

# Smoke Or Fire, Loving, Self-Loathing

The optimist that died in me  
awoke to the pale blue in your eyes  
to show me there's a world I gave up long before  
I married to the bottle, hit the road, and chose to go it alone.

This world can lose all meaning, burn and break your spirit,  
but something about you says it's not too late for me.  
If we could all learn to fight our demons, yeah and I've got regrets but still there's  
something about you that says it's not too late for me.

So show me, give me half a chance to be for you  
the person that I buried deep inside.  
For once I'd rather live than die, and sympathize with anyone who  
doesn't find the kind of second chance I did.

This world can lose all meaning, burn and break your spirit,  
but something about you says it's not too late for me.  
If we could all learn to fight our demons, yeah and I've got regrets but still there's  
something about you that says it's not too late for me.

Too late for me to come clean.