

# Suicidal Tendencies, Sorry?!

Seems like such a long time ago, but I don't know if I'm ever gonna let her go.  
I remember the first time that I met her, I knew she was the one.  
There couldn't be anybody better.  
Well, I was lost when I looked in her eyes  
I didn't even have a chance, I didn't, I was mesmerized  
Well those eyes, those eyes, they made me realize...

Sorry, Sorry...I didn't know what was to be  
Sorry, Sorry...I could not see  
Sorry, Sorry...Lord how could this be  
Sorry, Sorry...It's raining down on me

Well, I know it sounds crazy to say.  
But in everything I do, I think about that day.  
Last time I talked to her was on the telephone.  
She said I know it's been a while, but I don't feel like being alone.  
I slammed down the phone on the last thing I'd hear her say.  
Now it's getting harder to live with it every day  
And I pray, I pray that you can hear me say

Sorry, Sorry...I could not see  
Sorry, Sorry...It don't seem fair to me  
Sorry, Sorry...Lord, how could this be  
Sorry, Sorry...It's raining right down on me

Not a day goes by when I do not sit and wonder why this had to be.  
It don't seem fair to me. No no, it don't seem fair to me.  
The more I wish and pray, the more it seems I waste away.  
But it would mean oh so much if I could just reach out and our hands would touch  
And if I'd just go back again I know it'd all be different, have a happy end.  
I know exactly right where I'd start.  
I'd send her a letter straight from my heart.  
It doesn't seem fair, why can't I forgive.  
She was oh so young, she didn't even have a chance to live  
And it's oh so hard to forgive.  
Sometimes people think I don't know what to say because I'm looking out in space  
But inside I'm praying  
I pray, I pray, I pray, pray, pray  
and then I think about the day she died.  
About that night and in the morning I'd cry cry cry  
And I cried, I cried just as hard as I could

Sorry...I didn't know what was to be  
Sorry...It don't seem fair to me  
Sorry...Lord I'll always be  
Sorry...She died but it's killing me

When will it come that time when it'll be my day  
And I wonder what I'll see and what you'll think and if I'll have the courage to stay  
When I last was seen, thinkin' out of my head, Won't do it for me  
I'll start by looking her straight in the eye  
And telling her that I'm Sorry