

# Inside the Golden Days of Missing You

Silver Jews

Inside the golden days of missing you  
With the people of Cleveland  
Who've suffered for so many years  
The shattered glass cussed  
And when it broke it spoke to us  
It said "Hey"  
It said "I know you... what's your name?"

I wish they didn't set mirrors behind the bar  
'Cause I can't stand to look at my face  
When I don't know where you are  
Then the feeling fades away  
But you sort of wish it would have stayed  
Inside... the golden days of missing you

What if life is just some hard equation  
On a chalkboard in a science class for ghosts  
You can live again  
But you'll have to die twice in the end  
In the end we'll meet again