

Number One Gun, Regrets Of Photographs

To all the ones who wait
It's not too late, this is your time
Regrets of photographs you took inside
That kill your mind
With all that crazy talk about what's wrong
About what's right
This is your only chance to get through tonight
You are the same as I imagined
You are the one that passes by
And takes away my pain
You are the same as I imagined
This is the beauty of my dreams
Exactly what it seems to be
You never turn away
You always comfort me
We're so concerned about the way we think
We're always stuck on stupid things
We're never wrong, but we're never right
It doesn't matter what we say tonight
It's time to face it, communicate it
And now the time has come to celebrate it
You're finding out that this is real
You can have it
This is your time