

# Our Story's Already Been Told

William Beckett

All night lying in bed  
I'm not asleep but I'm dreaming  
Those days locked in my head  
I can't close my eyes without seeing  
What we could possibly be  
If I walk away then I'm leaving half alive  
Tearing out the pages it took so long to write  
We both know how it goes  
Well, I'd change it if I could  
But our story's already been told

One cold dark afternoon  
You stood there in the doorway  
A conversation ensued that we knew would happen eventually  
Now that chapter is closed  
I just keep on reading and feeling half alive  
Tearing out the pages it took so long to write  
We both know how it goes  
Well I'd change it if I could  
But our story's already been told  
Our story's already been told

Here I am  
Pouring over details  
Here I am pouring over every word  
That I wanted you to say  
Still trying to find a way  
To get closer  
To the words I've never heard

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