

Nine Days, Another Day

Here's another day, she waits and pulls herself away
at just the right moment to save her face
I watch the time go ticking down, the waters falling on the ground
I catch myself and try to speak with grace
you needed just enough anger, to get you through the door
and you got just enough honesty, to make you want a little more

I wish for nothing but the rain, to fall and wash away
everything that I've done wrong, find a way to make you strong
if only for another day

when I'm all alone, just me and my ghosts
standing three deep, just like sentries at their post
they make sure I remember, just a little more than most
they make sure that I understand the consequence of past

when you see me chasing daydreams and you know that I'm not there
I'm not the one who sits across from you, who, returns your stare
and I watch as you grow quiet like you always did
and I wait to get what I deserve
its the part that doesn't die that makes it hurt...