

Mates Of State

"Jigsaw"

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You write the good songs, baby.
I'll write until the end.
And you can stand (up) above us.
And we can still be friends.
It's like a jigsaw maybe.
You found the corner piece first.
We've never asked (you) for nothing.
You're always bearing gifts, aren't you?
You could see us through.
Your stage is calculated.
You're hugging stars backstage.
But I like the old songs better.
This thing was made for you and me. For you and me!
You could see us through.
I'll see you through.

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