

Howie Dorough

"Wearing Jeans To Bed"

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Ringing ears from a singer's tears
And an outline of the moon
Smokin' cigarettes and wearing jeans to bed
As bottles line the room
It was silent clues between me and you
It was so much clearer then
And morning drives through city lights
We do it all over again

Now all that's left is hollow space
In a place where we once met
We were symmetry, just you and me
And everything made sense
Now all we are is just distant stars
And late night silhouettes
Of absent space and 9 long days
And a love we wish we kept
To ourselves

And we wait for
And we wait for you
To come and tell me to close my eyes
And hold me tight 'till I'm alright, alright

I get lost in thought and stumble upon
Words so trite and wrong
And letters take to sound as shapes
As these syllables escape
And now she's gone

And we wait for you to come

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