

I'm sick as hell  
I'm sick from spitting words  
And I'm home again  
I'm glad I got here first  
And I heard  
You got it all figured it out  
It seems that you found better things  
Since I moved down south  
And its hard  
To see your name right now  
And whatcha doing on friday?  
Lights in that town  
And I'd hope  
You'd call me if you're feeling down  
Maybe thing's would've been better  
If I had you around

I'm standing still  
While you move along  
I miss the feeling of  
Us in high school halls  
And I try  
But you can't seem to pick up your phone  
I just feel so much better when I know you're alone  
And it's cold  
Back where we're from  
And you say that you're trying  
But thats never enough  
And I'll pretend  
I've got nothing left to say  
Yeah I miss you to death  
Guess I'll see you around some day