

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 walk 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 won't 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.