Nothing to Give

Rebeka

You talked me to sleep last night, I hadn't felt that sad in years
Your eyes like glass mistakes, they moved me close to tears
You speak those favorite fables which I'm yet to live
And casually confirm my fears that I've got nothing to give
I wish I could say that I've got no regrets
But saying that would be one more to pile on my desk
I wish I could say I've come to time like gold
But as you said goodbye I almost died, I almost died

I take it back all of it, those names I called myself
The heroes of my childhood like hardbacks on the shelf
I take it back those promises I made to everyone
I'm falling through a ribbon last before I'd learned to run
I wish I could say that I've got no regrets
But saying that would be one more to pile on my desk
I wish I could say I've come to time like gold
But as you said goodbye I almost died, I almost died, I almost died

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