

When I was a kid
Puzzles were the best
You took a great memory and then you
Tore 'em all to shreds
Picking up the pieces
Remember where they fell
Couldn't find that one last piece to fill
That empty well
Veins are runnin' dry
Confusion in my mind
Where's that one last piece, man, I think
I'm going blind
I'm sick of this jigsaw
I think I'm cracking up
Why can't I find the piece
That's lacking in my guts

The top is off the box is gone
The puzzles laid out on the floor
I've held the piece in my hand
I know I've seen it here before
Empty space, incomplete
Is the puzzle of my soul
If I search on my knees I know I'll find
The peace that fills the hole
Searching through the what-if's
What about the maybe's
I think about the time that's spent
Trying to separate these
Driven to the brink
Maybe pushing crazy
I have seen the enemy and the enemy is me
I can't fight any longer
The battle's already won
If I only saw it earlier
How could I have been so dumb
The piece was in the sky
Reflected in my eyes
Now my old self I hardly recognize