

It's a weekday and I cleaned my room again,  
of endless moments I thought we once shared.  
An open book, read every single page.  
Naive enough to think that help is on the way.

Rise and shine a day awaits,  
watching clear skies turn to grey.  
It's a dead end road and I want out.  
There's no return.  
Let me know when will it end?  
If only you were my only friend, I'd be fine.

A direction split right from the start.  
I'm picking up the pieces to this broken heart.  
Move over and make room for someone else.  
Maybe a smile will find itself right on your face again.

Another empty sleeping bag. A broken speaker plays out loud.  
An Elliot Smith song for those who can't move on and on.  
A tour to write you home about of how I'm doing. Pretty sad.  
You're not here and all my letters are lost in the mailbox for good