

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,
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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