

Trace of a Cat's Eye

Matt Nathanson

When the leaves have changed,
When the world around you starts to grow deranged,
The faces that you see are looking strange,
And your principles have all been rearranged,
When only tears remain,
In the residue the ruins of your brain.
Start looking for a way you can explain,
Though the reasons should've made themselves quite plain.
And then you'll think of me,
In the moment when we'd almost broken free.
Your mind will start its drifting wistfully,
To the corner of your heart nobody sees.