

I am a void  
Let's see you try and fill me  
And mostly I'm just annoyed  
With the situation that never fails to find me

Well I shoulda known better and I did  
I should have listened but ohh well  
And now the memories are but the lines on my palms of my hands  
Can you tell me this much? Oh do tell...

Tell me was she better?  
Was she everything and more?  
'Cause I'm still leaning out the window on the 14th story floor

Begging for more... always more...

I remember the conversations  
Pressed up against that Canadian night sky  
Like I could lean out my window  
And recall what it feels like to be that high

Tell me me was she better?  
Was she everything and more?  
God I hope she pleased you  
Was she everything you hoped for?

Tell me was it all there, all this time  
Did it pick up, did it pick up, did it pick up...

And take flight?