

Well, the sun was made for people who were never gonna  
touch it  
but keep their heads up anyway  
And my notebook's filled with stories, some of them  
have kept their meanings  
most of them I've thrown away

And my phone calls with the stranger  
And we have nothing in common  
And I have nothing to say

Fingertips find the pulse now  
As the heart begins to slow down  
And a best friend slips away

It used to go question and then answer  
But we were younger and it was easy  
And now it goes question and then question,  
Question, answers don't come so easy  
But I am a grown-up, so I should find something to  
occupy my time  
Instead of notebooks filled with nonsense  
Looking for answers I'll never find.

Sometimes you talk when you are sleeping about things  
that have no meaning  
but I listen anyway  
I have been thinking about leaving, but my best options  
say to stay  
I think I'll lay down in the street and let the cars  
drag me away  
"You know what I mean?" I think you ask me when you're  
done telling me your story  
But I am drunk and I have been ignoring every single  
word you say.  
And now you show me new tattoos as my fingers touch  
your skin  
You say they all have so much meaning, while colored  
ink is sinking in.

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