

Each time that I hold the dice  
The numbers fade  
And leave their marks in my hands  
Where the chalk and dust remain  
But lines can be read like notes  
She said I'd leave for Spain  
She couldn't know that city's light  
From the marble she gave me

Some would ask for more  
Fooled in the silence  
Cast the stone down  
And doubt what they saw  
Just to follow the siren  
As she moved on, and  
Passed through the crowd  
She carried our hearts out  
It's true that some words are lost  
Because you chose not to hear them

The hour of two years had marked  
New lines on her face  
But passed me by in the dark  
My hands hadn't changed  
With a crayon and pen from a can  
She drew a map of Spain  
I still have it now, with a letter white  
But the markings have faded

Some would ask for more  
Fooled in the silence  
Cast the stone down  
And doubt what they saw  
Just to follow the siren  
As she moved on, and  
Passed through the crowd  
She carried our hearts out  
It's true that some words are lost  
Because you chose not to hear them