

Good Riddance, Bobby Baun

When every single things Ive grown to love
Is tied up in this moment
Like a dream from which I pray I'll never wake
Who can wash away these tears
When all I've ever wanted
Is still written on her face

But the wind keeps whipping
And the time keeps ticking away
And it feels like Im not closer
With these miles caught in the way
Can anything be salvaged from this wreck?
With forever lying in peices
And her name tacked on my neck

Still caught up in what I wouldnt give
So stubborn and withdrawn
Exposed as though I'd never had a choice
Will things ever be the way they were
Blue skies and Open hearts
Talking up till dawn and reading Joyce

But now its clear
That theres nothing left to retrieve
And precious little that I can believe in
And I was just too blind to see it
So whats it all for?
When the lies mean so much more
Much more than reality
And whats the use of keeping score
When I've lost?