

Sorting through this mess
I happen on your smile
Gleaming through a photograph
Buried for some while
I'm taken by the way
The swagger captured there
Has vanished in the haze of time
And by a foolish whim I'm stricken with desire
To phone you up and tell you of my find
But as I stretch my hand
I'm reminded of the shape I'm in
From all the things you've left
Behind

Man, I hate your friends
They really bring me down
And I can tell you're not yourself
Whenever they're around
So ditch this motley crew
For all the world of me
And leave these sorry few
Behind

I hope that by some master plan
You're in the same boat that I am
Waiting at a crossing path
To seal away your life
To lock inside a sacred bond so tight
And like this photograph
The scattered thoughts of you
Are frozen in the amber of my mind
And boxes on the shelf of documents
Reminding me you
Left an empty shell
Behind