

I draw a line till the line starts going off course
In black and white I can't see the color
I don't know what it's moving towards
But I try to believe it's true
Is it better to have loved and lost

You grow up paint a picture of your life
Like a fixture in your mind
And it tricks you once or twice
Or three times
And I know it's not right
And I know it's not fair
Sometimes you fall in love
Sometimes it's not there
It flickers

I follow light till my eyes can't see it no more
And in the dark I tape stars to my ceiling
Just waiting for something to spark
But I can't confidently say
It's better to have loved and lost

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Magic gets lost in the mundane
Magic gets lost on Sunday, magic gets lost in the
Magic gets lost in the mundane
Magic gets lost on Sunday, magic gets lost in the
Magic gets lost in the mundane
Magic gets lost on Sunday, magic gets lost in the
Magic gets lost in the mundane
Magic gets lost on Sunday, magic gets lost in
Magic gets lost in the world we live in
Magic gets lost in the world we live in