

Where have I landed I don't quite remember  
I fell to pieces one night in December  
Pictures in boxes remind me of something  
I miss the days when our fingers were touching

The memories of losing you, you're like a ghost  
Tracing where I said to you

I wish you would listen,  
I wish you would listen,  
I wish you would listen,  
To get through it

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I wish you would listen,  
I wish you would listen,  
To get through it,  
To get through it

All my decisions were just second guesses  
Looking for love like a bride looks for dresses  
Every mistake turned to some sort of yearning  
A heart that was hollow has filled up with meaning

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