

I met the girl of my dreams so many times it seems she'll be the  
girl of my  
Dreams until she's mine you see but then I will get bored of her  
and  
And  
Annoyed with her turn away after play with which no word to say  
to her  
Cause things can only get so so good before they're bad  
And just like everybody else I want those things I can't have  
With the picking and the choosing in the end it's me who's losing  
No girl by my side the story of my life it seems

Well things can only get so good before it's bound to take a turn  
for the  
Worse  
It's understood can't always be swinging and hitting look around  
there's  
Pretty  
Women and they're begging for attention but it ain't no intention  
of yours  
To have things falling right into their places another stolen glance  
across  
A sea  
Of distant faces the taller they say that you standing gonna bring  
you only  
Closer to the glare that's bound to burn you again and again

Well you've seen the good and the bad  
You've seen the happy and sad  
You've seen the ups and the downs  
You've seen the smiles and the frowns  
Because if everyday  
Well the world loses space  
Then somebody dies and the space gets replaced  
Or by the baby booms  
Or the tornado-typhoons  
Will come along and spray  
Everybody away again