

The Scenic, Sing Your Song

These are the days
Where we sit and contemplate
Exactly what this could have been.
But it's too late
We've both made our own mistakes.
But I swear that I can still hear you say that:
"What I miss the most is driving in your car
Being careful to sing low
But you still heard every note that I sang"
I'll sing your song
And every single word you wrote for me
I'll sing tonight
Hello, nostalgia
Thanks for making me second guess
Every choice that I have made
Were they really for the best?
It's for every single note that made it to my ears
And all the other words that I could hear.
I loved you