

# Birthday

Jillian Edwards

I can't wait  
To call you on your birthday  
Well, we agreed not to talk, but I don't like it this  
way  
Well, I've worn the shoes you are wearing

But he didn't give me the space I needed  
So I grew cold as stone.  
And I don't want that for you, you know.  
So I'm keeping distance, and I'm leaving it up to you.  
Secondary sources to bring me news of you, but you're  
still in my drawer  
They are saying time will sort this out

Every curl and bending your name  
I used to know so well, and now I couldn't say  
And there are times, times when I feel barely  
I think I could talk to you, but no that's not what we  
needed

Cause I grew cold as stone.  
And I don't want that for you, you know.  
So I'm keeping distance, and I'm leaving it up to you.  
Secondary sources to bring me news of you, but you're  
still in my drawer  
They're saying time will sort this out

I wanted to keep you  
I wanted to keep you  
I drove you on, now you're floating on my floor  
I got an answer, not the one I was looking for

I can't wait  
To call you on your birthday