

# Straylight Run, Now It's Done

Moving in slow like the smoke from your cigarette,  
Every step a closer's a step that we both will regret,  
Keeping a tally, but who can keep track?  
Your overreacting is taking me back to a time better left alone,

Holding onto the phone,  
Holding onto this glass,  
Holding onto the memory of what didn't last.  
Waiting for better words,  
They'll never come.  
So dry your eyes,  
It's better,  
Now it's done...

Keep a tight grip like a child holding onto a swing set,  
Waiting and hoping to find what I can't figure out yet,  
Please don't unless this is something to me,  
Another nightmare instead of a dream,  
Better left alone,

Holding onto the phone,  
Holding onto this glass,  
Holding onto the memory of what didn't last.  
Waiting for better words,  
They'll never come.  
So dry your eyes,  
Its better,

Holding onto the phone,  
Holding onto this glass,  
Holding onto the memory of what didn't last.  
Waiting for better words,  
They'll never come.  
So dry your eyes,  
Its better,  
Now it's done...

I never lost so much...  
I never lost so much...  
I never lost so much...

Holding onto the phone,  
Holding onto this glass,  
Holding onto the memory of what didn't last.  
Waiting for better words,  
They'll never come.  
So dry your eyes,

Holding onto the phone,  
Holding onto this glass,  
Holding onto the memory of what didn't last.  
Waiting for better words,  
They'll never come.  
So dry your eyes,  
Its better,  
Now it's done...