

Through The Floor

Edwin McCain

Through the floor
Bathed in sunlight woke from dreams
Of murderous intention
Pursued by dogs and men and things
I'm just too scared to mention
And the first thing that I think of
Are her sympathetic eyes
That see with only positive emotion
And she talks of being grumpy,
But I know that grumpy's not her style
And I soak up all her beauty
'cause I'm only here awhile
And I muddle through my docket,
Nestle in the pocket
Just sit back and think about the world
And the only thing I see
When she's looking back at me

Is the promise of how life could be
And as I wrote my chest got tight for her
I know that I'm not right for her
And I couldn't live
If I ever caused her pain
But at least I have a message
That I can leave
That tells her of this spin inside
My gears turning,
I'm still learning to trust myself
But at least I've told her
Of this difficult good-bye
Seven minutes before
I'm leaving and now my chest is heaving
I just can't go like I did before
And tomorrow I'll be miles away and dreaming
That she hears my voice
Floating through the floor