

# Trace Of A Cat's Eye

**Matt Nathanson**

When the leaves have changed  
When the world around you  
Starts to grow deranged  
And the faces that you see  
Are looking strange  
And your principles  
Have all been rearranged  
When only tears remain  
In the residue the ruins of your brain  
You'll start looking for a way  
You can explain  
Though the reasons should've  
Made themselves quite plain  
And then you'll think of me  
In the moments when we'd  
Almost broken free  
Your mind will start it's  
Drifting wistfully  
To the corner of your  
Heart nobody sees

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