

Thought I saw you
Payphone on Rucker
Michelle I still want to give in
I'd understand if you did

How long must we live right
Before we don't even have to try?

Note from your daughter
Drawing of three flowers
I still keep it with me
Did she still want to sing?

How long must we live right
Before we don't even have to try?

I hear the sound of a million drums
With no beat
Violins with no melody
I'm sick with it
Quiet

I don't blame you for wanting out
I'm kind of close myself
No love, no amount
Never enough to go around