

Jigsaw

Mates of State

You write the good songs, baby I'll write them until the end
And 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 never asked for nothing You're always bearing gifts
Oh, you could 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