

Save Your Best Bits

The Parlotones

Try predict the future by inventing my tomorrow
It's not a destination, it's a creation I desire
With my back against the past, seeing my future in my grasp
Believe the beauty of my dreams is my, my only supreme

So I tell myself, don't look back, don't look back
Don't get tied up in that twisted trap,
Save your best bits for tomorrow

Feel my life is incomplete, without my missin' puzzle piece
Searching for a soul-mate, as I dance the song of heartache
Inquire to the guards, this romance's just a facade
Is there really someone, somehow, somewhere, out there

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