And it came to me then that every plan is a tiny prayer to fath er time

As I stared at my shoes in the ICU that reeked of piss and 409 And I rationed my breaths as I said to myself that I'd already taken too much today

As each descending peak on the LCD took you a little farther aw α

Away from me

Amongst the vending machines and year-

old magazines in a place where we only say goodbye

Stung like a violent wind that our memories depend on a faulty camera in our minds

And I knew that you were a truth I would rather lose than to ha ve never lain beside at all

And I looked around at all the eyes on the ground as the TV ent ertained itself

'Cause there's no comfort in the waiting room

Just nervous pacers bracing for bad news

And then the nurse comes round and everyone will lift their hea ds

But I'm thinking of what Sarah said that "Love is watching some one die"