

Short

Lambchop

Here's a little story 'bout regret
Doesn't have an ending, it's not finished yet
But from what I know this far it's just a peep at who
We are
And an incomplete sentence that you said

Now it's time to terminate our trust
Even though to you and me it doesn't matter much
We can close our eyes and picture better days ahead
Even now the phone begins to ring

And our life hangs on a string
And today we start to learn just what that means
And somehow we're faced with the fact
That you won't ever get this back

This story's short just like I said
Can't seem to get it through my thick head
Started out with hope and now the ending is
Suppressed
Smothered like a fire in your dreams

Or will we burn for you tomorrow in your dreams
Or will we pass out in the airport like a freak upon
Your seat
Some freak upon your seat