

Me Without You, Dying Is Strange And Hard

I have my pictures of you, you don't look back at me
a smile I'd almost forgotten, bruises I don't see
never forgive you for a sky turned from gray to black
come out and kiss me, darling
I promise I'll kiss you back.

a new head on my shoulder,
a needle in my ear
every kind word brings new pain
instead of my eyes,
her reflection in the mirror.

I have a sickness, but I'm not the only one
even in health ...
in eachother's arms, they're wasting away
sickened just as I am and crippled with disease
a song comes from above
I look up -- there's a tree and a small brown bird
even the sparrows have built a nest
but we, poor fools, have built nothing
what a shame not to know that you're dying
tell us we're dying, tell us again.

I have a sickness
the sparrows built a nest
my crippled, twisted body is swallowed by the earth
as my broken head finds rest.