

Woulda, Coulda, Shoulda

Bane

Probably never shoulda even opened my mouth
And I had no right to say what anything meant to you
I'm still trying to figure out what it all meant to me
We all know sometimes I speak too quickly
Been known for choosing all the wrong words
Seems I wasn't very careful when traveling back in time
Remembering how I'd wished we coulda burned a little bit brighter

The second time around
I was holding out for something greater
Than broken slogans, empty sing-alongs
I still do
It's still not

Maybe it woulda been easier if I was less honest
When giving the answers Lord knows can be so hard to hear
Like the older we get the less that there seems to be worth fighting for
Don't you think that makes me sad too? But I was just reciting basic math
Same tired words
Familiar let downs
I could not help but see all those lines that you were drawing in the sand
Would blow away at the slightest wind
But I have been giving it some thought and I have decided
That I'm not sorry, not sorry, not sorry about nothing

And I never shoulda named names when it wasn't you
But all the faces, all the ideas, bands that came and went and came again
Just could not find the patience to differentiate
But based on your reaction the lesson still remains
Bonds built on words don't mean a thing to me
And with friendships like ours who needs friendships anyway
I didn't then
I dont now