

The Submarines, Brighter Discontent

Got a brand new roof above my head
All the empty boxes thrown away
I rearranged the place a hundred times today
But the ordering of objects couldn't hide what's missing
All these things, should make me happy
Make me happy to be home again
All these things, should make me happy
Make me happy to be alone again
Got myself a bottle of red wine
Got a night with nothing else to do
I think I might know what I really want
But is a brighter discontent the best that I can hope to find
Got a big black television set
Now I can watch just what I want
But I'm here staring up at pictures on the wall
Where are you, you're still stuck inside 'em all
All these things, should make me happy
Make me happy to be home again
All these things, should make me happy
Make me happy to be alone again
But love is not these belongings and surroundings
Though there's meaning in the memories they hold
A breaking heart in an empty apartment
Was the loudest sound I ever heard
Got a desk, I'll write myself a note
Pretending that it came from you
On hotel stationery, from the time we first met
Whatever I can do, 'cause I won't throw my hands up yet
Chorus
But love is not these belongings that surround you
Though there's meaning in the memories they hold
A breaking heart in an empty apartment
Was the loudest sound I never heard
But I'll be fine if I don't look around me that much for what's gone
If only I could wait here just a little while and let time pass in my room