Brighter Discontent

The Submarines

Got a brand new roof above my head All the empty boxes thrown away I rearranged the place hundred times today But the ordering of objects Couldn't hide what's missing

All these things should make me happy Make me happy to be home again All these things should make me happy Make me happy to be alone again

Got myself a bottle of red wine
Got a night of nothing else to do
I think I might know What I
really want
But is a brighter discontent
The best that I could hope to find?

Got a big black television set

Now I can watch just what I want

But I'm here staring up At

pictures on the wall

And where are you,

You're still stuck inside them all

All these things should make me happy Make me happy to be home again All these things should make me happy Make me happy to be alone again

But love is not these belongings That surround me Though there's meaning In the memories they hold A breaking heart in an empty apartment Was the loudest sound I never heard

Got a desk I'll write myself a note Pretending that it came from you On hotel stationary From the time we first met Whatever I can do cause I won't throw my hands up yet

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But love is not these belongings That surround you Though there's meaning In the memories they hold A breaking heart in an empty apartment Was the loudest sound I never heard

Well I'll be fine if
I dont look around me now
Too much
for what's gone
If only I can wait here just a little while
And let time pass
in my room