

We Have Forgotten

Sixpence None The Richer

Dreams, inconsistent angel things.
Horses bred with star-laced wings.
But it's so hard to make them fly, fly, fly.
These wings beat the night sky 'bove the town.
One goes up and one goes down.
And so the chariot hits the ground, bound, bound.

We have forgotten (don't try to make me fly)
How it used to be (I'll stay here, I'll be fine).
How it used to be (don't go and let me down)
How it used to be (I'm starting to like this town).

When wings beat the night sky 'bove the ground,
Will I unwillingly shoot them down
With all my petty fears and doubts, down, down?

We have forgotten (am I in love with this?)
How it used to be (my constant broken ship)
How it used to be (don't go, I'll shoot you down),
How it used to be (I'm starting to like this town).