

# Stephen Sondheim, Sorry-Grateful

You're always sorry  
You're always grateful  
You're always wondering what might have been  
Then she walks in

And still you're sorry  
And still you're grateful  
And still you wonder  
And still you doubt  
And she goes out

Everything's different  
Nothing's changed  
Only maybe slightly rearranged

You're sorry-grateful  
Regretful-happy  
Why look for answers  
Where none occur?

You always are  
What you always were  
Which has nothing to do with  
All to do with her

You're always sorry  
You're always grateful  
You hold her thinking  
I'm not alone  
You're still alone

You don't live for her  
You do live with her  
You're scared she's starting  
To drift away  
And scared she'll stay

Good things get better  
Bad get worse  
Wait, I think I meant that in reverse

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Regretful-happy  
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