The sun's peeking out your blinds it's the beginning of another day.

He was so one of a kind but he disappeared in disarray.

You take a look at the time and see how much longer you can lay

And you finally step outside but everything is so blue and gray .

It sucks when it dawns, on you it, just might be time to move on.

When he's gone, believe me he's gone, but it wont last forever.

Somebody will promise to be

The right type, your knight in shining armor, be your, your right type

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Comes along, more than like and he's exactly what he promised to be.

You cant believe it, he told you he was unlike the other guys. But little by little he changed and he proved to be otherwise. Leave it alone, it's alright, girl you always over analyze. You're just going through a phase, it takes a moment to recognize.

It sucks when it dawns, on you, it just might be time to move o  ${\bf n}$ .

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