He came from somewhere back in her long ago. The sentimental fool don't see, Tryin' hard to recreate what had yet to be created, Once in her life.

She musters a smile for his nostalgic tale. Never coming near what he wanted to say, Only to realize, It never really was.

She had a place in his life. He never made her think twice.

As he rises to her apology, Anybody else would surely know.

He's watching her go.

What a fool believes, he sees.

No wise man has the power, to reason away.

What it seems to be is always better than nothing, And nothing at all...

Keeps sending him somewhere back in her long ago, Where he can still believe there's a place in her life. Someday, somehow, she will return.

She had a place in his life He never made her think twice

As he rises to her apology Anybody else would surely know

He's watching her go

What a fool believes, he sees No wise man has the power to reason away

What it seems to be is always better than nothing There's nothing at all

But what a fool believes he sees...

What he don't see, he don't believe