

Boyce Avenue, So much time

He cant get out of bed this morning
You can tell that hes been crying
From the stains on his pillow case last night
He wonders why he got no warning
He wonders all the time
Well maybe in his dreams hell make it right
He finally pulls himself together
And tries to face his life
But the thought of her cripples him inside
He wonders if she thinks about him
Or if she feels alright
These thoughts dont seem to leave his mind
At least hes still got so much
Time on his hands
Time to get back on his feet again
Time left to stand
Time to let go of his feelings
Problems in his life get clearer
As he finds some peace of mind
It gets a little easier with time
No he doesnt have all the answers
But he figures thats alright
Cause some things in life you just cant find
At least hes still got so much
Time on his hands
Time to get back on his feet again
Time left to stand
Time to let go of his feelings
All he wanted to find
Was a heart to match his own
When she left him behind
She killed the girl he thought hed known
Time on his hands
Time to get back on his feet again
Time left to stand (Time wont let go)
Time to let go of his feelings (Wont let go)
Time on his hands (Time wont let go)
Time to get back on his feet again