Seven Mary Three, By Your Side

You had a basement apartment We spent the days in the dark there Everything implied and perfect We made up our own secret language With no word for goodbye

A Remington Rand on your birthday Pages of games we've been playing Letters of lost conversations You never think that I'm listening Are you listening now?

You're the center of the scenery No matter where it's taken me It doesn't change when I'm not there

I've got a suitcase and ticket I know you can see through the patterns Returning and leaving but outside There's just so little that matters I can't wait to just sit still

You invent for me a usefulness
And I've started getting used to it
What I miss when I'm not there
Another hope to die love song
You're going to get yours before to long
If you need me look to find me
Right here by your side

Little black dots on paper Connected in your name I float up off the sidewalk See you through a window Remember where to find me

You can tell me not to miss you From now on you won't have to If you need me look to find me Right here by your side