

Moving On

Better Luck Next Time

It started late last night, seclusion took its toll
Discarding everything,
the quiet place is where in fact my story would be told,
but you're not out there
I traced the problem back to where it all went wrong;
why nothing turned out right;
it's hard to see where both of us belong

Another failed attempt has brought me to my knees
I cannot call out 'cause no one's listening
I've fallen past the point of what it is to see the need
for something more than a permanent belief

'Cause she said to me "When you wrap your arms around me,
I'll make it seem as though it's not that bad."
It's kinda' hard when your words get thrown back at me,
forgetting what we had

Should I be moving on and find out where I stand?
I'm wasting my time, you're just not out there,
and if you were would it even matter?
I'll put it all aside, this isn't getting through
What's done is in the past so this is what I'll do

'Cause she said to me "When you wrap your arms around me,
I'll make it seem as though it's not that bad."
Sometimes the hardest part of everything we do
begins with something more than what is true
It's kinda' hard when your words get thrown back at me,
forgetting what we had