

Sixpence None the Richer, I Don't See Why

so I'm waiting by a phone
for the blessed ring
like a holy grail
for a fisher king
time is ticking down
like a metronome
rhythm for my brain and its ceaseless games
I never seem to play them to the beat I hear
thought my heart beat is a beat that beats so near
so we had a talk last night about the heavy blow
that you dealt in fright you're back against the wall
it was a puzzle piece important to the whole
that I may not find to place within that hole
I never seem to put them in the gaps I see
like a puzzle where the pieces lost to me
Chorus

so I'm changing who I am
'cause what I am's not good
and I know you love me now
but I don't see why you should
and I don't see why you should
no, I don't see why you should
so I drift into the air
like a moth to light
down the boulevard to the coffee shop
in the land of sorrow in the land of wait
I fear is bearing down on this lonely town
I never seem to write them down as good as him
like I somewhere lost the keys that let me in
Chorus

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