

Sixpence None the Richer, We Have Forgotten

Dreams

Inconsistent angel things

Horses bred with star-laced wings

But it's so hard to make them fly, fly, fly

These wings

Beat the night sky 'bove the town

One goes up and one goes down

And so the chariot hits the ground, bound, bound

CHORUS

We have forgotten (don't try to make me fly)

How it used to be (I'll stay here, I'll be fine)

How it used to be (don't go and let me down)

How it used to be (I'm starting to like this town)

When wings beat the night sky 'bove the ground

When I unwillingly shoot them down

With all my petty fears and doubts, down, down?

REFRAIN

We have forgotten (am I in love with this?)

How it used to be (my constant broken ship)

How it used to be (don't go I'll shoot you down)

How it used to be (I'm starting to like this town)

CHORUS

REFRAIN