

This is to the (uh-uh) intertwined souls
The hands I've been trying to hold
This is to the (uh-uh) love that I lost
And all the troubling thoughts of how I got double-crossed
And this is to the (uh-uh) divorce I was forced to settle with
And the remorse I fought off with metal fists
And this is to the (uh-uh) wet, watery kiss I left you with
On your porch as I watched your trembling lips
This is to the... memory of our early years
The first girl I shared feelings with
And it's the realest thing I'd experienced in my short existence
And I ain't afraid to admit
Cause love is one of the things that doesn't come with an age limit
Now does it? In fact I'ma have to say I'm more keen to feel such things
Hopeless things I'd lost in a smokescreen of meaningless fucking
Touching without touching, candles in the dark
Casting shadows on our parents battles, this is for the romantics at heart
It wasn't long before I held you more than my pen
When I wasn't writing songs, it was something like
"Forever and always, whenever those songs play..."
I remember empty hallways
Or your image that descended from the top floor became an echo
I paid the price for those hard things, and couldn't afford to let go
From a passive debt, I'm past regret
Did you know I dreamt about you before we met?
Remembering our first kiss, and it ain't even happened yet
Recollecting your set, and I wasn't even given the chance to forget
I guess that's the magic of it
Now every rehashed subject's displaying what I wrote
On cafe napkins to the public
To get it over and done with, closure hath cometh
My shoulders are plummeted from holding these buckets
Hold your laughs till I go back to the tunnels of Paris
Where I was