

Backseat Goodbye, Work Of Art

i don't care what they say love
you're a work of art
no one can paint the sky like you
each night i think of new ways to impress you
so you'll stick around
when i was younger i'd stare at clouds
well now i'm older and i still do
and i don't know why, so don't ask me
and i won't ask you
why you hide behind those bookshelves
filled with bibles and world war fairytales
your eyes will tire from the lies your heart desires
so don't play along 'cause they say you'll go to hell
this is your own life, believe what you will
and don't worry when they say you don't understand
'cause they could never know how it felt
the day you found love and lost it just as easily
you were so young, but so untouchable
'cause after that you never loved again no oh
it was a waste of time, hearts are for pumping blood
'til you found that one that smiled back
you thought you'd die alone
now you hold hands, now your mirror's useless
'cause what their eyes see is all you really need
it's not luck, love or coincidence that found you
it's what's meant to be