

# I'll Be Late

Mercy Drive

Driving, fears away. Closer, yet so far to go.  
Near you, you've turned away. Leave me on this path alone.

So I'll be late, coming back from my destination.  
Why must you hate, what I live for, my complication.

Passing, thoughts they fade, into this sea of grey.  
Somehow, something's wrong, fear that you won't come along.

So I'll be late, coming back from my destination.  
Why must you hate what I live for my complication.

Standing alone, was I so wrong, was I the wrong.  
Stabbing to know, not a secret, I've been burned by the words.

So I'll be late, coming back from my destination.  
Why must you hate what I live for my complication.

I'll be, I'll be, yes I'll be late.  
I'll be, I'll be, yes I'll be late.