

William Fitzsimmons

"If You Could Come Back Home"

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There's room between your heart and the chair where
I've been sleeping.
The place that we called home will someday watch you
leaving.

There's room between today and the last time that I
saw you.
The pictures in my brain will fade until I lose you.

If you would come back home, we could start all over.
If you would come back home, I swear things would be
better.

There's room left in the house.
There's food still in the pantry.
I could fix you lunch, or take you out for coffee.

If you would come back home, we could start all over.
If you would come back home, I swear things would be
better.

Call the surgeon
Mend the pieces

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