

Last night before my pillow gave way to my head, it said,
"Drink my wine, smoke my cigarettes and talk to the dead."
It said, "The window's wide open get up, I'll make your eyes red.
The matchmakers making a match,
To burn down your bed."

Silhouettes are the things I know,
And the things not known yet, not yet.
In time you'll see what's not known,
No not to me yet.

It said, "The window's wide open get up, I'll make your eyes red.
The matchmakers making a match,
To burn down your bed."

All this time it's been killing me,
If I walk thru that door I'll never return.
Cuz you speak and your words are like fire;
Your eyes are still filled with admiration that was once shown to me,
Freely but now stripped away.
And I'm pale as a ghost,
And I'm whiter than snow,
Cuz inside I'm so hollow, hollow.

Don't bring back all those things,
All those memories those ways,
Its okay.

I'll forget, I'll live on day by day.

It was a waste,
All those tears that fell far from my face, my face.
I wanna be free, from my thoughts,
And free from this place, this place.

The windows wide open I'll walk away,
It's a disgrace,
But you're content with your actions and this lie,
So why do I try?

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If I walk thru that door I'll never return.
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Your eyes are still filled with admiration that was once shown to me,
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