

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.