

## Day At The Fair, A "Homesick Angels"

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Watch me break like tempered glass,  
and cut my wrist while falling,  
for boredom sake I'll call in sick,  
and I'll just keep on writing,  
these letters to homesick angels,  
resting calmly on my shoulder,  
as I apologize for living, you could have done this  
better

Your innocence still haunts me,  
as the seasons slowly change, I think of where you  
would be today

I still believe in the stars,  
as they carry our way, into tomorrow,  
they're all you, they're all home, they're all beauty

I keep your rose around my neck,  
to keep my heart still beating,  
I keep your face locked in my heart,  
so you can keep on breathing,  
your life as a living angel,  
with your arms draped around my shoulder,  
all these seasons miss your face, and I'm still getting  
older

November hides the scars, another winter makes it's  
way, I think of how great you would be today

I know that every time I smile,  
I know that every time I breathe,  
I know that every time I fall asleep your with me,  
and every night I pray, I ask to see your face again,  
cause in ever word I sing, you are with me

You are with, you are with me, you are with me

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