

# Larger Than Life, Note To Self: City Park, 2pm

I've got it written on my hand  
city park at 2:00  
a lonely bench awaits  
where in the world are you?  
clouds are coming in  
gray skies that were blue  
cover this small town  
now that it's left without you

and I await  
a time when we feel safe  
and we're not on our way down  
farther now  
because I'm getting fed up

disheartened let'd go on (I'm going to find a way)  
this is how we get through

must have called you a thousand times  
only to ring through  
you said you would be around  
words can be so untrue  
you told me not to worry  
there is no reason to worry  
who's worried?  
I'm worried