

Her Space Holiday, Tech Romance

I'm sick of seeing you cry
And wasting all your time
On someone who will never care enough
To make you feel loved
To make you feel safe
I would drop my life to take his place

To show you just how good
Being touched could be
Commit these words to memory
For when you find yourself
Pinned under his demands
I am still an option that you have

So carry me around
Like a picture in your purse
Pull me out when things are at their worst

You can show up at my house
Completely unannounced
We'll have that movie kiss we talked about

Where there are no words
Just a soft and gentle score
Our ears will ring from all the strings

We'll let the screen go black
And watch the credits run
And see the names of every one

Who we ever met
And who we ever missed
Each one had a role in this

It's just another film that won't get made
I'm sick of seeing you cry