

At Your Most Beautiful

Last Days Of April

Just nothing
will fix this
I messed up and you took off from here
to where you know that we won't make up

At your most beautiful
Oh god how I hate that you're so pretty now
Honey, when your eyes have dried
Will there be no more tears to waste on me,
tears to waste on me

Just nothing
will fix this
I'm sorry, so damn sorry
Apologies won't easily ease heartache

So far, so far from now
Honey you're so far, so far from I, from I