

Thought I saw you  
Payphone on Rucker  
Michelle I still want to give in  
I'd understand if you did

How long must we live right  
Before we don't even have to try?

Note from your daughter  
Drawing of three flowers  
I still keep it with me  
Did she still want to sing?

How long must we live right  
Before we don't even have to try?

I hear the sound of a million drums  
With no beat  
Violins with no melody  
I'm sick with it  
Quiet

I don't blame you for wanting out  
I'm kind of close myself  
No love, no amount  
Never enough to go around