Didn't try

Edith Backlund

Broken mirror, seven years of bad luckI'm too supersticious to relax and let it slide
A broken promise, seven sins on my back
I'm so blinded by illusions that I can't keep track
of what is real and what is fiction
– what is fiction anyhow?
I read too much into reflections when
reflections only lie
Look to happy to feel sorry for the times
I didn't try
I didn't try
I didn't try
hard enough to fly
Broke the surface seven seconds too late
I'm too narrow-minded to let a winner
get away with that
Broke the rules and I escaped into a bubble
and I will stay here 'til it breaks and then I'll run
as fast as I can from what is real and what is fiction
– what is fiction anyhow?
I read too much into reflections when
reflections only lie
Look too happy to feel sorry for the times
I didn't try
I didn't try
I didn't try
hard enough to fly

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