

Ten Cents

Converge

I'm losing sleep a thousand miles away from my you.
Unloved, in the dialtone,
it's just not that simple when the perfect words don't ever see
m to fit.
She just slipped under harmony and now I'm empty handed.
I'm just half empty, a second best.
Somewhere it's too soon, it's just not enough. It's never enoug
h.