

Finding Her

Alec Benjamin

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I remember when you came to my house
On that day in September, we laid on the couch
We made cupcakes, and popcorn, and argued about
Where we'd be in the future, where we'd settle down
Now I'm living in a space all alone
There's no trace left here of you, it hardly feels home
All I have is your memory and pics on my phone
Baby, you're just a reverie, a love that I'd known

Baby, if you were to come back, it would be sweet
But I know you'll never come back, come back to me
It's the only, only thing that I have left of these dreams
Left of these dreams

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