

Heartbeats that race, but feet that drag.
Your parents split up and I'm left here to feel sorry for you.
I'm just not sure if this is how it's supposed to be with me on your bed,
and your eyes glued to the TV.
I'm just not sure if I fit into this film strip of yesterdays
and this is as real as it gets.
This is as real as I can be
and it just feels right floating around your room.
It just feels right touching your hair.
It just feels right to hold onto what we felt before.
But I'm apathetic with a capitol "A".
And I'm fading into this old chair.
There just isn't enough magic to turn this one around.
I can't play the role of concerned anymore.
She says, "This life is for the birds."
But heavens no, don't go away tonight.
'Cause this isn't about what's on the TV set.
It's about how you've handled yourself
and how it isn't working anymore.
It's ten seconds until it gets quiet.
It's old and it's far fetched to say that spring is around the corner.
And if this is how it ends, I'm already dead.