William Fitzsimmons, If You Would Come Back H

Theres room between your heart
And the chair where Ive been sleeping
The place that we called home
Will someday watch you leaving

Theres room between today
And the last time that I saw you
The pictures in my brain
Will fade until I lose you

If you would come back home
We could start all over
If you would come back home
I swear it would be better

Theres room left in the house
Theres food still in the pantry
I could fix you lunch
Or take you out for coffee

Call the surgeon. Mend the pieces.