In My Pocket

Temples

I'd like to put you in my pocket
Put you in my pocket each day
And watch the cloudsI was dropped onto my head once as a child
Twice as a man, three times as a cloudWe are the empty people waiting
Empty people waiting for love
In alleyways above the cloudsYou don't know who you are
When you're living inside of a replica
Safe inside where you are
When you're living inside of a replica
Lost from the very start
When you're never really sure, it falls apart
How does it feel?
It's all too real
Along came Zachary with flowers
Zachary with flowers for her
And pocketful of erghSometimes my head gets very cloudy
Head gets very cloudy and empty
Cloudy and empty
And deadYou don't know who you are
When you're living inside of a replica
Safe inside where you are
When you're living inside of a replica
Lost from the very start
When you're never really sure, it falls apart
How does it feel?
It's all too real
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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