

Stephen Speaks, Puzzle Pieces

Trying to make sense
Of this puzzle
Oh but feeling like the pieces are scattered all around this room
Climbing this fence
Of my troubles
Oh but falling down once again I try and get there soon

Oh but could I stand to wait for you
Running from this black I find my blue
Oh and when will I just listen to the truth
That the pieces of this puzzle just don't fit without you

Trying to make sense
Nothing doing
As I scramble on my knees to let some light shine through
Over this fence
Oh but peeking back through it
Just to see if I left anything that I could do without you

Oh but could I stand to wait for you
Instenad running from this black I find my blue
Oh and when will I just listen to the truth
That the pieces of this puzzle just don't fit without you

(Instrumental)

Although my vision lags behind
I have found that I can find
My completeness only in you
Trying to make sense (ohhh)
Of this puzzle
Oh but feeling like the pieces are scattered all around this room
Oh but could I stand to wait for you
Knowing that this black will turn to blue
One thing one thing one thing that is true
That the pieces of this puzzle just don't fit
No the pieces of this puzzle just don't fit
No the pieces of this puzzle just don't fit without you