

Minus One

Broadway Calls

You are the piece of the puzzle
A star in the sky on night in July
And your eyes are two different colors
One brighter than one
A sign of your times
Well I guess it's time to get a Little bit clearer
Your mess is mine
Go to hell if you think I would let you slip through the cracks
You are coming back to the land of the living with me
You and me, we'll get through everything without the fear of ever being alone
Because minus one this isn't home
Come back
Your family needs you
Your family wants you happy again
Your smile, a reason for living
Don't fade away with your bottle in hand
Yes it's time to get a little bit clearer
Your mess is mine
I accept, but know damn well
Go to hell if you think I would let you slip through the cracks
You are coming back to the land of the living with me
Breathe in, breathe out and dream about back when we had our world
A fraction of theirs, but we filled our share with love
Before the ambulance came and took you away