

It's Okay

Land of Talk

It's okay.
I don't even cry.
All I think about
is a memory.
In the dream when you kiss my arm
as I look away
don't hear what I say.
That maybe when I die
I get to be a car,
Driving in the night-
Lighting up the dark.
Something in your voice-it sparks a little hope.
I'll wait up for that noise.
Your voice becomes my home.
One way road, don't care what I find.
A little thunder's good, thought maybe you would
but it's okay, we all feel left out.
Sometimes growing up
It can get you down.
I give you some thing that no one's going to give you.
My sleepin' skin and my heart deep down in you.
I'll never tell you, but you're my little sca.r
Goodbyes are hard and their hard and their hard...
Maybe when I die
I get to be a car,
Driving in the night-
Lighting up the dark.
But something in your voice
sparks a little hope.
I'll wait up for that noise
your voice becomes my home.

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