

The moment I thought I knew  
where I was standing,  
counting minutes by  
the beat of my hands tapping,  
all the walls are covered in my fault.

I once wrote a song,  
the meaning was lost  
when my words came out wrong.  
But you all held it down,  
you all held it to me to sing it out loud.  
Just understand  
that I don't want to do this again.  
We grew apart,  
and I can feel for once  
that I belong somewhere else.

Will it sell?  
And will the kids define it  
as something that breaks the ground,  
and all the things that don't amount  
to anything at all?

Back on Lafayette  
we were so unsure.  
I can still hear your laugh  
back from where we were.

So don't walk  
too far.  
You won't  
see a thing.  
And don't feel, so bad,  
don't feel, so bad.