

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Missing

Nail the stars across that wooden sky
Cover that crystal ball, that bloodshot eye
Let the last out turn off the light
But dont lock the door, theres someone still inside
A silly bride for a silly day
The guests they came
The guests they went away
What are we missing
What are we missing
Whose memories are we kissing
From our soul to your fingertips
Melt down that key to your broken heart
They never gave you a chance to even start
Too much sadness and your shadow will die
Hang out your tears to let them dry
Shes on fire but got frozen lips
The life she could have would never fit
She walks through the forest singing nursery rhymes
All the leaves on the trees whisper once upon a time