

Start From Scratch

Passafire

Like black holes in space, things so easily erased
Only time will tell, what's left on the face
Of the world were living in, and the love were giving
I'm so easily amazed, that the globe keeps spinning

And now were faced, with time in a penitentiary
Slow the pace, Cus were gonna get there eventually
To that dying day, When the only words we can say
Shoulda coulda woulda, but we didn't so we fade away

Like black clouds in the sky, warning you and I
That the rains gonna come, and the mud's gonna slide
And the homes in it's path, piles of wood and broken glass
And when it's all over, start from scratch

And now were faced, with time in a penitentiary
Slow the pace, Cus were gonna get there eventually
To that dying day, When the only words we can say
Shoulda coulda woulda, but we didn't so we fade away

Like black holes in space

Start from scratch