

Remember Maine, Broken

What do you need?
How this waiting game is killing me.
Oh, so painfully challenging now that I'm on my own.
We've made our remarks, stuck to the scene.
Package is parceled,
withholding my dreams and we know they go slow.
Promise me you won't let go.

You say words; meaningless, empty.
Broken, I dream of a of a girl that can handle with care,
and who won't take me for granted.
And who won't rip out my eyes when I cry over you...
Falling down my cheek, my sweet, my heart, it dies,
it falls as we sing the songs of "I miss you's."

I miss you.

Broken, broken, broken...Cursive would blast through my ears.
Through these veins, accompany my tears.
Promise me you won't let go.
You say words; meaningless, empty.
Broken, I dream of a girl.