

Rest Of My Life

Nickel Creek

The battle is over.
Here we all lie
In a dry sea of Solo cups
With the sun in our eyes.
But it's one of those endings
Where no one claps 'cause they're sure that there's more.
What a great way to start the first day of the rest of my life.

I guess the show's going on.
So we pick up the pieces
We dropped for a song
And an ear-splitting headache
That makes it hard to figure out which puzzle they're for.
But I can leave this part out of the story I write.
And there are worse ways to start the first day of the rest of my life.

Roommates, friends, lovers -- quiet.
I'm coming to.
I'm turning myself into something a little less promising,
A little more useful.

The battle is over.
We lost, but we'll live to call off the war.
Don't that ceiling look high from the floor?
Don't it hurt just to move
As we shrink from the light?
As it pierces our bodies and thaws out our hearts.
What a great way to start the first day of the rest of
The rest of my life.