

Colin James, Better Days

Better Days Colin James

What's good about a good thing
That turns it's back and walks away.
What's the point in a good love.
That never has the time to stay.

Well it has to be a cruel mind
To have the time to make up this game
Oh I'll put on a brave face
But inside I'm really not the same

So if You're callin' to see how I'm doing
You're rubbing salt into my wound
But if you really want to know the truth
I've had better days
But nobody's gotta better you
Well I might have had a better love
But I really don't remember who

It's not unusual to hope for things you ain't gunna get
It's not a crime to keep on wishin' for more again
I've been waiting for the sweet words from lips
Ah, you know the sound of your voice is something that i can't resist.

So if you're callin' to see how I'm doing
you're rubbin salt into my wounds
But if you really wanna know the truth
It ain't easy getting over you
I've had better, but nobody's gotta better you
Well I might have had a better love
But i really don't remember who.

So if you're callin' to see how I'm doing
you're rubbin salt into my wounds
But if you really wanna know the truth
I've had better days, but nobody's gotta better you
Well I might have had a better love
But i really don't remember who.