

Window

Guster

A gaping wound,
Tells the story of it all.
A man lost only to find,
What was left of his mind,
With no hope of a scar at all.

You say, go slow.
But something's right behind me.
I can runaway, for only so long.
It will not stop,
I will come down.
Oh no.

Let me find my way.
I'll take you to the edge.
Go across that window.
And I'll carry you there.

Woah, and nothing goes right.
Woah, and days don't come to night.
Oh, and all I see, is the error of my own enemy.

A man alone,
And cut and torn for it.
His whole life friend after friend,
They're all a flash in the pan,
With no hope of rejoice at all.

You say, go slow.
But something's right behind me.
I can runaway, for only so long.
It will not stop,
I will come down.
Oh no.

Let me find my way (Don't be scared of what you might be saying
)
I'll take you to the edge (Throw away those empty fears).
Go across that window (Throw away those).
And I'll carry you there.

Oh, and nothing goes right.
Oh, and days don't come to night. (Throw away those empty fears
)
Go across that window (throw away those), and I'll carry you.