

# The Starting Line, West Girl Scout Road

Have I thought about  
What things in life mean to me?  
Is this how everybody sees?  
Some sympathetic words would do,  
I'll reconsider what I thought I knew.  
But it's too long down the road to see.  
I want nothing better than day of before,  
Now what's in store?  
I can't say that I don't want it any other way.  
I guess I just can't say.  
I looked straight up all day  
And watched the twilight fade away,  
Life moves way to fast for me.  
One small fraction of the truth  
Grew into what ended me and you,  
It's almost what you did for me.  
I can see things getting better,  
I know what it is that's holding me in place,  
But it's such a waste of time,  
It's wasting all my time.  
A little word called indecision,  
Nothing less than my best.  
I want nothing better than the days of before,  
Now what's in store.  
I can't say that I don't want it any other way,  
I can't say goodbye