Seven Mary Three, Gone Away

It's not the clothes that she borrows just call me out - you know I'll follow Back thru the backdoor into June Luck will sleep the October June

Sometimes in deep thought I'm 31 she's wanting kids sounds like fun, I'll teach them to sing along sure beats the end of a smoking gun

And I know that god exists because I feel him sometimes when she takes up the sheets or my telephone lines, but when I'm home she says: 'Baby you're a lie...' 'You're not really here.' 'You've gone away...'