

Seven Mary Three, By Your Side

You had a basement apartment
We spent the days in the dark there
Everything implied and perfect
We made up our own secret language
With no word for goodbye

A Remington Rand on your birthday
Pages of games we've been playing
Letters of lost conversations
You never think that I'm listening
Are you listening now?

You're the center of the scenery
No matter where it's taken me
It doesn't change when I'm not there

I've got a suitcase and ticket
I know you can see through the patterns
Returning and leaving but outside
There's just so little that matters
I can't wait to just sit still

You invent for me a usefulness
And I've started getting used to it
What I miss when I'm not there
Another hope to die love song
You're going to get yours before to long
If you need me look to find me
Right here by your side

Little black dots on paper
Connected in your name
I float up off the sidewalk
See you through a window
Remember where to find me

You can tell me not to miss you
From now on you won't have to
If you need me look to find me
Right here by your side