

Our Story's Already Been Told

William Beckett

All night lying in bed
I'm not asleep but I'm dreaming
Those days locked in my head
I can't close my eyes without seeing
What we could possibly be
If I walk away then I'm leaving half alive
Tearing out the pages it took so long to write
We both know how it goes
Well, I'd change it if I could
But our story's already been told

One cold dark afternoon
You stood there in the doorway
A conversation ensued that we knew would happen eventually
Now that chapter is closed
I just keep on reading and feeling half alive
Tearing out the pages it took so long to write
We both know how it goes
Well I'd change it if I could
But our story's already been told
Our story's already been told

Here I am
Pouring over details
Here I am pouring over every word
That I wanted you to say
Still trying to find a way
To get closer
To the words I've never heard

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