

These picture frames don't hang the way they used to,
They're all turned around and half are filled with my youth,
Bittersweet reminders of my life before you split me in two.
My body didn't like the way it felt last June
and it haunted me the whole year
then turned into thinking I was dying.
Wouldn't pull through to see 22.

You keep on saying that I've changed,
I know that I don't seem quite the same,
Don't know where,
Don't know where I went no,
Don't know where I went wrong,
But I keep singing.

I'm at a loss for words under a full moon,
Staring at the ceiling of a white room.
Does the mirror in the corner see my shame too?
Or a different view?
On the porch the ceiling's painted baby blue,
Dressed to the nines just like the sky in early afternoon.
'Cause its midnight and the ghosts might be coming soon.

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I know that I don't seem quite the same.
Don't know where,
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But I keep singing.