

## New Atlantic

# "What It's Like To Feel Small"

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Holding back, I'll see you when the next few days pass  
through us like ghosts that keep us even farther from  
home.

I'm barely awake with barely enough blood in my veins

to call you back and tell you tomorrow's not worth  
waking up

You're never alone, you're never important to yourself

Couldn't be more in love, or be more apart when you  
are waking up

Holding back, I'll see you when the next few days pass  
through us like ghosts that keep us even farther from  
home.

Driving north, I'll call you when we get past New York

It's hard enough

It's hard to be alone when we're this close to home

Holding back, I'll see you when the next few days pass  
through us like ghosts that keep us even farther from  
home.

You've never been gone.

You've never been gone this long.

Holding back, I'll see you when the next few days pass  
through us like ghosts that keep us even farther from  
home.

We'll fall asleep knowing all the people we meet

will dissolve when home reminds us what it's like to  
feel small.

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