

# Every Day, The Same

Hotel Books

Walking down aisles of vintage stores and peacefully window shopping  
Stalking the nightmare that cuts your core and keeps you sobbing  
He could be anywhere around you and you just don't know it  
The person who ended your greatest joy and truest friendship  
It's common courtesy to stay at the scene of the crash but he drove away  
And left your heart to reflect upon a peaceful past  
Every day, the same tortured silence

What if the future's just to remind me  
That my past was my only blessing

You said what if the man who killed my wife sleeps in the house  
next door to mine  
That's the reality with unsolved crimes, he lives with a burden  
but she only lives in your mind  
What if the hollowed out feeling is a memory that I could barely find  
Where does faith come in when it's already been confirmed that  
she has died

[Chorus:]

What if the future's just to remind me  
That my past was my only blessing  
Where is the sense of thriving  
We're all so sick of dying  
I see [?]  
I see that death could be [?]

[?]

(We're all so sick of dying)

[?]

(We're all so sick of dying)

You're stuck here and she's not coming back  
You're stuck here and she's not coming back

[Chorus]