

Counted out about 100 seconds
The walk between our bedroom doors
I'm good at making homes
Out of holes I fell in
This time it's yours

Wish I could say that I don't compare them
The light in the kitchen
Hardwood floors
You ran your hand along a wood that's wearing
And said you're sure

But how will I know if it's the real thing?
Cause I'm only sure of when it's missing
You're pulling me in and giving it weight
Want to believe the words you say
How will I know if it's the real thing?

You see through the stings
And the silent treatment
You're holding the torch
In my search for signs
I am sorry in advance for the words I'll cheapen
You swear it's fine

But how will I know if it's the real thing?
Cause I'm only sure of when it's missing
You're pulling me in and giving it weight
Want to believe the words you say
How will I know if it's the real thing?