

Backseat Goodbye, Sign Language (Heart)

saturday is here and you're not
anywhere to be found
you're not under my bed, you're not at my window sill
i tried your call
i tried to chase you
but you, you're gone
you're not lost in the wind, you're not under my shoes
no no one around here has seen you in a while
where have you gone girl?
won't you please make a call or at least leave a note
the next time you decide to leave this home
'cause see home is where the heart is
but without you it's heartless
sticks, stones and handme down clothes
collections of songs in the middle of a road
on a record you threw away
sunsets on sundays and old home movies
grass stains on your jeans you wear twice a week
divided by the minus sign you stole from a thrift store
on the corner of the road up the street
won't you grab a fine photograph or paper ad
hold it up slightly and tell me what you see
sorry, but it's nothing more than paper and ink
see what i'm trying to say is i can't keep a memory
on a 4 x 6 rectangle cut by a machine
no it's just not as good as you and me
holding hands
watching movie screens
watering plastic plants
making paper mache hearts to tape to your bare walls
singing loud, because we can
learning different languages
and planning trips to france, that will never happen
where have you gone girl?
i was just wondering... more like hoping i suppose
that maybe you could save me from myself without you
it's not pretty
the days are too long
the nights are ugly
the stars are gone
the sky's cried for 15 days straight
so have i
we miss you a lot
to say the least
come back to me
come back to me
i'll make you a cake
and assorted chocolates
from a box that i bought at a store up the road
you're kinda like sign language
useless if i can't see you all the time
without you i'm blind