

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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