

My Apology

The Get Up Kids

You'll be accepting my apology for taking things too seriously.
Sometimes I'm old enough to to keep routines,
sometimes I'm child enough to scream
for everything I broke in two,
You're barely missing me, I'm missing you and everything you do
,
I really do, I really do, sure I do.

My once photographic memory for recollection's sake is failing
me.

I can't remember for the life of me.

Sometimes I can think to recite words that I read and rewrite,
my pens paint people that I've proven wrong,
Sometimes I can think to recite words that I read and rewrite,
my pens paint people that I've proven wrong,
But we move on

Get a job where I can tell all of my accounts of someone else
I'm quick enough to judge that they were wrong and that we knew
it all along
sing a long, long-winded song I would be content to hum along.

If I state that my fingers know where to show what everyone sho
uld have known,
I'll let it go.
Hopefully you'll forget that words that I put in print
my luck, you'll change and have strength enough to walk away

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But we move on.

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