# I'm Sorry

## Sam Shrieve

Sheâ€™s got these problems in her head
She needs to work out
Right before she goes to bed
And then she wakes up in a sweat
Only to find the musicâ€™s gone
The sunâ€™s come up and she can worry about the day
Sheâ€™s hypocritical at times
When she goes out the door
Singing songs of rhymes
Watching the poverty and crimes
Only to find that nothingâ€™s changed
The musicâ€™s gone and she can worry about the day

Iâ€™m sorry I never got to meet you
You seem lovely and I wish we could have met
Iâ€™m sorry I never got to see you seem beautiful on your set

The days go on and pass her by
She sings to heaven makes a promise not to cry
But it gets swallowed by the night
And then she finds the musicâ€™s gone
The sunâ€™s come up and she can worry about the day
Her angels hum their song of pride
She made a promise
But she knew that she had lied
She gave it up when she had cried
And now she finds the musicâ€™s gone
But she canâ€™t worry about the day

Chorus

Sheâ€™s seen the dead just walk on by
As if theyâ€™re playing parts
And her whole worldâ€™s a lie
Only to find the musicâ€™s gone
The sunâ€™s come up and she can worry about the day
She plays the games of devils night
Sheâ€™s satisfied with mediocre parts of life
Until she opened up her eyes
Only to find the musicâ€™s gone

The sunâ€™s come up but she canâ€™t worry about the day

Chorus

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Lyrics submitted by James.

Lyrics provided by
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