

Stained glass
I wish that I could say that it won't last
Idle hands
The Devil's cup

I would lie but you won't believe
Nostalgia will not kill the best of me
I'm thinking out loud again, shame on me
Let's keep it cool
Let's not complicate it

Haven't really lost my innocence
But she quickly got rid of me
I never really lost my innocence
But she quickly got rid of me

My answer is still, "no"
Would you give it up
Would you let it go?
All the places that I can hide
Are growing smaller every time

Your sad songs, all your sad songs
They understand all my words are gone
Your sad songs, all your sad songs
They put my hands to the plow
And move along

Silence is a native word
Balanced upon my tongue
Where life and death occur
Silence will keep your feet planted upon the ground
Simply complicated

I never really lost my innocence
But she quickly hung up on me
I never really lost my innocence

My answer is still, "no"
Would you give it up
Would you let it go?
All the places that I can hide
Are growing smaller every time

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!