

# Useless ID, Too Late To Start Over

You know my story.  
I've been telling it to anyone I could find.  
If I would lose you, I'd lose my mind,  
over and over again until next time.

Lights out to expectations.  
Goodbye to bad intentions.  
There's nothing wrong with letting go.

I know all about you.  
Give me a pen and I'll write you a book of how we both f\*\*ked up,  
walked away, got back just in time to make up for the new years.

I send you stationary.  
It wasn't ordinary.  
You got it and told me that everything would be O.K.  
Next morning came conclusion:  
It's too late to start all over.  
(Sorry about the past)