

## Jigsaw

### Mates of State

You write the good songs, baby I'll write them until the end And  
d you can stand above us And we can still be your friend

It's like a jigsaw, maybe You found the corner piece first We n  
ever asked for nothing You're always bearing gifts Oh, you coul  
d see us through

Your stage is calculated Your heart, it stars backstage I like  
the old songs better This thing was made for you and me For you  
and me

You could see us through