Aim To Be Strong
Fiddle With An Arrow
The Shot Is Too Long
Precision Is Not In My Marrow
What's Wrong
With Me Contentedly Singing My Own Song
But Not Heard The Music

The Writings' On The Wall
But I Took The Scenic Route
And I Can't Call
The Number's In The Pocket Of My Jeans
Through It All
Talking The Talk , Running Before I Walk
Missing The Meaning

Plotting The Course While I'm Stuck At The Bend Penchant For Rocky Terrain And Dead Ends Wind Myself Up Just To Unravel Into A Great, Mountain Of When

Should've Is A Place
I Sometimes Frequent
Yet They Know My Face
Better At I Can't
But If There's A Wait
I Will Is Close By And When Stays Open Late,
The Menu Is Vast

Predicting The Loss
Before I Begin
So It Don't Cut Too Deep
When I Don't Win
Not Like It's Working
For This Clever Lark
I Can Recite The Story
Behind Every Scar
Predicting The Loss
Before I Begin
So It Don't Cut Too Deep
When I Don't Win
I Hate It When I'm Right
Much Rather Be Wrong
I'd Rather Be Wrong