

Sorting through this mess  
I happen on your smile  
Gleaming through a photograph  
Buried for some while  
I'm taken by the way  
The swagger captured there  
Has vanished in the haze of time  
And by a foolish whim I'm stricken with desire  
To phone you up and tell you of my find  
But as I stretch my hand  
I'm reminded of the shape I'm in  
From all the things you've left  
Behind

Man, I hate your friends  
They really bring me down  
And I can tell you're not yourself  
Whenever they're around  
So ditch this motley crew  
For all the world of me  
And leave these sorry few  
Behind

I hope that by some master plan  
You're in the same boat that I am  
Waiting at a crossing path  
To seal away your life  
To lock inside a sacred bond so tight  
And like this photograph  
The scattered thoughts of you  
Are frozen in the amber of my mind  
And boxes on the shelf of documents  
Reminding me you  
Left an empty shell  
Behind