

## Birds On A Wire

## Backseat Goodbye

Holding hands with tomorrow.  
I forgot about yesterday.  
A sky made of yellow.  
And gravel made of grey.  
Holding hands with tomorrow.  
I forgot about yesterday.  
Trading secrets with the day.  
I forgot about the night.  
You never know what to say.  
I always say I'm alright, what a lie.  
Oh what a lie.  
Trading secrets with the day.  
I forgot about the night.  
I sang a song to the moon.  
In return it gave me light.  
I sang a song to you.  
Your face shined so bright.  
I sang a song to the moon.  
In return it gave me light.  
I gave waves to the water.  
It replied with a brilliant blue.  
Each year seems shorter and shorter.  
I told you a secret, you said you knew.  
I gave waves to the water.  
It replied with blue.  
I smiled at the sky.  
It thanked me with the wind.  
Said you "Like it when I cry".  
So I did it again and again.  
I smiled at the sky.  
It thanked me with the wind.  
I wrote a song for the trees, when I sang it for them.  
They sang back to me.  
Not with words, but with their leaves.  
It was amazing and I wish you could see.  
The way you look at me.  
'Cause it makes me happy to breathe.  
I wrote a song for the trees.  
They sang back to me.  
I waved at some birds.  
On a wire by a home.  
I save all your words.  
But you'll never know.  
How they give me life.  
How you give me life.  
I waved at some birds.  
On a wire by a home.  
Whispered some words to some rocks.  
Like in the books that you bought.  
The words were small, but had so much meaning.  
And I'm not sure where you've gone,  
But I know that I miss you a lot.  
Like the empty heart-shaped frame that you keep on a shelf.  
I hope for the day you'll see I need,  
Your hands and time and I just can't help.  
But to imagine our legs tangled like your hair.  
When the breeze gets the best of it,

And you say you don't care.  
But I know that it kills you knowing you'll never know.  
Why you cry when the sun sleeps at night.  
You say you'll sit up forever to find out,  
Well if that's so.  
I'd keep you company, if you wouldn't mind.  
You say Chad, you're dreams are silly, see you're just a boy.  
And there's only so much you can do to keep them young like you.  
"Well I'm not one to make a promise, if a promise I can't keep."  
But I sure as hell will, if I have to...  
'Cause see if there's one thing I know.  
It's that I've only got so long.  
To do as I please, in this world so small.  
And I can't get nothing right, if I'm scared of being wrong