

Maria Mena, What's Another Day

You give this way more thought than it deserves
You say when I tell you about my fear of rejection
I wouldn't know better than to get scared
'Cause since we met we've had this great connection

"You know concrete colored buildings all grow stale!"
You say as I look up dreaming
I know better then to include the both of us
But I can't sleep...
When you're gone

And you say
"what's another day?"

This stage of oblivion I find comfortable
And prior to this I never spoke
You say you understand my absence now
And why I never tell jokes

You know...

What's another day?
When we're already getting used to gray
What's another day?
If inspiration grows out from this
What's another day?
From silence is the next best thing to bliss
And we're all getting used to hearing you say

You know... [x2]