A Living Diary

Transit

We're only talking cause you lost someone close to you. Without this entry you'd feel incomplete. Come treat me like a living diary and just turn the page and wa lk away.

and it's true that I can feel this season in my bones as New England fills with snow.

I find it hard to believe through everything I see that every bits unique, that maybe there is someone who's just like me. Someone who feels just like me.

Incomplete, Someone who feels just like me.

Come by and ask me how I'm holding up. My good intentions were never good enough. I was empty before I met you and I'll be there soon enough again. I wont forget, I'll save your place, don't walk away. I can't erase anything about you.

For all the things we fake you're words they seem so real. So real that they could take all the hope left in my life and leave my insides blank.

So close me or up or turn the page So close me up but don't bury me away.