

# Northstar, Daybreak

A censored write up on love in yesterday's paper  
Left me feeling lonely  
As rotten paper falls from my notebook  
I had to bring myself to pick up my jaw

You can't stop daybreak, daybreak

Well In the back of my mind she sits  
With her arms around his chest  
If I had four hands  
I could hold you like you wanted  
And I'd give you my soul  
To see that it's been sold  
That it's been sold  
That it's been sold  
That it's been sold

You can't stop daybreak  
With your voice inside  
Scribbled on an empty sidewalk through his life  
Flipping page by page  
Looking up so far down

You can't stop daybreak, daybreak

Disappointed  
From her looks of despair  
From this