

Our Greatest Year

Bad Astronaut

In the ashes of our greatest year
I forced the point and gave them grief
As if I find relief to see the worst in everyone
Still it's hard to be cruel to you
I wish I could- no that's not it
See what I mean to say is this
In this mad world it's hard to see the imperfection in your smile
And it's hard to be true to you
Even though I run away from you, I'm sorry
I wish I had chosen to be true
I'm sorry, I miss your disposition and your strength
I'll miss your disposition and your
Strength to see the best in everyone
Still it's hard to be cruel to you