

The Competition

The Good Life

He met this girl from reno

Whose life was a competition.

She looked just like a china doll

With porcelain skin she knew he'd let her win.

So he fell for her,

As if he fell from his mother into the arms of a lover.

And he swore not to leave her side,

For better or for worse (whichever comes first).

Sadly the latter arose.

She met this boy from omaha

Whose life was handed to him...

But still, he wanted everything.

His dreams were his ruin,

And she couldn't wake him up.

But the bough broke and he fell.

Like the time he fell from his mother

Into the arms of a doctor.

So he cried like that first day of his life.

He knew he had broken this beautiful porcelain

And how could their world be the same?

And so it never was the same.

She whispers his name,

"I'll stay if you want, but I could never be who you

Imagined me to be I'll stay I don't know what else to do...

But I can't change for you I won't change for you"