

Best Laid Plans

Art By Numbers

You don't like it in the shadows
but you won't let me shine a light
I would wash away your troubles

But it seems

The more that I hold on
The more that you let go
And I know, you better let somebody love you
or find yourself, on your own
Tell me why all the best laid plans
fall apart in your hands
And my good intentions never end,
the way I meant
If we don't talk about the future

Then should I just, follow you into the dark
Yeah, and does your silence keep you cold
While the cracks form on my heart
Tell me why all the best laid plans
fall apart in your hands
And my good intentions never end,
the way I meant

It seems to me some fine friends have watched you turn your back
It seems you only want the things that you can't have.
Tell me why all the best laid plans
fall apart in your hands
And my good intentions never end,
the way I meant

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