

## How I Go

Yellowcard

I could tell you the wildest of tales  
My friend the giant and traveling sales  
Tell you all the times that I failed  
The years all behind me  
The stories exhaled.  
And I'm drying out  
Crying out  
This isn't how I go

I could tell you of a man not so tall  
Who said life's a circus and so we are small  
Tell you of a girl that I saw  
I froze in the moment and she changed it all

And I'm drying out  
Crying out  
This isn't how I go  
Hurry now  
Lay me down  
And let these waters flow  
Flow...

Son I am not everything you thought that I would be  
But every story I have told is part of me

And you keep the air in my lungs  
Floating along as a melody comes  
And my heart beats like timpani drums  
Keeping the time while a symphony strums  
And I'm drying out  
Crying out  
This isn't how I go  
Hurry now  
Lay me down  
And let these waters flow...  
Flow....  
Let it flow  
Let it flow

Son I am not everything you thought that I would be  
But every story I have told is part of me  
Son I leave you now but you have so much more to do  
And every story I have told is part of you