

If the Static Clears

Well he thinks he's got it figured out  
He thinks he's got it pegged  
I'm someone he can do without  
If there's static in his head

He says he's got it all worked out  
But most nights are the same  
He'll bolt and lock his tired heart

Forget about the way  
we made the day roll by so easy

And maybe we are a story now  
I have told too many times  
And maybe he's an anxious breeze  
whispering  
in the wind chimes

Some days I take it all to heart  
Break right down and cry  
Some days I take it like a pill  
Swallow it with pride

The only way to tell him now  
About the things I feel  
Is to dress them up in melodies  
So if the static clears

It's playing on the radio  
After the morning news

Or maybe in a dream he had

About the way

We made the day roll by so easy