

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