

Saturday was a good day for you to go  
You've been falling in your own home

In a room with the curtains drawn  
You can hear the telephone song

There are cars on the street below  
There are people out there you know  
And the phone is the final thing  
That will make your falling ears ring

You came to me in dreams  
Came to me in sleep  
Shining in the dark  
You were shining like a new star

I thought I saw you wave  
From inside a subway car  
Like it was nothing at all  
Like it was nothing at all

I thought I saw you run  
Your red hair the colour of fall  
Like it was nothing at all  
Like it was nothing at all

You wave  
You run  
Like it was nothing at all  
Like it was nothing at all

You wave  
You run  
Like it was nothing at all  
Like it was nothing at all