

## If Only

Tara MacLean

Old ballet shoes tossed in the corner  
I put my cigarette out on the floor  
Same old broken down face in the mirror  
And fist sized hole in the door  
If only, I could see past myself  
These ankles keep twisting in vain  
And the older, I get the more things  
I let be to blame  
Same old God  
Same old prayer  
I keep repeating myself  
But I'm not getting anywhere  
There's that old letter you wrote me  
You said, you wanted to be a star  
Same old broken down car in the driveway  
I guess, we didn't get too far  
If only, I could see past myself  
These keys, they keep turning in vain  
And the older I get  
The more things I let be to blame  
Same old God  
Same old prayer  
I keep repeating myself  
But I'm not getting anywhere  
If only I keep  
Talking to that same old God