

# Dead Moon, Sorrow's Forecast

Oh, I coulda done something  
Gone the extra mile  
Take the next step  
Instead of looking at regrets  
I coulda been famous  
I coulda been rich  
I coulda kissed the right ass  
Made it in the press

Am I losing my touch, does it matter so much?  
Am I losing my grip, am I starting to slip?

Yeah, I coulda made the right moves  
Been a smooth pop singer  
Made my mother proud  
If she could see me now  
Coulda made the right contacts  
Shook the right hands  
Made the &gt;&gt;in&lt;&lt; parties  
Played in soft rock bands

Yeah, I coulda learned to play the games  
I coulda got down on my knees  
I coulda had a stage name  
Coulda learned to say please  
I coulda jumped on the wagon  
God knows I had the chance  
I coulda sold my soul  
Just to get it in advance