

I always accepted that you'd be better than all of this
I never made promises I couldn't keep
As you stood before me deciding that I was an open book
Something made you think you'd read all my dirty little pages
Cover and all

Is my apology accepted for all the whiskey that ended up in your face?
I never really was much of a diplomat
Now as you lay before me deciding that I am an open book

One never knows when an unforeseen mood could take over and darken my eyes

Oh I could fall on my knees and I could learn to beg
But I will not repent for nothing
No matter what you say or what you said
I make my own bed

I always accepted you'd be better than all of this