

12th & Middle

Brandtson

two of us sitting alone again in silence wondering what your eyes might see me as this time sometimes i wish
you thought out loud it's so much different now you and i meeting again another circle better than nothing at all
i'm glad we came sometimes i wish that we could change and make it past this somehow and all along i never
thought we were wrong you said it once we were different from the start what words could i say we sit and we
wait in waiting rooms knowing the end can't come too soon i want you to understand my life i wanted you to
know and i wanted you to see and understand this side of my life

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