

Edna's Goldfish, Four Days In November

Whatever happened to color in people's faces
Or the black and white of their expressions
When everything was beautiful and nothing hurt at all
Left alone with my thoughts, why am I always wrong?
Well I can give up trying and be
The last to find out that I've been lying

In one day it was all gone
You take just what you want
But simple goals equal too many broken hearts
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I can see what I see
You can take what you take
Well I'm sick of being sick
And I'm tired of being tired
Blow a kiss to the wind
When you think of me send me a letter
Well I'll be waiting on the steps
Before you found out and before you knew better

In one day it was all gone
You take just what you want
But simple goals equal too many broken hearts

Blow a kiss to the wind
When you think of me
Turn out the light and say goodnight

What about those faces that I saw
How can I recognize them all
I had a vision that things would be better off today

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In one day it was all gone
You take just what you want
But simple goals

What about the book I never finished writing
Or that fight that I never finished fighting
It doesn't mean anything at all

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