Jack's Mannequin, The Mixed Tape

This is morning
That's when I spend the most time
Thinking 'bout what I've given up
This is a warning
When you start the day just to close the curtains
You're thinking 'bout what I've given up
Where are you now?
As I'm swimming through the stereo
I'm writing you a symphony of sound
Where are you now?
As I rearrange the songs again
This mix could burn a hole in anyone
But it was you I was thinking of
I read your letter
The one you left when you broke into my house
Retracing every step you made
And you said you meant it
And there's a piece of me in every single
Second of every single day
But if it's true then tell me how it got this way
Where are you now?
As I'm swimming through the stereo
I'm writing you a symphony of sound
Where are you now?
As I rearrange the songs again
This mix could burn a hole in anyone
But it was you I was thinking of
And I can't get to you
I can't get to you
I can't get to you (you, you)
Where are you now?
As I'm swimming through the stereo
I conduct a symphony of sound
Where are you now?
As I'm cutting through you track by track
I swear to God this mix could sink the sun
But it was you I was thinking of
And where are you now?
And where are you now?
And this is my mixed tape for her
It's like I wrote every note
With my own fingers