

If Only

Tara MacLean

Old ballet shoes tossed in the corner
I put my cigarette out on the floor
Same old broken down face in the mirror
And fist sized hole in the door
If only, I could see past myself
These ankles keep twisting in vain
And the older, I get the more things
I let be to blame
Same old God
Same old prayer
I keep repeating myself
But I'm not getting anywhere
There's that old letter you wrote me
You said, you wanted to be a star
Same old broken down car in the driveway
I guess, we didn't get too far
If only, I could see past myself
These keys, they keep turning in vain
And the older I get
The more things I let be to blame
Same old God
Same old prayer
I keep repeating myself
But I'm not getting anywhere
If only I keep
Talking to that same old God