

Regret

The Get Up Kids

Maybe I've forgotten
the name and the address
of everyone I've ever known.
It's nothing I regret.
Save it for another day.
It's the school exam and
the kids have run away.

I would like a place I could call my own,
have a conversation on the telephone.
Wake up every day that would be a start.
I would not complain of my wounded heart.

I was upset you see,
almost all the time.
You used to be a stranger,
now you are mine

I wouldn't even trust you.
I've not got much to give.
We're dealing in the limits
and we don't know who with.
You may think that I'm out of hand,
that I'm naive, I'll understand.
On this occasion, it's not true.
Look at me, I'm not you.

I was a short fuse
burning all the time.
You were a complete stranger,
now you are mine.

Just wait till tomorrow.
I guess that's what they all say
just before they fall apart.