

# Amanda Palmer, I Google You

I Google you  
late at night when I dont know what to do  
I find photos  
youve forgotten  
you were in  
put up by your friends

I Google you  
when the day is done and everything is through  
I read your journal  
that you kept  
that month in France  
Ive watched you dance

And Im pleased your name is practically unique  
its only you and  
a would-be PhD in Chesapeake  
who writes papers on  
the structure of the sun  
Ive read each one

I know that I  
should let you fade  
but theres that box  
and theres your name  
somehow it never makes the pain  
grow less or fade or disappear  
I think that I should save my soul and  
I should crawl back in my hole  
But its too easy just to fold  
and type your name again  
I fear  
I google you  
Whenever Im alone and feeling blue  
And each scrap of information  
That I gather  
says youve got somebody new  
And it really shouldnt matter  
ought to blow up my computer  
but instead.  
I google you

Written by Neil Gaiman