

Remembering the year that you were gone  
A series of decisions, unhealthy living  
Writing novels in monitored time  
Cold pavement under static sky  
We're gaining patience, but losing sight  
We wrote off our problems as better times

But hey, you couldn't sell the stories anyway  
Hey, you couldn't sell the stories anyway

In a battle with New England of who knows you best  
A mediocre vote of confidence  
That poor boy won't know what hit him  
If and when you tell commitment to take a hike  
It's the same old story  
So, help me if I try to make an honest effort this time

But hey, we couldn't tell the stories anyway  
Hey, we couldn't tell the stories anyway  
Hey, you couldn't sell the stories anyway  
Yeah, hey, you couldn't sell the stories anyway