

It could've been different
if I sang the song so long ago,
and now I'm feeling like I'm stuck in slow motion again.
But all I've got is time.
Running around in circles,
just to find that peace of mind.
And you know I'm gonna get what's mine.

I've lost touch, too much sympathy.
Follow me, don't bother me.
Fragments of each sentence
representing anything I think.
And still I try to smile,
and still I try to laugh.
And still I'll never change,
I'm stuck here studying the past.
So count me in.
No, count me out, because it happened again.

It could've been.
Should've been.
Would've been different.
Cause I know now what I never knew then.
Could've been.
Should've been.
Would've been different.
Could've been.

It could've been different
if the fragments of each sentence
were reminiscent of a sing-along
song I sang so long ago.
And still I try to smile,
and still I try to laugh,
just to find that peace of mind.
And you know I'm gonna get what's mine.
So count me in.
No, count me out, because it happened again.

So count me in.
No, count me out, because it happened again.

Forget about apologies,
I'm not a sorry kid.
So sing along with me.
Same song we used to sing.

Forget about apologies, (could've been, should've been, Would've been different.)
I'm not a sorry kid. (Cause I know now what I never knew then.)
So sing along with me. (could've been, should've been, Would've been different.)
Could've been different,
Should've been different,
Would've been different.