

All My Failures

Counting Crows

Addressing a prayer into the air
In the shadows of satellites
So nobody hurt loves not for words
In a world at the end of its night

Oh everyone that left me
They're so easy to forget
Cause I haven't let my failures hit me yet.

Your voice on the phone the blood from a stone
These tears that I can't understand
If I could heal would give I don't feel
Or by silently giving my hand

Well I'm sure I never loved you
That would be too fierce and too correct
But I haven't let my failures hit me yet

It made my demon reveal its hour of living
And may he not leave me broken
May he leave me broken

So where ever I'm bound my ear to the ground
And my thoughts on there way back to you
As eternities slave, well you can write that on my grave
When I'm finished resisting its truth

While I'm shaking hands with darkness
Its where the warm wind that I admit
That I haven't let my failures hit me yet

Yet while I'm shaking hands with darkness
It is where the warm wind that I admit
That I haven't let my failures hit me yet