

# After The Sirens, Candlelit Dinners And First-Deg

We haven't talked in a while.  
I stare out the window, mile after mile.  
You said I live in denial...

Well so what if I cry like a child?  
I still melt in the wake of your smile,  
but you've been gone for a while.

Sometimes I close my eyes and drive  
with the windows down and no lights  
and I can't tell you how it feels.

Last night I waited with flowers,  
watching the sun set, hour after hour.  
Needless to say, I never found her.

(I took a walk by the water  
but every now and then I falter)

And I get carried away...