

# Hindsight

## Headstones

She said she'd give me some kinda sign  
I guess she did I'm happy she's still alive  
Mother said respect that decision  
I guess I do I don't well I'm still here and I'm still itching  
They lined him up then they lined him up just to see him  
I just don't see the point he ain't here and he ain't breathing  
Can't stand up well hell you know I could  
They lost it all but to me what good is  
Hindsight it's still stinging  
If you say you will how can I know you won't  
I just can't wait around till everything I know  
Is gone - let em up get myself out of storage  
That fires burning blood blue but singing orange  
Clocking time slim chance is all you need  
In living dying trying to find a life with guarantees  
To know what it's like to stand up and walk away  
To know what it's like to see someone else lose everything

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