

Somebody already wrote the book on defeat
so far be it from me to think I'm reinventing anything.
If life's a list of mistakes and all the ends I can't make meet
then read them to me.

You are something next to nothing, and I'll hold you like a lock
set holds a key.

And we can watch the cracks splinter away
like it's summer in the sun and winter in the shade.
And I'll be here and I promise I will stay always.

So how on earth did we find ourselves in so deep?
There's no semblance of sense in how we keep the pieces moving
free,
but for once and for all, or for now and for you that's alright
with me.

Because you're my wit's end. You're my last stand.
Of all the words scarce at my command, you're my wit's end.
You're my last stand and in your way you love me all you can.