## System Syn, This Time Next Week

she will be better
this time next week
time enough to meet another boy
she will be bitter though
this time next year
when life has spun a round
and I'm still buried here
I fear she won't forgive me
even worse, won't forget me
and that is all I want for her

pretty eyes and fragile ego latching on like a disease that knows the cure's around the corner but will not admit it has to leave and some things have been wrong I admit I haven't been okay though I've lied to make you stay

in the past that was the past just yesterday a year ago three years ago I remember where I was yesterday