

The Story So Far, Ali

So this is what I get for trying to be nice
Like its the only time I've ever cared
These blank walls make me sick
Like excuses made up quick
I'd move forward if I only could
I'd like to thank you for this effort
It left me barely breathing on this stretcher

We'll work things out in the end
But we'll still be far from friends
Take my hand, run it through your hair again
I'll just pretend you're someone else
It's what I always did
I'm not gonna force it if it doesn't fit
I'm not supposed to feel like this
But the weight of the world is just too strong for me
And I think I might just run away
Back to your door

Empty days and lonely nights
Provide a blueprint for the things I write
So when people ask me, I know just what to say
The thought of you helps me wake up every day
And I don't believe in fate
IN FATE
The only fate is the fate you make
YOU MAKE
So I'll keep my nose to the grindstone
Cause that's all that I can do
I've got good friends that help me too
And someday I will get back to you

On the back of my hand is the number she wrote
I'll call her when my whole world goes up in smoke
Until then I'll wonder what could have been
Cause everything works itself out in the end