

These Are The Days

Jason Collett

How can we leave at a time like this?
You know the ocean where the sun comes up
Is different than the ocean
Where the sun goes down

These are the days
That were never really meant to be won

Wiggle your toes, can you feel your soul?
Winter sun, you've been laying low
Arrows and bows play in the cubicles
Lord, I wish I was home

Before you regret the days
That were never really meant to won
These are the days
That were never really meant to be won

Now that the day has passed away
Here I remain true to you again
The morning breaks, it must be fate
Starting over with a big finish

Once again these are the days
That were never really meant to be won
These are the days
That were never really meant to be won