

Could Be You

Allah-Las

Summer days and all the ways you went about before
All the times you walked away and ended at your doorstep
Wondering just how you got back here
And now it seems your vision ain't so clear

And if you had to try to
Would you do it all again?

Have I seen you here before
Or was that just your friend
Standing on the soapbox, proselytizing of the end
Of all the things you once considered good
And now they came and wrecked your neighborhood

But if you had the chance to
Would you do it all again?

Did you have to ask yourself while sitting in that bar
If you thought the world was gonna to take you very far
Without you ever knowing a way to stand
Left reaching in the dark for someone's hand