

Remember Maine "Act 3, Scene 4"

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Focus all your senses on my gleaming words.
Troubled picket fences always hurt the worst.
Help me over gently,
One last step to go but
Reminders that it's me you're saving send you on the
run.
It's lonely here without you,
And I'm longing for your kiss.
It's lonely here without you,
But it's your love that I miss.
True-blue boys in black trans-ams keep you up holding
their hands.
And I'm still here,
This balancing act is getting harder by the hour.
Feet are slipping underneath me,
Jagged edge quickly approaching.

It's lonely here without you,
And I'm longing for your kiss.
It's lonely here without you,
But it's your love that I miss.

It's lonely here without you,
And I'm longing for your kiss.
It's lonely here without you,
But it's your love that I miss.

This is my blood you see on your walls.
These are my lungs that scream for it all.
This is my heart that solemnly dies.
This is my love I gave, I gave

This is my blood you see on your walls.
These are my lungs that scream for it all.
This is my heart that solemnly dies.
This is my love I gave, I gave
Good-bye.
Good-bye.
Good-bye.

Outstretched hands searching for fingertips to save
me again.

Outstretched hands searching for fingertips to save
me again.

Outstretched hands searching for fingertips to save
me again.

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