

Well I see breakfast on the table
And I can smell you in the halls
Lord knows I'd cry if I was able
But that won't get me through tomorrow
And no it's not like I was counting
Or thought that we'd run out of days
So I'll be holding onto something
Breathing the air you took away

I, I'll keep a picture of you on the wall, of you on the wall
And choke on the memories
I'll keep a message of you if you call, of you if you call
And choke on the memories
Choke, choke, yeah
Choke, choke

Well I've been looking for some new worlds
To say just how you got to me
I wrote some letters that I might burn
Cause then you're not just history
Oh and I see your clothes in the closet
I hear your phone ringing in the drawer
I'm not hoping for an answer
I'm just knocking at your door, oh

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