

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