

I was heading down to see you but I didn't know the way  
I was trying to forget you but you always seem to stay  
It's a miracle that I am still alive to see you play  
With everyone. Like a setting sun.

When I get my things together I will take it from the start  
I will say goodbye to everyone and walk out in the dark  
Ain't it funny how things like this don't ever seem to work  
Out for me. Well I'm too scared you see.

I've spent far too many hours trying to figure out your heart  
I was meant to walk behind you, I was doomed from the start  
You are pretty and you make me feel that I am somehow part  
Of the mystery. That's your history.

I remember when you called me and we went down to the sea  
I remember how you fooled me to believe that I was free  
And we talked about whatever we had been through you and me  
Now it's history. What a misery.

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