

I'm replaying it now  
Is that not really what we were talking about?  
Just driving around  
New England's all right but the road kill is bumming me out

We talk once a year  
We lived in the same house but now we just live sorta near  
I don't know how to start  
I wrote you a letter last fall but it's still in my car

Am I projecting this?  
On all this emptiness?  
Do you know?  
Do you know?