

I'll keep a piece of my heart vacant
When you return from vacation
Forgive me, and I'll see you soon

Chicago in September makes me miss you most
Finding solace in a basement with my shirt soaked to the bone
I know I was dead wrong, but don't kill me off
You say that it's progress, but I think it's just a crutch

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When you return from vacation
Forget me, and I'll see you soon

You're my highest high and lowest low, I know
I'd do anything for you to make me feel whole again
Don't apologize, 'cause we're all fucked up
Just accept the paradox
I'll catch you when you really need it most
I'm still learning how to cope

Been swimming in cement so I can make a mark
Some days it's still more than I can take, I've pulled my threads apart
Our bodies came untangled, felt a colder breeze
Painting pictures in my head of how I thought that it should be

My eyes burn from looking at you
But I still can see right straight through
Take that leap, I'm your parachute

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With your ghost
With your ghost
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