

Tara MacLean, If Only

Old ballet shoes tossed in the corner.
I put my cigarette out on the floor.
Same old broken down face in the mirror,
And fist sized hole in the door.

If only I could see past myself
These ankles keep twisting in vain
And the older I get the more things
I let be to blame.

Same old god, same old prayer.
I keep repeating myself but I'm not getting anywhere.

There's that old letter you wrote me.
You said you wanted to be a star.
Same old broken down car in the driveway,
I guess we didn't get too far.

If only I could see past myself,
These keys they keep turning in vain,
And the older I get the more things I let be to blame.
Same old god, same old prayer.
I keep repeating myself but I'm not getting anywhere.

If only I keep talking to that same old god.