

Brandtson, 12th And Middle

two of us sitting alone
again in silence
wondering what your eyes
might see me as this time
sometimes i wish you thought out loud
it's so much different now

you and i meeting again
another circle
better than nothing at all
i'm glad we came
sometimes i wish that we could change
and make it past this somehow

and all along
i never thought we were wrong
you said it once
we were different from the start

what words could i say

we sit and we wait in waiting rooms
knowing the end can't come too soon
i want you to understand my life
i wanted you to know
and i wanted you to see
and understand this side of my life