

The Last Ones Standing

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One in a million
Pressing on to figure out
The meaning of remnants from a fading trend

So what makes a man if another holds his heart?
I'll bet it's the remnants
That make us who we are

This is how we come to make amends

Maybe we're the last ones standing
Staring at the stripes we see across the sky
We'll keep remembering the way we were tonight

Maybe we're the last ones standing
Waking up to sounds we've come to know and love
We'll keep remembering we've been waiting for this

So this is my progress
Does a day turn into night?
Or does it take over? Over done and over due

Such is a man to make it harder to believe
But aren't we all simple?
Simply difficult to read