

## By Your Side

Seven Mary Three

You had a basement apartment  
We spent the days in the dark there  
Everything implied and perfect  
We made up our own secret language  
With no word for goodbye

A Remington Rand on your birthday  
Pages of games we've been playing  
Letters of lost conversations  
You never think that I'm listening  
Are you listening now?

You're the center of the scenery  
No matter where it's taken me  
It doesn't change when I'm not there

I've got a suitcase and ticket  
I know you can see through the patterns  
Returning and leaving but outside  
There's just so little that matters  
I can't wait to just sit still

You invent for me a usefulness  
And I've started getting used to it  
What I miss when I'm not there  
Another hope to die love song  
You're going to get yours before to long  
If you need me look to find me  
Right here by your side

Little black dots on paper  
Connected in your name  
I float up off the sidewalk  
See you through a window  
Remember where to find me

You can tell me not to miss you  
From now on you won't have to  
If you need me look to find me  
Right here by your side