

Rascal Flatts, Words I Couldn't Say

In a book- in a box- in the closet
In a line- in a song I once heard
In a moment on a front porch late one june
In a breath inside a whisper beneath the mooon

There it was at the tip of my fingers
There it was on the tip of my tounge
There you were and I had never been that far
There it was the whole world wrapped inside my arms
And I let it all slip away

What do I do now that you're gone
No back up plan no second chance
And no one else to blame
All I can hear in the silence that remains
Are the words I couldnt say

Theres a rain that will never stop fallin
There a wall that I tried to take down
What I should have said just wouldnt pass my lips
So I held back and now we've come to this
And it too late now

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