Tech Romance

Her Space Holiday

I'm sick of seeing you cry
And wasting all your time
On someone who will never care enoughTo make you feel loved
To make you feel safe
I would drop my life to take his placeTo show you just how good
Being touched could be
Commit these words to memoryFor when you find yourself
Pinned under his demands
I am still an option that you haveSo carry me around
Like a picture in your purse
Pull me out when things are at their worstYou can show up at my house
Completely unannounced
We'll have that movie kiss we talked aboutWhere there are no words
Just a soft and gentle score
Our ears will ring from all the stringsWe'll let the screen go black
And watch the credits run
And see the names of every oneWho we ever met
And who we ever missed
Each one had a role in thisIt's just another film that won't get made
I'm sick of seeing you cry

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