These are the days
Where we sit and contemplate
Exactly what this could have been.

But it's too late We've both made our own mistakes. But I swear that I can still hear you say that:

"What I miss the most is driving in your car Being careful to sing low But you still heard every note that I sang" I'll sing your song And every single word you wrote for me I'll sing tonight

Hello, nostalgia
Thanks for making me second guess
Every choice that I have made
Were they really for the best?

It's for every single note that made it to my ears
And all the other words that I could hear.
I loved you