

Scott Matthew, Dear John

Days of night slip through my mind
In a silent motionless sky
Paralyzed and motionless
All things falter
Somewhere back
I lost myself
So far deep inside of you
Everything's become too much
So deep, so weak
Where did I go?

Images of falling light
Move across the hollow sky
I see movement after all
Calling, falling
Remember you're not the only one
To feel this way, 'cause I'm one
Who has also had enough
So long, dear John
I'm gonna go