

# Edwin McCain, Through The Floor

Through the floor  
Bathed in sunlight woke from dreams  
Of murderous intention  
Pursued by dogs and men and things  
I'm just too scared to mention  
And the first thing that I think of  
Are her sympathetic eyes  
That see with only positive emotion  
And she talks of being grumpy,  
But I know that grumpy's not her style  
And I soak up all her beauty  
'cause I'm only here awhile  
And I muddle through my docket,  
Nestle in the pocket  
Just sit back and think about the world  
And the only thing I see  
When she's looking back at me

Is the promise of how life could be  
And as I wrote my chest got tight for her  
I know that I'm not right for her  
And I couldn't live  
If I ever caused her pain  
But at least I have a message  
That I can leave  
That tells her of this spin inside  
My gears turning,  
I'm still learning to trust myself  
But at least I've told her  
Of this difficult good-bye  
Seven minutes before  
I'm leaving and now my chest is heaving  
I just can't go like I did before  
And tomorrow I'll be miles away and dreaming  
That she hears my voice  
Floating through the floor