

Saturday was a good day for you to go
You've been falling in your own home

In a room with the curtains drawn
You can hear the telephone song

There are cars on the street below
There are people out there you know
And the phone is the final thing
That will make your falling ears ring

You came to me in dreams
Came to me in sleep
Shining in the dark
You were shining like a new star

I thought I saw you wave
From inside a subway car
Like it was nothing at all
Like it was nothing at all

I thought I saw you run
Your red hair the colour of fall
Like it was nothing at all
Like it was nothing at all

You wave
You run
Like it was nothing at all
Like it was nothing at all

You wave
You run
Like it was nothing at all
Like it was nothing at all