

The American Life, She Told Me

I sit and wait with the question
Was it worth all your indecision?
Whoa, Oh. Whoa, oh, oh.
You're always running away from the best things you have
Don't pretend you're the victim
Don't pretend I'm the only problem
Whoa, Oh. Whoa, oh, oh.
You're always running away
She told me that she left
That feeling in my room on that summer night
She looked at me and then we shared
That moment under the moonlight
You took it all for granted
And now it's all been turned to ashes
Whoa, Oh. Whoa, oh, oh.
You'll never realize how cold your heart is
A paradise ruined by fire
All for your selfish desire
Whoa, Oh. Whoa, oh, oh.
You're always running
You're always running away
She told me that she left
That feeling in my room on that summer night
She looked at me and then we shared
That moment under the moonlight
She told me that she left
That feeling in my room on that summer night
She looked at me and then we shared
That moment under the moonlight
Desperation pounding from her chest
A selfish act from a girl so helpless
She's all alone in a world with nothing left
She's all alone now
She's all alone
She's always searching for another start
Forming hatred in her lonely heart
Now she's left alone in the dark
She told me that she left
That feeling in my room on that summer night
Was it worth it, now that I'm gone?
She told me that she left
That feeling in my room on that summer night
She looked at me and then we shared
That moment under the moonlight
She told me that she left
That feeling in my room on that summer night
She looked at me and then we shared
That moment under the moonlight
She told me that she left
That feeling in my room on that summer night
She looked at me and then we shared
That moment under the moonlight