

Lying down on the pavement, so happy  
Seeming to be in balance, but how could that be  
Really I must be jealous, don't tell me  
I just gotta leave the broken pieces or it'll be the death of me

Six long years and seven heartbreaks  
Broken strings and countless outtakes, why?  
Never thought that I would follow through  
Got a working title somewhere  
And I know one day I'll get there, I'm  
Grasping here

I'm looking out for a simple kind of true  
Don't know what I am waiting for  
I'm holding out for a simple kind of true  
At least some kind of a metaphor

It's simple,  
Simple and it's true, we got much to do  
No excuses they're just useless we've got much to do

It's simple,  
Simple and it's true we got much to do  
No excuses they're just useless we've got much to do and

I'd say you hung the moon if they ask me  
You help me so the plot won't get past me  
Sometimes the obvious cannot be seen  
At least not by me

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Remember all of the times  
When we couldn't make up our minds  
Hours and years, just disappear

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