

Sorrow's Forecast

Dead Moon

Oh, I coulda done something
Gone the extra mile
Take the next step
Instead of looking at regrets
I coulda been famous
I coulda been rich
I coulda kissed the right ass
Made it in the press

Am I losing my touch, does it matter so much?
Am I losing my grip, am I starting to slip?

Yeah, I coulda made the right moves
Been a smooth pop singer
Made my mother proud
If she could see me now
Coulda made the right contacts
Shook the right hands
Made the >>in parties
Played in soft rock bands

Yeah, I coulda learned to play the games
I coulda got down on my knees
I coulda had a stage name
Coulda learned to say please
I coulda jumped on the wagon
God knows I had the chance
I coulda sold my soul
Just to get it in advance