

Bowling For Soup, Swim

Seems like every time you reap
I am nowhere to be seen
But I know you'll be around tomorrow

I had wanted you to stand clear
Until I walk into thin air
And if you fell I would not care

Let me say goodbye to her

Cause I think if I'd be found
What I wanted you to see

Seems like every time you write
You just get the pen on fire
But I know you'll be around tomorrow

I had tried to make you see
But you