

The Things I Regret

Brandi Carlile

Ohhhhhh ohhhh ohhhh oh-o-oh
Ohhhhhh ohhhh ohhhh oh-o-oh

There's a hole in my pocket where my dreams fell through,
from a side walk in the city to the avenue.
There's a leak in my dam 'bout the size of a pin,
and I can't quite remember where the water's getting in.

But when you're wearing on your sleeve,
all the things you regret,
you can only remember what you want to forget.
You feel it tugging at your heart,
like the stars overhead,
'til you rest your bones on the killing bed.

Let them roll over me.
Let them roll over me,
when I doubt you.

Let them roll over me.
Let them roll over me,
when I doubt you.

With the weight of the world resting on my back,
and the road on which I've travelled is as long as it is cracked.
But I keep pressing forward with my feet to the ground,
for a heart that is broken makes a beautiful sound.

But when you're wearing on your sleeve,
all the things you regret,
you can only remember what you want to forget.

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Ohhh ohhhh ohhh oh-o-oh
Ohhh ohhhh ohhh oh-o-oh

I walk through my days like a ghost in a dream,
but the field carries on and my past follows me.
It's hard moving on from the things you done wrong,
when they play in your head like an old fashioned song.

But when you're wearing on your sleeve,
all the things you regret,
you can only remember what you want to forget.

Lonely miles,
without you.

Lonely miles,
without you.

Let them roll over me.
Let them roll over me,
when I doubt you.

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Let them roll over me.
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Let them roll over me.
Let them roll over me.

Let the ground keep my faults.
Let the water be my home.
Let the dust hold my soul,
like a holy rolling stone.