

# Shoebox Memories

## Better Luck Next Time

Spoken words were meant to last,  
but the picture faded fast  
the words "I love you" meant so much,  
now not even your lips can I touch  
I'll cry for another eyesore and  
think about our first kiss by the tree,  
and how it meant so much to me.

Always was when you held my hand  
forever were our walks on the sand;  
there was nothing I couldn't understand  
Holding you closer day by day,  
yet you seemed so far away.  
Now there's nothing left to say...

I reach my hand beneath my bed,  
only a tear then would I shed.  
A shoebox memory was waiting there for me.  
I'll cry for another eyesore  
and think of all of our pictures on the walls,  
colors to fade to none at all.

Always was when you were on my mind.  
Together is where we stood in time;  
another day the sun would shine.  
Until the day we parted ways  
instead our friendship's here to stay.  
I never wanted it that way.

There's no feeling I can obtain to see you  
from a different point of view.  
Here's to you my friend for now,  
one day you'll come around.

Summer days will turn to night.  
Weeks of rain will bring the light.  
Every New Year, we know the ball drops at midnight.  
These are the things I cannot change,  
yet it feels so odd and strange  
how relationships never stay;  
let me count the ways...

If only I'd held you tighter at the horror show.  
Kept a secret for so long that you'd never know.  
If only I'd shut the door after you got in.  
Threw my arm out at the game and let you win.  
Picked up every tab (when you're happy, when you're sad).  
Left you all alone when you were mad.  
Showed up at your door with flowers when you were scared;  
all the little things to let you know I cared (and I cared).

Never was when you weren't on my mind,  
together was where we stood in time;  
another day the sun would shine.  
Until the day we parted ways  
and said "our friendship's here to stay."  
I never wanted it that way.

There's no feeling I can obtain to see you  
from a different point of view.  
Still you come around.  
I know I'll see you at our show.

I'll cry for this eyesore.  
You'll come back- I won't be there...