This morning I got diagnosed with frost bite in my toes Who knew that the winter comes through Sherman Oaks So I drove to the Rite Aid where we used to go And I know you'd make a bad joke about getting cold feet And how that sounds much more like you than like me You'd be happy to know that my new place has heat

Whenever you're back
I've got so much I could tell you
And I know you'd laugh
If I told you just half of the things
That have happened today
And I have to remind myself
It's okay you're not coming home
'Cause I keep a list
Of all of the things you don't know

And I feel like you'd be so proud I made it out
Of a heartbreak with some scars and twelve songs somehow
And I play them when I wonder where you are now
'Cause I wish you could be here to hold me when I just can't sl
eep
Or that day I was so sad that I couldn't eat

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Maybe I'll fill you in one of these weeks