

The Better Days

Tiny Moving Parts

The what-if's are killing me,
Keeping me awake
I lie to myself, but my heart's too smart
To be tricked by my brain

I'm not okay (I'm not)
But I will be someday (I'm strong)
But I'm wounded

I can tell myself I'm moving on,
But that's just a poor excuse for comfort
It's just camouflage for abandonment
And I can't spend my life waiting for the grand moment

You take me back and make me laugh again (That would be a miracle)
Which is impossible by definition
But I miss you
I know you can hear it in my voice,
When I talk to you, I can see it in your eyes

I used to love your eyes
I used to love our lies
Living's what I'll do
It's always what I've done
The clouds have got to show the sun!

I will (I will)
Find the (Find the)
I'll find the better days

Deep down (Deep down)
I know (I know)
They'll always be in reach

They will always be in reach

I've reduced to how I usually feel
When I fix to mind
That I won't see you

I've reduced to how I usually feel
'Cause I won't see you