

when i heard about the coming day
wish i could wake up from this dream
in it i see a family photographed
and there you are, tucked in the scene
and theres a jealous net inside my chest
theres a hurt and sadness there
maybe i'd tell you all about it
if i thought you'd care
heavy heart gets lighter by your side
but there are thoughts i'd wish i'd heard
if they ask you how i'm holding up
say i'm holding out for the words
whats the sense in being so sensitive?
can i trade this thin skin for a shell?
there are somethings i've got no feeling about
but there are some things i can tell
heavy heart get lighter by yourself
it's been so long since you capsized
and you've been lying out there in the sun
has it begun? has it begun?
heavy heart, have you heard?
that i could use the words