

## Left The Light On

SayWeCanFly

Where do I begin? What do I say, what do I say?  
Every time I give you something I wither away, wither away.  
You can find me by the meadow picking my grave, picking my grave.  
There's a nice spot by the willow, maybe I'll stay, maybe I'll stay.

I left the light on in my room.  
I left my jacket on the hook above your shoes.  
I left my ribcage on the bed  
Next to a couple empty packs of cigarettes.  
I know you'll never be the same.  
Since the moment you found out I went away.

Honestly there's nothing more that I can say, that I can say.  
So I'll hold my tongue and tell you that I'll be okay, I'll be okay.  
But the truth is man, I'm dying and it's all the same, it's all the same.  
And the truth is that I'm waiting for another day, another day.

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I left my jacket on the hook above your shoes.  
I left my ribcage on the bed  
Next to a couple empty packs of cigarettes.  
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Since the moment you found out I went away.