

Tara MacLean, Better Things

Bended knee and diamond ring
He said he loved her more than anything
She was all he had

Filled his greedy pockets full
And then found someone more beautiful
He was all she had

Hearts grow weak and dreams grow cold
Even stars fall when they have nothing to hold
There must be better things for me
Better things for me

She saw him on the street one day
She caught her breath and ran away
They were all they had

Hearts grow weak and dreams grow cold

Even stars fall when they have nothing to hold
There must be better things for me
Better things for me
Breathe again, familiar
As you see again the sky
I have watched you sleep for hours
While my life passed me by...
But you were all I had
All I had

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