

Confessions

Scars on 45

I remember
Fading stories
Of days when we fought to the death
And someone laughed

I remember
In all its glory
Times when we kissed
And the nights would almost pass

I can picture fluorescent street lights
That reflect in your eyes
And they shine like shattered shades of glass

No one knows what we're
Doing here we have
Ambitious thoughts in our youth
But now we're
Fading grey with nothing
New to say and I'm still
Holding on to the pictures of you
And the confessions of my youth

I remember
Four-day weekends
Sleeping away
As we laid in each other's arms

I remember
The deadbeat best friends
Who said that I changed
And were lost to another's shameless choice

No one knows what we're
Doing here we have
Ambitious thoughts in our youth
But now we're
Fading grey with nothing
New to say and I'm still
Holding on to the pictures of you
And the confessions of my youth

The confessions of my youth

I remember
The late-night drive home
Stolen for time
Getting high to our favorite tunes

And I remember
The broken payphones
That stole away my only way
Of speaking to you

No one knows what we're
Doing here we have
Ambitious thoughts in our youth

But now we're
Fading grey with nothing
New to say and I'm still
Holding on to the pictures of you
And the confessions of my youth

The confessions of my youth
The confessions of my youth

(Hey!)