

# evan and jaron, Wouldn't It Be Nice To Be Proud

now I've found a little time  
to take a look back  
from the caboose  
and follow the tracks of my life  
they're tangled about lying true  
and I know it's just me  
and my point of view  
but those are the  
important two  
I don't need to check with the crowd

wouldn't it be nice to be proud

a door was open  
and into the night  
I jumped through  
and turned on the light  
I started to see  
thought it wasn't that bright  
I saw a island sky  
but it wasn't all blue  
my answers weren't right  
but I didn't wanna lose  
so I'd put up a fight  
and scream out loud

wouldn't it be nice to be proud

and when it all is clear  
your time to repair disappears  
taking with it chances left untried

I see my friend  
huddled together  
tryin to stay warm  
in nasty weather  
we'd beat the odds  
whenever they'd call  
and all the jokes  
I played on my friends  
never did get  
me in the end  
I guess I was  
given more than allowed

wouldn't it be nice to be proud