

Staring Back, Many Will Play, Few Will Win

I can't control the situation
that is running rampant in my life
it would be easier if I could hold you one more time
so lost without you but what else can I do
dependent upon what I hate
hope it's not too late

I'm getting off the point, confused already
so don't tell me what to think
I try to break away and end up on my knees
why should I care who I please?
I just don't have the time

I think it's all inside my head
think I'd be better off dead
it didn't cross my mind
so lost without you but what else can I do
reading back these letters
I can't seem to find the words
to describe these memories and what they meant to me

you find your way inside my head cannot figure out just what you said
these mute conclusions and now I know
I don't know what you're thinking about cause these words they just come racing out
I just don't have the time