Falling Down Is Hard Without A Pickup Line

Divided By Friday

I'm sorry for what I've done
I'm sorry for what I've become
I'm sorry for what I said
Every night I lie awake in bed
And try to think of something I could do
To try to make it up to you

And I'm sorry if I finally picked me up before I hit the cloud
and broke into a million pieces
I apologize, I realize
Everything that I've done wrong
Will you please forgive me God?

And as words explode from my tongue
Into the cool where the day is so young
And all these dark clouds they block out my sights
Are captured by the suns bright light
And I know it will be okay
If you'll save me, make our way

And every word I make the mistake of saying
I'd have read and now I'm paying for
the way I knowing I was meant to be so much more
And every heart breaks, and every heart aches,
and everything that seems to go wrong
And every problem, and every mistake,
I don't know why it took so long.
I'm sorry, forgive me and pick me up
Please pick me up
And I
And I know that it all,
let me right back into your arms