

Have you read the script?
Could you picture it?
... is it worth the risk?

Everything I love
Is on the line,
On these neon signs.

But I need to know - when you looked away,
Was it something that I said? was it something that I said?
Well okay, okay, I need you more than I did before.
Now that the concrete is nearly set.

Here in the second act I'm living in repair.
Strange how the heart adapts when its pieces disappear.
And there, on page 28, I'm so tired of drying glue,
I begin my grand attempt at building something new.

Though I tend to write
The epiphany more immediately,
I guess I'm trusting that there's such a thing
As elegance in dissonance.

God, I'm skeptical of pulling scenes.
Was it something that I said? was it something that I did?
Please don't get me wrong - I still need your help
As history repeats itself

Here in the aftermath, I'm pulling at the seams.
Strange how the heart adapts in the absence of routine.
And there, on page 29, I find "new" and make it mine.
But I can't help casting shadows on all I leave behind.

Maybe I could afford to change a bit...
Even let go of the reigns?
Every torn out page was worth the risk
Now that the stakes have been raised.

So here in the final draft, I've given all I have.
Strange how the heart expands in the absence of a plan.
There's nothing left on the page, but I'm okay with that,
For I found my resolution
Was designed for stronger hands.