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

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