

Leave a Note

Missy Higgins

Time blows softly all around us,
But we don't feel it now.
You made much more than a hole in the sky, boy.
You made us hollow on the inside.

So next time, when you're leaving,
Could you at least leave a note?
Next time, when you're leaving,
Could you tell us before you go?

Black wheels roll out a young heart,
As the cold wind cools our eyes.
You left much more than thick salty lips, boy,
You left us wondering why.

So next time, when you're leaving,
Could you at least leave a note?
Next time, when you're leaving,
Could you tell us before you go?
You go, you go, you go...

So next time, when you're leaving,
Could you tell us before you go?