

He said, "How is it you never write me a nice one?  
They're always so hard to sit through"  
He said, "I know they're good ones, but darling,  
they're hard ones to hear,  
when I've been, where I've been with you"  
So here's an attempt to pull heart in lament  
to the things I know I put you through  
I just hope that it does you an adequate justice  
It's all that, the least I can do

So I pick up my pen, try to just spout it out  
But I can't seem to find what to say  
Because something just gets in the way

That didn't quite go to plan  
Maybe I'm just not man enough, strong enough, up to the  
test  
Just sing from the heart  
Forget wit, story arc  
And a need to put something to rest

To think how you saved me when everyone hated me  
How do you sum that shit up?  
There just isn't room in a quaint little tune  
to shed light on the dark you lit up

But I'll grab my guitar  
and we'll both see how far I can get  
with what I have to say  
But then something just gets in the way

Darling, don't fret  
I may not fail you yet  
I can feel it, it's coming, I swear  
There's still time to write  
This could be out of sight  
if you can just hang on in there

How can I hold a flame to the hurt and the pain  
to the laughter, the grace and the lust?  
How the creature inside seemed to flee from the fight  
To do right, to be good, to be just

But you taught me to love and you taught me to fight  
And I fought with you all of the way  
Because something just gets in the way

I started out trying to write you a nice one  
But something just got in the way  
Yeah, something just gets in the way