You Might See Him

Mead, David

You might see him
Stumbling out the front door
Crashing 'round the corner
Maybe gone for good

And you might see him
Sitting in a dark room
Like he never knew you
And never wanted to

He might be walking on water
He might be floating through air
But through the darkest reminders
He will be hoping you're there

You might hear him
Begging for forgiveness
Dishing out some nonsense
That only brings you down

And you might hear him
Singing like his mother
A distant little number
That barely makes a sound

He might be walking on water
He might be floating through air
But through the darkest reminders
He will be hoping you're there

And you might see him
Creeping in your bedroom
Trying not to wake you
In the middle of July

And you might see him
Pulling back the covers
Hoping that you're still there
And hanging on for life

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