

Someplace, waiting  
Repeating conversations  
That haven't taken place  
Outside of my head  
Hitting pavement  
Lost in my displacement  
Trading places  
We've been here before, going backwards and forwards

If memory serves  
We were walking around on the east side  
Talking what you deserve  
To live as much as you learn  
And I saw your face fall  
Through the hours of daylight left  
Now we're running out of time  
I think I'm losing perspective

Tender placement  
A bruise that's never fading  
Picking favorites  
With the phrase that pays

But if memory serves  
We were walking around on the east side  
Talking what you deserve  
To live as much as you learn  
And I saw your face fall  
Through the hours of daylight left  
Now we're running out of time  
I think I'm losing perspective