

# Bob Guiney, Fortunate

Staring down the walls, with your empty hands  
Never forced you to feel anything  
Stealing back the time and all the innocence of everything  
Has finally made you see...it's finally made you believe

We seem fortunate for pain  
And stale goodnights  
I've been sitting here thinking for days  
So fortunate for change

Wrapped around the nights, with all your emptiness  
You'll see the face you believe in anyway  
Giving back the time and all the innocence of everything  
Has finally made you see...it's finally made you believe

That we're fortunate for pain  
With the stale goodnights  
I've been sitting here thinking for days  
We're fortunate for pain  
Stale goodnights  
Fortunate for change

You're always bringing me down  
You're bringing me down

Ending all the pain of never being here  
Has finally forced you to feel for a change  
Giving back the walls with your empty hands  
Has finally made you see...you'll never want to leave