

Something Left Behind

Transit

I poured my heart out
I told you to keep this to yourself
I know that it's all my fault
I know that it's all my fault

The best and worst years of my life
Fell into these lines
The best and worst days of my life
Just fit into these lines

I said it and I meant it
All we have is time
So hold on to my number
And please pickup the phone
I miss the sound of all your voices
And even when I'm gone
Leave the light on for me
And I won't ever let you be
Something left behind

So please pick up this time
All we really have is time
So hold on to my number
And please pick up the phone
I miss the sound of all your voices
And even when I'm gone
Leave the light on for me
And I won't ever let you be
Something left behind

'Cause every second that you give
Is every life that you could have lived
And all those people you could have have been
You have to let them be
Something left behind

So hold onto my number
And please pick up the phone
I miss the sound of all your voices
And even when I'm gone
I've written songs about growing old
I wrote some along the road
And I write them all for my friends
So where ever I may go
I hope that you can hear me (I hope I can sing them loud)
I hope that you can hear me (They can hear me back home)
I hope that you can hear me (I said it and I meant it)
I hope that you can hear me (Never feel alone)