

# 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