

## An Apology

Sixpence None The Richer

Questions flew  
And words were hurled into the air  
And when the smoke had cleared  
I saw you lying there  
I used my words like bullets in a gun  
To pick your ego off like skeet flung  
In the gallery of fools

Too many words come from my mouth  
I wish would remain unsaid  
Oh I've had to eat them all and now I must confess

It was a silly thing to say to you  
It was a silly thing to say to you I know

We know