

Hope Spot

Free Throw

What the fuck was I thinking when you told me how you felt and
I left you there hanging out to dry?
Spent my afternoon drinking
Drunkenly confessing to the clouds as if they were all alive
The sky doesn't offer advice to a man that doesn't have his own
And I don't have my own

What the fuck were you thinking when I told you I was wrong and
I thought that I had made a huge mistake?
And I had to quit blinking to take a mental picture
It could be the last time I see your face
And a photographic memory doesn't help a loss for words
Of which I have none
Of which I have none
Of which I have none

What the fuck was I thinking?
What the fuck was I thinking?

What the fuck was I thinking when you told me how you felt and
I left you there hanging out to dry?