

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