

Work Of Art

Backseat Goodbye

I don't care what they say love.
You're a work of art.
No one can paint the sky like you.
Each night I think of new ways to impress you.
So you'll stick around.
When I was younger I'd stare at clouds.
Well now I'm older and I still do.
And I don't know why, so don't ask me.
And I won't ask you.
Why you hide behind those bookshelves.
Filled with bibles and world war fairytales.
Your eyes will tire from the lies your heart desires.
So don't play along 'cause they say you'll go to hell.
This is your own life, believe what you will.

And don't worry when they say you don't understand.
'Cause they could never know how it felt.
The day you found love and lost it just as easily.
You were so young, but so untouchable.
'Cause after that you never loved again no oh.
It was a waste of time, hearts are for pumping blood.
'Til you found that one that smiled back.
You thought you'd die alone.
Now you hold hands, now your mirror's useless.
'Cause what their eyes see is all you really need.
It's not luck, love or coincidence that found you.
It's what's meant to be