

Next Time

Matt Costa

Painted black all my windows
Faded like a quill in this old room
I held you once but was unable
Well you could not be bound by any stable

So run, run, run
Run, run, run
But next time I'll try, I'll try to hold on
This time I'm gonna try, I'll try to hold on

Some say it's foolish to keep waiting
But I'll stop loving her when I stop dreaming
Now if you find someone who says they love you
Never let them let go of that feeling

Oh, run, run, run
Run, run, run
For this time I'm gonna try, I'll try to hold on
This time I'm gonna try to hold on