Think About Me

Aren't I one You could've written something on? If you were one to write a song Another format would've done

Do you think about me? Do you think about me?

Inside your life There in that place you make your life I know I don't belong Did some piece of me arrive?

Do you think about me? Do you think about me?

Do you think about me? Think about me?

I'm aware you probably won't give me a role When you cast all the starring players In the story about yourself, but I don't care, I'm gonna walk onto your stage And I'll be as out of place as a second sun Burning in your sky And I will hang there And everyone will ask you who I am

Maybe I'll call down from up high; "I'm just someone who didn't quite appreciate your love When it was mine I'm just like any other sun I burn with the assumption I'm the only one Who'll ever light you up" And then I hang there I like to see myself on your landscape

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I used to walk up to the doorway of your eyes And go inside like it was nothing Make myself at home in your affections Now picture me with all the ghosts of your ex-lovers We're standing on the corner Sharing notes on your performance, and I Just want to see a little something there for me Inside your eyes but they're all lit up By this bigger light on your horizon And when I try and come between you and the light I watch it cast my puny shadow The Blow

At the exit right across your landscape

We used to play You'd be night, I'd be day I'd threaten to leave, and you'd beg me to stay I only came back to see If it could somehow still be all about me

We used to play You'd be night, I'd be day I'd threaten to leave, and you'd beg me to stay I only came back to see If it could somehow still be all about me

We used to play You'd be night, I'd be day I'd threaten to leave, 'til I did go away I only came back to see If it could somehow still be all about me