

# David Cook, Silver

When writing your history,  
I will always be a footnote  
A distant memory  
A warning sign of mistakes made  
The kind that you learn from  
This song is the best of me  
Taking pills for solemn motive  
A better side of me, an open mind  
For mistakes made  
The kind that you burn from

So take this small confession as my price to pay  
I've never been the kind to let go  
But before you up and walk away  
I'm miserable without you, you know  
This silver leaves me longing for gold  
Second place has never carried me home  
Second place has never carried me home

This song is so out of key  
I'm trying harder just to even  
These memories of you  
A warning sign of regression  
The kind you never learn from  
This song is the melody  
Meant to show you a little more than  
A better history, an open sky  
Of redemption  
The kind you always burn from

So take this small confession as my price to pay  
I've never been the kind to let go  
But before you up and walk away  
I'm miserable without you, you know  
This silver leaves me burning for gold  
Second place has never carried me home  
Second place has never carried me (home, home, home, home)  
It never carried me (home, home, home, home)