

Tyler Kyte, My Dear

How can I get this down?
I see you from across the room,
I can find you in a crowd.
You're right here and I lied to myself.
When I'm trying to be someone else.
I wanna keep you right here.
My Dear.
Your pages their all falling out.
I wanna be there when they fall to the ground.
I wanna know was it true?
You seem me from across the room.
Do you feel something too?
Because I'm still here.
And I miss you, my dear.