

Where To Start

Houston Calls

So one night she phones me - I'm cornered in the living room
we're speaking of impending doom.
We exchange sad goodbyes - where did all the feelings go?
Couldn't we have just said no?

Why can't we have, why can't I be just what we dreamed of?

I thought what I'd do was have a shot of you and I'd be buzzed
off of your love.
Or was it the Jager? It's safe to say I'd wager that it was and
now I'm just hungover.

So much for forever,
I guarantee we'll be those friends (who) talk once a month then
that'll end.
It's not what I wanted, sometimes things were as good as gold b
ut quite often shit got very old.