

An Apology

Sixpence None The Richer

Questions flew
And words were hurled into the air
And when the smoke had cleared
I saw you lying there
I used my words like bullets in a gun
To pick your ego off like skeet flung
In the gallery of fools

Too many words come from my mouth
I wish would remain unsaid
Oh I've had to eat them all and now I must confess

It was a silly thing to say to you
It was a silly thing to say to you I know

We know