

So We Never Got to Paris

Out of the Grey

Young lovers, without much
Save each other, isn't that enough?
Paint the future, a little day by day
Making plans with no regard for what might come our way
This cup fills up so quickly
There's so much on our plate
Between the living and the learning
Some things must wait
So we never got to Paris
And found the caf of our dreams
But our table holds a whole world of memories
No, we never went to Venice
And strolled the streets alone
But we built our worlds together and we got the best of both
There's still wonder in our eyes
But we see each other in a different light
Yet the future isn't always clear
Now the question is where do we go from here
This cup filled up so quickly
There's too much on our plate
Between the living and the dying
Some things must wait
So we never got to Paris
And found the caf of our dreams
But our table holds a whole world of memories
No, we never went to Venice
And strolled the streets alone
But we built our worlds together and we got the best of both
This cup filled up so quickly
There's too much on our plate
Between the living and the dying
Some things must wait
So we never got to Paris
And found the caf of our dreams
But our table holds a whole wide world of memories
No, we never went to Venice
And strolled the streets alone
But we built our worlds together and we got the best
We may never get to Paris
And find the caf of our dreams
But our table still will hold a world of memories
If we never get to Venice
And roam the streets alone
We'll hold our worlds together
And we'll keep the best of both

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