

Bad Astronaut, Our Greatest Year

In the ashes of our greatest year,
I forced the point and gave them grief,
as if I find relief to see the worst in everyone.
Still, it's hard to be cruel to you.
I wish I could -- no, that's not it.
See, what I mean to say is this:
in this mad world it's hard to see the imperfection in your smile,
and it's hard to be true to you.

Even though I run away from you, I'm sorry;
I wish I had chosen to be true.
I'm sorry; I miss your disposition and your strength
I'll miss your disposition and your
strength to see the best in everyone.
Still, it's hard to be cruel to you.