The Get Up Kids

Regret

Maybe I've forgotten the name and the address of everyone I've ever known. It's nothing I regret. Save it for another day. It's the school exam and the kids have run away.

I would like a place I could call my own, have a conversation on the telephone. Wake up every day that would be a start. I would not complain of my wounded heart.

I was upset you see, almost all the time. You used to be a stranger, now you are mine

I wouldn't even trust you. I've not got much to give. We're dealing in the limits and we don't know who with. You may think that I'm out of hand, that I'm naive, I'll understand. On this occasion, it's not true. Look at me, I'm not you.

I was a short fuse burning all the time. You were a complete stranger, now you are mine.

Just wait till tomorrow. I guess that's what they all say just before they fall apart.