

Over It, My Better Half

When this sunday comes dont forget to call and analyze
all the reasons i've locked up myself
so you say its in her eyes
the end is my opinion
never justified the means
so i'd forgotten how to tell you all the things
id had to think of since that night
can you even recognize that i'm tripping over my own two feet
in all the sense that i lost you in
all i yearned to be since this is goodbye
i'll tell you you're beautiful but i'll still close my eyes
had i know i could have kept things the way the had always been inside
keep it all locked up inside your heardt for tomorrows goodbye