

I'll save this for late night  
a cup of coffee and a long walk through the park  
down from this rooftop I see the pond and the great lawn through the dark  
just when should I tell you?  
that's always been the toughest part  
I know how it ends but not how it starts

So this is how I choose to bring this around  
and that's all for now  
I'm running out of time, just tell me how to make this right  
because I'm sick of planning ways to make you mine  
recounting all the lines I'd give to your expectant eyes  
but I failed to see the signs

It's not the first time that my thoughts would get the best of me  
so I'll keep to myself, and just keep on thinking wishfully  
I know that this won't help  
I need to say this to your face  
We both know this talk won't take place

Don't bother to tell me  
this time I can see in your eyes  
that I'm caught between perfect lies and an impossible dream

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