

# My Parent's House

Hayden

Time, time when you stayed over  
Stayed in bed forever, the mail piled at the door  
Time, we lost track of the hours  
Pizza boxes tower on the floor beside the bed  
Time, my body's sore from something  
It surely wasn't walking  
Our friends thought we were dead  
And I can't recreate those times we used to have  
Without you they'll be bad  
Let's meet next month at my parents house they'll be  
Away like they were then, away like we were then  
Time, you'll meet someone new  
Someone who likes you, not like I liked you  
Time, you ask him if he'll mind  
Of course he'll surely mind, so just leave him for me

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