

The Last Good Thing

The Glorious Sons

I saw her in the halls of that old high school, she was as pretty as the sun on the morning dew
I never said a word I knew the boys had talked her silent
She had a look on her face like she hated the world, but it wasn't the look of an angry girl
She looked like a woman that no one could catch crying

I was nothing to her, she was too pretty for me, I was a dirtbag she was a jaded queen
She moved east and I stuck around; she was the last good thing, left in this town

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I started working my father's shop, I'd just waste his money and watch the clock
I got a house on the highway filled with cracks and silence
I've been waiting for years, I've been looking in mirrors, I've been dreaming of ways to run from here
I keep looking inside myself for something I'm not finding

Well, every now and then she comes back around, and I see her sometimes when I go out
I just smile and nod and I hide in the crowd; she was the last good thing, left in this town

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I remember being young, no, I didn't have a clue, that the ones I looked up to were just as confused
I remember knowing everything would be alright; I wish I felt younger than I feel tonight
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