

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