

Jack Conte, The Way It Was Before

Sixteen candles on the birthday cake
Don't blow 'em out, let them burn all the way
Better learn 'bout your fate
'Cos we're all gonna melt someday

Hear it when I crunch the leaves on the ground
Imagine it's me, once green soon brown
And the wind will howl but I won't make no sound

After we pass through this circus
After they have swept the floor
It'll all go back to the way it was before

I keep myself distracted with the mirror pen
I store the words on paper instead of my head
It's like a cold glass of milk
When me and my stomach ache are stuck in bed

What if all the carazies are really sane
They see something that the rest of us can't
And I'll never feel the pain
Of having to fade away

After we pass through this circus
After they have swept the floor
It'll all go back to the way it was before

I'm fine being by myself
Not wasting wishes on women
When I'm throwing pennies in the well

I'm fine being by myself
I still got my tongue, don't I?
And a story to tell

After we pass through this circus
After they have swept the floor
It'll all go back to the way it was before

After we pass through this circus
After they have swept the floor
It'll all go back to the way it was before

It'll all go back to the way it was before
It'll all go black like the way it was before
It'll all go back to the way it was before