

# Mustard Plug, Already Gone

Do you remember,  
that feeling, that we had long ago  
Well it's almost gone  
I can sense it for an instant,  
then like snow in my hand,  
It melts away

Will we ever, accept that,  
It's already gone.

Pushing, pulling, stretching,  
Trying hard to force it into shape  
But the harder that we work it  
The less it will ever be the same.  
Pushing, pulling, stretching,  
Trying hard to force it into shape  
Pushing, pulling, stretching,  
Trying, it will never be the same.

Do you remember,  
last summer, sitting in a rented car  
As the night rolled by  
And you said I wasn't trying  
And I know you were right  
Don't know why I lied

Will we ever, accept that  
It's already gone

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Trying hard to force it into shape  
But the harder that we work it  
The less it will ever be the same.  
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Pushing, pulling, stretching,  
Trying, it will never be the same.