

School For The Dead, Pick A Gripe

There she goes
Look at her
I can't wait for much longer

Who's that guy
That she's with
He looks like me, only stronger
There's a collection of gripes in my hat

Pick a gripe
Any gripe
Pick a friend, friends forever

Look at her
She's my type
Very cute, very clever
There's a series of doubts to destroy

We were laughing, we were waiting
What else is there to do
You had trouble, concentrating
I had trouble too
We're so busy celebrating
I forgot to celebrate you

Your biggest regret is in your hands
I'll never forget or understand

There's a line
I could cross
But instead, I stare at it

Cause what was mine
Had been lost
I was fine, she had had it
There's a collision of clouds overhead

We were laughing, we were waiting
What else is there to do
You had trouble, concentrating
I had trouble too
We're so busy celebrating
I forgot to celebrate you

Your biggest regret is in your hands
I'll never forget or understand