

Slow Track

Joy Again

(Yeah)

When we stopped, I didn't have a chance to say a single thing
And I have no confidence, no guts inside of me
Telling me to say more than "Hey, what's up?"
You're looking at me, looking behind me
I wonder what it could be that's hiding behind me
That discarded old thing, the girl for which I used to sing the
se songs
And all the hate that she started to bring

I should stop looking at my feet
Start to lookin' so our eyes could meet
Looking till our ride's here