

Bayside, Phone Call From Poland

Well, Today is the 15th.
And you know what that means,
Time to sit and go through boxes of old pictures.
See if I can bring myself to,
The brink of giving up,
I never follow through, you tell me all the time.

Spend my days looking back,
And I wonder if you're looking up,
From underneath someone who is able to be, everything that I'm not.

I'm visiting that grave,
And the epitaph has already been chiseled in my mind,
I'm breaking it all down right now,
The way I should have let you go,
And let you ruin one life instead of two.

I'll spend tonight by myself,
For the first time, I'll try to look ahead,
And find something that,
Isn't doomed like we were,
Now all I need,
Is a second chance.

Spend my days looking back,
And I wonder if you're looking up,
From underneath someone who is able to be, everything that I'm not.