

## Fragments Of Unbecoming

### "Wearing Jeans To Bed"

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Ringin' ears from a singer's tears  
And an outline of the moon  
Smokin' cigarettes and wearing jeans to bed  
As bottles line the room  
It was silent clues between me and you  
It was so much clearer then  
And morning drives through city lights  
We do it all over again

Now all that's left is hollow space  
In a place where we once met  
We were symmetry, just you and me  
And everything made sense  
Now all we are is just distant stars  
And late night silhouettes  
Of absent space and 9 long days  
And a love we wish we kept  
To ourselves

And we wait for  
And we wait for you  
To come and tell me to close my eyes  
And hold me tight 'till I'm alright, alright

I get lost in thought and stumble upon  
Words so trite and wrong  
And letters take to sound as shapes  
As these syllables escape  
And now she's gone

And we wait for you to come

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