

I wake up some mornings,  
Thank god not as often as I used to,  
Slow and heavy from dreams with you

You've found a way back in,  
Once again my long lost friend,  
Funny to see that after all these years,  
I miss you the same

So I drag myself to the corner cafe,  
And for a second I see you there,  
Like in the good old days,

And I wonder what you're doing?  
What are you up to these days?  
I sometimes wish you would call me,  
But then I wouldn't know what to say

And I see you, in every cab that goes by, in the strangers,  
at every cross road, in every bar.  
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at every cross road, in every bar.

It takes a glass or two,  
For it to settle down,  
For your shadow to stop following me around,

I find myself walking back  
To all the places we knew,  
Dreaming and wishing  
To somehow run into you

And of course I wonder,  
Does it happen to you?  
Does my ghost ever come looking for you?

Cause all that's left now  
Are my dreams and memories  
But I'm glad you came through my life  
And put your stain on me

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