

The moment I thought I knew
where I was standing,
counting minutes by
the beat of my hands tapping,
all the walls are covered in my fault.

I once wrote a song,
the meaning was lost
when my words came out wrong.
But you all held it down,
you all held it to me to sing it out loud.
Just understand
that I don't want to do this again.
We grew apart,
and I can feel for once
that I belong somewhere else.

Will it sell?
And will the kids define it
as something that breaks the ground,
and all the things that don't amount
to anything at all?

Back on Lafayette
we were so unsure.
I can still hear your laugh
back from where we were.

So don't walk
too far.
You won't
see a thing.
And don't feel, so bad,
don't feel, so bad.