

Edwin McCain, Beautiful Day

Well I'm falling over backwards and I'm drowning in my sleep,

I can't feel the ground, there's only sky beneath my feet,
In a television moment I come crashing to the ground,
Gasoline explosion but you never heard a sound,
Maybe I'm calm, maybe I'm jaded,
Or maybe the whole thing has just faded,
And maybe I should see another way,
Like it's the end of a beautiful day,
She bloodied up her wingtips as she's cleaning up the bar,
The beauty of an angel but it didn't take her far,
She be crying in the corner if she wasn't far too proud,
Hear the ringing of this failure and it's getting awfully loud,
Maybe she's calm, maybe she's jaded,
Or maybe the whole thing has just faded,
And maybe she should see another way,
Like it's the end of her beautiful day,
There's some explaining to do 'cause the fairy tale lied,
I think it's sad but cruel but it's here to stay,
It's just real life anyway,
Maybe we're gone, maybe we've faded,
Maybe the whole thing was just jaded,
Maybe we should see another way,
Like it's the end of a beautiful day.