

From the basement where we first talked,  
to the ride home  
with the kids we barely knew,  
you left a permanent scar.

Memories are taped on our walls,  
hung as a reminder.  
How easy it could be,  
when we weren't growing apart.

I'm always talking in circles,  
I always think until I can't sleep.

We always want what is kept from us.  
Well maybe I am the liar,  
and there is nothing that is left for us.  
You are a permanent scar.

I'm always talking in circles,  
I always think until I can't sleep.

You are the leaves at my feet.  
You are the hum of electric heat.  
I kept myself away,  
but I'm starting to like the pain.