

Andrew's Song

I the Mighty

You always told me to write a song about Andrew...
Little did you know that it would be about you.
And I think he knows I won't see him come Monday,
when we meet up again to tie our own noose.
His head at rest on my shoulder,
in that place you used to call your nook.
Where I'd let you stay till sleep stole you from your book.

But now we're on our own.
I'm only missing you so much.
I lose control of where my thoughts go till you're someone I do
n't know.

And the worst part of all of this is the way you claim to regret
the day that we met.
I'd never trade the years of love that we spent.

But now we're on our own.
I'm only missing you so much.
I lose control of where my thoughts go till you're someone I do
n't know.
I'm only missing you so much.
I lose control of where my thoughts go till you're someone I do
n't know.

I guess that's just how it goes sometimes.
You fall in, you fall out, then wonder if you'll ever even get
a reply...
I'm sorry lately that I never loved you better, even though we
shouldn't be together.
I'll always hate myself for not having self control.

So now we're on our own.
I'm only missing you so much.
I lose control of where my thoughts go till you're someone I do
n't know.
I'm only missing you so much.
I lose control of where my thoughts go till you're someone I do
n't know.