

Caitlin Rose

"T-Shirt"

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Baby,
I miss you, but I'm glad to see,
My shirt fits you,
Does it remind you of me,
With your arms in its sleeves,
Well for me,
It's the sky, when it's sky blue.

It's the way that it hangs,
Over my head,
Like that pair of blue jeans straight over my bed,
Is it something like that, with my shirt on your back,
Like the memory of just being near you,

Baby,
I'm sorry, but I'm really not the way that you saw me,
Cause the eyes you saw through,
Are a pearl-shade of blue,
That I can't look into, without sighing, or when I'm lying,

But I swear I'm not lying when I say I won't do it again,
All I want is you here,
But I'm starting to fear,
That you don't give a damn for all of these catchpenny
tears I've been crying.

Baby,
I'll go now,
Cause I think that I'm starting to know how,
I've got my feelings hurt, but you've got my t-shirt,
For her sake let's keep that on the low down.

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