

Everything we were was much greater in my head
Now I can't look in the mirror because a part of me is dead
Living life is half as nice without your slumbered breathing
To remind me my heart's the one you're healing

I watch your ghost come out my throat when the memories arise
You help my shakey fingers hit the notes just off time
If I had to choose between the two, drinking alone or having you
I'd just politely ask for both

I watched your bracelet fall apart and felt fine all day
What's the point of trying to fix the things that just won't stay?