

## 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)