

Melting Alone

Sixpence None the Richer

Tonight the lamplight swirls and glistens
Melting itself upon my face
I'm hanging my silhouette near the shoreline
I'm swimming underneath in the noontime
Will I ever know what's wrong with me
Will I ever see your hand again in mine
Tonight the rain is pelting rooftops
There is no fire to melt the cold
I'm straining to hear a human whisper
And I'm painting images on the soft stone
Now I'm drinking alone amidst these figures of stone
I'll raise the glass once again then lay my head on the pillow

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