

I can tell what you're thinking. I can usually read your eyes. This time might be different, so tell me if I'm right. You're a bit unhappy with the decision that you've made. I was not first choice, but I can't let you get away. How often do you find a girl with a mind, philosophies and looks, and the time to care for me. She, said she's so sorry...please, I can't tell you're hurting just as bad as me that's what your eyes say. Your smile and your actions, the fact that you're afraid to be around me ; it gives you away. Now I'm not sure if I'm right about this, but I do have proof and here's my evidence. Before I say good night my two wrongs will make a right and I will win upon my bitter sadness.