

Lying down on the pavement, so happy
Seeming to be in balance, but how could that be
Really I must be jealous, don't tell me
I just gotta leave the broken pieces or it'll be the death of me

Six long years and seven heartbreaks
Broken strings and countless outtakes, why?
Never thought that I would follow through
Got a working title somewhere
And I know one day I'll get there, I'm
Grasping here

I'm looking out for a simple kind of true
Don't know what I am waiting for
I'm holding out for a simple kind of true
At least some kind of a metaphor

It's simple,
Simple and it's true, we got much to do
No excuses they're just useless we've got much to do

It's simple,
Simple and it's true we got much to do
No excuses they're just useless we've got much to do and

I'd say you hung the moon if they ask me
You help me so the plot won't get past me
Sometimes the obvious cannot be seen
At least not by me

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Remember all of the times
When we couldn't make up our minds
Hours and years, just disappear

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