I blame it on my entrance.

It may have seemed to much like confidence.

Let me start it over.

Help me get to what I can from when I did.

Had to leave my reasons.

It may have seemed to much, the consequence.

In your busy, dizzy life you'll become everything you said you would.

All that I know is how I can hold on but all that you see is ho w I let you go.

How about once around?