

More Than a Memory

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Got paid to write it. So i wrote it. It's for an original music video my friends have to do for class. The end of the video is gonna be awesome x3

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/bookworm369/55478/More-Than-Memory>

Chapter 1 - More Than a Memory

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1 - More Than a Memory

I'm lying here like I always have
Thinking 'bout things that could never last.
But you and me, I always thought we could find a way.
And I haven't seen you since we were in school
I was the band geek; you were the cool girl
But you still sat on the bus next to me every day.

So I got up and I went to your home,
Hoping that we could talk all alone
But you haven't lived there since the year 2003.
So I just stood there in your old room,
Where we'd spend Saturdays watching old cartoons.
You'd think we were seven, when in fact we were seventeen.

Then later I swung by the old arcade,
Where we blew every penny we ever made.
You sucked at Frogger, but you've still got the high-score at Pac-man.
But no one had seen you since we were in school,
Some days we just skipped and broke a few rules.
Like when you stressed yourself just thinkin' 'bout final exams.

So I set off to the shopping mall
Where we'd use the pay phones for prank phone calls.
It was great 'cept that time when the principal picked up the line.
Then we would wander around all the stores;
Some were so tempting that we couldn't ignore 'em.
And we'd find everything except what you wanted to find.

But you haven't been here since you left back then,
Not sure why I thought that you'd be here again.
Maybe I wanted to relive those days gone by.
So I went to the theatre later that day.
Still playing the stuff they played back in the day.
I remember we'd sit there; we laughed, and sometimes we cried.

So I talked to some folks from the old neighborhood,
They said last they heard, you were still doing good.
But that hadn't been since you left in 2003.
So I looked up some girls from your old clique:
The dreamer, the poet, the girl with the six-string.
They said every time you called, that you asked about me.

So I asked all of them if they had a clue
Where you might be but none of them knew.
They said you hadn't talked with them for a couple of years now.
So I took a drive down to that little café.
I hated the place but I'd go just the same.
'Cuz being with you made everything alright somehow.

And there on the wall was a picture of you
And there was a guy there, laughing with you.
And the date on the photo said May of 2003.
And I guess you've moved on and left me behind.
But somehow the only thought left in my mind
Was "Everything's just fine, as long as she's happy".