

Diary

Chris Staples

Went to France with your mom
I go crazy when your gone
Water the plant
Check the mail

Met the neighbor
Just moved in
She plays the violin
Holds the note
Draws the bow

I wanted to feel so close
I feel so far away
Saw your diary by the bed
Thought about it for a minute and read
A few lines and put it down again

My curiosity, it got the best of me
And I had to read every word you wrote
I wanted to feel close
I feel so far away

I don't want to give up
Not yet
I don't want to look back
With regret
I just want to hold on
To what we've got