

Second Best

The Basics

Coming over to your house I see you waiting
Turning over all the things I used to treasure
Falling into something new and undetermined

Not to worry, second best is not the end of life
Burning bridges, empty words but not forgotten
Empty fridges, dusty rooms and burning ashtrays

Failing for you, taking every chance to prove it

Got to worry, see the things I cherish start to slip
I don't know what you want me to be
'Cause you push me around till I can't even breathe
I don't know what you are doing to me

You have turned me into something ugly and cheap
Indecision, tender words with hidden meanings

Try to listen, tolling bells is all I'm hearing

Count the hours till they fade and all's forgotten

In the passion, nothing seemed to matter at the time

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