

I could've changed your mind
If only you told me, you told me
You said you were fine
And we talked about needing time, and living alone
I never got the chance to say what you meant to me
And you know I don't believe
But I guess you watch over me

It's three years on, it's not old news
Still coming to terms being without you
And I hope you watch over me

And the way you died
Did it hurt at all?
I think of you that way
Did it hurt at all?

And the way you died
Did it hurt at all?
I think of you that way
I don't at all

And I swear at times I can hear your voice
Like in the mornings through the floor
And I can smell those cigarettes
That you used to smoke at the backdoor

And the way you died
Did it hurt at all?
I think of you that way
Did it hurt at all?

And the way you died
Did it hurt at all?
I think of you that way
Or I don't at all