

She is standing there, I see her don't see her  
She calls out a name, I don't know her don't know her  
She sits next to me, there's nowhere else to sit  
She takes my hand, there's no end to it

*I don't know her, never seen her before  
Can't seem to let go of what came between us  
Nothing of that past exists  
I don't know her yet this moment persists*

She drags me off the bus as if this is my stop  
It's not my neighborhood, never was  
I don't recognize her apartment building  
Yet when we enter the room, I'm home

*chorus*

I sit on the only chair in the room  
I sit as though I know what come next  
She walks toward me, a witch with a broom  
The cliché makes me laugh

*chorus*

I no longer own my soul, no soap like Peter Pan  
Will ever restore me, I'm not who I am  
I've become the warthog from underground cartoons  
Not even sure I want to break free

*chorus*