

Sooner or later more,
These words to paper pour.
Compose apologies, To bring you back to me.
What words were written for:
One girl whose pages tore.
I'll bet you never knew, With a letter came a fool for you.
She says she'd worked it out,
This room's not big enough for two.
He swears she'd work his words out, If she ever knew.
How do I find her, Bearing my heart in hand.
Last winter, Anne Arbour Was all I had.
I still wear your heart around my throat
I still wear your heart around my throat
With barely the air not to choke.
Never, not ever again.
I finally replaced every promise you've taken away.
Now that it's over, I'm older and colder this way.
I finally replaced every promise you've taken away.
How do I find her, Bearing my heart in my hand.
Last winter, Anne Arbour was all I had.