

# William Fitzsimmons, It's Not True

Should I decide it's true  
That you would leave if given half the chance to go and  
I'd be left here on my own  
To find myself in bed  
Wishing everything that changed would be the same

The room still looks like you  
It's a mess and all the pictures on the shelf are  
Dusted off by someone else  
To keep me company  
I haven't told her that your thought still lingers on

Everyday's another chance to bury my regret  
Everyday's another chance to make it but I can't  
But I can't, but I can't, but I can't, but I can't

I saw you on my phone  
On a contact list that isn't up to date  
Would have changed it with more time  
That I require to  
Rid my mind of all the freckles on your face

And reconcile to what?  
The ring I bought you is buried deep within the ground  
Behind the swing where we first met  
And memory only serves  
To remind of all the bruises you forgave

Everyday's another chance to bury my regret  
Everyday's another chance to make it but I can't  
But I can't, but I can't, but I can't, but I can't

Should I decide it's true  
That you'd return if given half the chance to come  
But it's not true  
But it's not true, but it's not true  
But it's not true, but it's not true  
But it's not true, but it's not true  
But it's not true, but it's not true  
But it's not true, but it's not true  
But it's not true, but it's not true  
But it's not true, but it's not true