

I'm Through with the Past (But the Past Isn't Through with Me)

Straylight Run

In those days, I was a train wreck.
I was lost in a sea of alcohol, irony, and unbridled self pity.
There were so many words I had to write,
Confessions on my mind.
I designed them and delivered them with reckless abandon.

My tightly coiled, regressed, frustrated past fading fast.
I was constantly exploding,
I was constantly screaming.
The days moved slow and the nights dissolved into a thickening haze.
Where I spoke with a tongue that wasn't mine to faces I couldn't recognize.

There's so much I forget.
There's so much more I'd like to.

I'm through with the past, but the past isn't through with me.
I'm through with the past, but the past isn't through with me.

That's who I was when we first met in cathartic song.
When I became the patron saint of the depressed and neglected.
I left those days, those places and that person all on tape.
Absolved, I resolved to start again and never look back.

You want me where I was.
And you still remind me.

I'm through with the past, but the past isn't through with me.
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Ohhh, Ohhh.
Ohhh, Ohhh.
Ohhh, Ohhh.
Ohhh, Ohhh.
Ohhh, Ohhh.

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