

Schroeder's Songbook "In Good Company"

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Write me a letter on a napkin
Slip it under my drink while I
Keep my eyes occupied
Trying to find this nerve of mine
Forgive me it's been a while
Since your kind has made me smile
Locked in this cell of myself
But you just snuck me a file

Now it's just you and me
And catastrophe so that makes three
Don't mind the company
'Cause without it, I wouldn't be me

I can't stand to sit here and
Not try to make you mine
Every syllable
Waiting, waiting for a sign

Your hand just touched my leg
Was it what you meant? Was it an accident?
Come on as strong as you like
I've been waiting most my life
But I'm already in pieces
Sweep me up, take me away
Your ways are a holiday
Both a great escape and a reason to stay

Now it's just you and me
And catastrophe so that makes three
Don't mind the company
'Cause without it, I wouldn't be me

I can't stand to sit here and
Not try to make you mine
Every syllable
Waiting, waiting for a sign

I told myself I'd never write another love song
I told myself those days were dead and done and long
gone
I told myself I'd never write another love song

I told my self, I told myself...

But I never listen

I can't stand to sit here and

Not try to make you mine

Every syllable

Waiting, waiting for a sign

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