has it's proper end.

oh hello,  
will you be mine?  
i haven't felt this alive in a long time  
all the streets are warm and grey

i read the signs  
I haven't been this in love in a long time  
the sun is up the sun will stay  
all for the new day

will you be mine?  
the days are short and I wrote me my last rhyme  
all the streets are warm today  
I read the signs  
I haven't been in this love in a long time.

it's been a long time