Gone

Real Estate

You hold the phone
Your hands are shaking
The number's wrong
But it seems right

Your mind is gone
It's not surprising
After the dawn
After the night

Halfway home
Life in the mirror
Is all I want
Just to get back

My memory's long
The hope's that it isn't what I own
But what I lack

On this balance beam tipping over
Time turns tirelessly but not fast enough

You hold the phone
Your hands are shaking
The number's wrong
Of course it's right

Your mind is gone
It's unsurprising
After the dawn
After the night

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