

Long Since Forgotten, Some Sort Of Meaning

This my last chance to make things better,
I'm running out of clever things to say,
clever things to say...

Prospective lines are drawn and I can't pass them,
I guess I wasn't meant to
see outside of my own view

Somewhere between phrases and speechless,
what do you do when words wont do?
But if that's okay with you,
actions come through with some sort of meaning too.
All of this, all of this.

Is taking up the spaces in my brain,
all the things that you once said
they won't shake loose from my head.
And it's over now,
once again this language seems to fail me again
I hope that's okay with you,
'cause I guess I wasn't meant to.

Somewhere between phrases and speechless,
what do you do when words wont do?
But if that's okay with you,
actions come through with some sort of meaning too.
All of this, all of this.

Somewhere between phrases and speechless,
I just know my words won't do,
But if that's okay with you,
actions comes through with some sort of meaning too.
All of this, all of this.