

Powderfinger, My Happiness

I see your shadow on the street now
I hear you push through the rusty gate
Click of your heels on the concrete
Waiting for a knock coming way too late
It seems an age since I've seen you
Countdown as the weeks trickle into days

So you come in and put your bags down
I know there's something in the air
How can I do this to you right now
If you're over there when I need you here

My happiness is slowly creeping back
Now you're at home
If it ever starts sinking in
It must be when you pack up and go

It seems an age since I've seen you
Countdown as the weeks trickle into days
I hope that time hasn't changed you
All I really want is for you to stay

I know I know I know what is inside