

Spitalfield, Maybe Someday

I'm meeting luck at the corner store
I'm taking back, you're still wanting more
Is this the way that I'm supposed to act?
Why can't I get this straight?
You can't break something you never made
I'm turning to my "self made mess" cd again

So tell me what you're thinking
Because I don't really know you all that well
And maybe someday, more than you will know
Tell them to turn it up now, how?
I can't really hear you like before
And maybe someday, more than you will know

I'm staring cold at this picture frame
Wish I'd never heard your name
Glad that my wishes don't come true
And I will not ask you again and again
While you push me off
While you make me say...
Why can't I get this straight?
You can't break something you never made
I'm turning to my "self made mess" cd again

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