

Puddle Of Mudd, Time

Can I see your world
through your locket
counting the thoughts of forgotten
drifting alone then the sorrow
passing the time or is it borrowed

can I see your world
can I see your world
can I see your world
through your locket
painting her mind
makes her forget
places they've gone to
but paths not traveled yet
looking to the day
when the heavens take her away

will you take me there
will you take me
can I speak to you there
oh, please speak to me
speak to me