

Behind An Old Blue Vase

Nine Days

Lying here on the floor
Wondering where my absent friends are
Been sleeping on a bed of thorns
It's my faith in you that keeps me warm
Behind an old blue vase
There's a picture of your face

Sometimes you talk too loud to be ignored
But I'll listen that's what I'm here for
I know I'll wait for a day that won't come
I know for you life's just begun
I read your old letters one by one
So if you wonder what you've done

Take it from me; I know a lot about losing
It's not what it seems; sometimes it's not your own choosing
Nothing's for free, you ache for every moment
Take it from me; I know a lot about losing.

Here behind an old blue vase
Hangs a picture of your face
Every memory has its place
Say for you my saving grace

Take it from me; I know a lot about losing
(Know a lot about losing)
It's not what it seems; sometimes it's not your own choosing
(It's not your own choosing)
Nothing's for free, you ache for every moment
(Ache for every moment)
Take it from me; I know a lot about losing.