

Number Eleven

The Devil Wears Prada

Looking for your name,
I sort through it all.
Listening in vain,
You hope for the worst.

Looking for your name,
Falling down shallow stairs.
Waiting for the rain,
Hands extended laughing out.

As she claims that she's too much
I will hurt myself.
As she claims that she's too much
I know I must

Give it time. Give it some space.
All in all, back at the same place.
Move away and start again.
All in all, back at the same place.

I'll take you at your word:
Passing with the wind and sea.

Looking for your name,
I sort through it all.
Listening in vain,
You hope for the worst.

Looking for your name,
Still here falling down.
Waiting for the rain,
Falling down over me.

Give it time, give it some space.
All in all, back at the same place.
Move away and start again.
All in all, back at the same place.

So I'll say it again.
So I'll say it again.
So I will say it again.
You won't know love without death.

No death, no love.

Recognize the once familiar.
Recall missed steps and broken vows.