

Third Eye Blind, How's it going to be

I'm only pretty sure that I can't take anymore,
Before you take a swing, I wonder what are we fighting for,
When I say out loud, I want to get out of this, I wonder,
Is there anything I'm going to miss, I wonder
How's it going to be, When you don't know me,
How's it going to be, When you're sure I'm not there,
How's it going to be, When there is no one there to talk to,
Between you and me, 'Cause I don't care,
How's it going to be,
How's it going to be,
Where we used to laugh, There's a shouting match,
Sharp as a thumbnail scratch,
A silence I can't ignore,
Like . . . The hammock by the doorway we spent time in, Swing empty,
don't see lightning like last fall when it was always about to hit me, I wonder
How's it going to be, When it goes down,
How's it going to be, When you're not around,
How's it going to be, When you find out there was nothing,
Between you and me, 'Cause I don't care,
How's it going to be,
How's it going to be
When you don't know me, any more
And How's it going to be
Want to get myself back in again,
The soft dive of oblivion.
Want to taste the salt of your skin
The soft dive of oblivion, oblivion
How's it going to be, When you don't know me, anymore,
How's it going to be,
How's it going to be,
How's it going to be.