

## Short

Lambchop

Here's a little story 'bout regret  
Doesn't have an ending, it's not finished yet  
But from what I know this far it's just a peep at who  
We are  
And an incomplete sentence that you said

Now it's time to terminate our trust  
Even though to you and me it doesn't matter much  
We can close our eyes and picture better days ahead  
Even now the phone begins to ring

And our life hangs on a string  
And today we start to learn just what that means  
And somehow we're faced with the fact  
That you won't ever get this back

This story's short just like I said  
Can't seem to get it through my thick head  
Started out with hope and now the ending is  
Suppressed  
Smothered like a fire in your dreams

Or will we burn for you tomorrow in your dreams  
Or will we pass out in the airport like a freak upon  
Your seat  
Some freak upon your seat