

## Melting Alone

Sixpence None The Richer

Tonight the lamplight swirls and glistens  
Melting itself upon my face  
I'm hanging my silhouette near the shoreline  
I'm swimming underneath in the noontime

Will I ever know what's wrong with me  
Will I ever see your hand again in mine

Tonight the rain is pelting rooftops  
There is no fire to melt the cold  
I'm straining to hear a human whisper  
And I'm painting images on the soft stone

Now I'm drinking alone  
Amidst these figures of stone  
I'll raise the glass once again  
Then lay my head on the pillow