

Staple, The Best Of Times

To fall from the ladder that you've climbed so high
For true love, for victory, for the right to succeed.
Why do we always miss our last chance to try,
but never the heartache of saying "goodbye"?

Heavy hands and sad, red eyes waving at their dreams that just passed by.
We were so fond.
But those moments are gone.
Beloved times that our hearts find - sometimes we must say "goodbye".

Now the pieces fall and the chips are laid,
but I'm not the man that I would have made or could have been.
But this is where I find what trust is for:
crying tears of faith that God's got something more.

Heavy hands and sad, red eyes waving at their dreams that just passed by.
We were so fond.
But those moments are gone.
Beloved times that our hearts find - sometimes we must say "goodbye".

THIS IS LIFE AND WHO'S TO SAY
THE MAN I SEE WON'T PALE IN THE SHADOWS OF THE MAN I'LL BE...
with my heavy hands and sad, red eyes waiving goodbye.
We were so fond, but we have to move on.
Beloved times that our hearts find - sometimes we must say "Goodbye".
"Goodbye" to love, my first chance to succeed.
"Goodbye" sweet victory, I know there is something more for me