

Phoenix Mourning "From Afar"

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At gate thirty five i hear her say goodbye.

the lonliest place is at your gate.
through the crowd searching for your face.
my heart is now your trophy.
read like a self addressed postcard.
my heart stops beating when yours starts.
my heart is now your trophy.

it ocured to me today.
hand to pen to callous these thoughts away.
distance carried herself well.
a phone call and im honestly compelled.

at gate thirty five i hear her say goodbye.
(this is your last chance to say)
one more layover in phoenix tonight.
(this is your last chance to stay)

these excuses have become antiques.
and im fast to see nothing you've seen.
my heart is now your trophy.
it was never eye to eye.
staring at your calloused heart like mine.
my heart is now your trophy.

it ocured to me today.
hand to pen to callous these thoughts away.
distance carried herself well.
a phone call and im honestly compelled.

at gate thirty five i hear her say goodbye.
(this is your last chance to say)
one more layover in phoenix tonight.
(this is your last chance to stay)

these excuses have become . . .
antiques place on shelves to admire from afar.
this portrait remains of what we were.

at gate thirty five i hear her say goodbye.
(this is your last chance to say)

one more layover in phoenix tonight.
(this is your last chance to stay)

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