

# 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 moon

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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