

Touch and Go

Write This Down

Forgive me for my last impression
Cause I lost my mind and I lack discretion
Cause the things I thought that I could change
Have now been fractured like the artificial sleep you need to keep me off your mind
Toss and turning in your sleepless wasteland
I broke the bank and took a long shot
I'm just a runaway, a distant clear cut heart
I made my move, you played the safe bet
I'm just a runaway, I'm never looking back
Back off, this is my profession
The way back home is a good intention
It's touch and go from here
I've been more charming than sincere
And I'm not completely clear and I can't pretend to know the end
In a parable way, I'll try to reach out and say
You were nothing more than killing the time
In a physical way, I'll never be there to say
That I'm sorry for my terrible days