Consider

Girl in a Coma

I'm going right back to my lost comfort ...would you close your eyes on our first kiss of the night? carve my name on your bedroom wall I am going nowhere sulking in days i now laugh over would you smile if i wrote you song? and would you cry for every nite i am gone? We long for those special people who pull away when we start to figure them out i am going nowhere sulking in days i now laugh over but now we know just were they go when there crawling alone searching for a piece of what they long for