

# How I Go

## Yellowcard

I could tell you the wildest of tales  
My friend, the giant and traveling sales  
Tell you all the times that I failed  
The years all behind me the stories exhaled  
And I'm drying out  
Crying out  
This isn't how I go  
I could tell you of a man not so tall  
Who said life's a circus and so we are small  
Tell you of a girl that I saw  
I froze in the moment and she changed it all  
And I'm drying out, crying out  
This isn't how I go  
Hurry now, lay me down  
And let these waters flow, flow  
Son, I am not everything  
You thought that I would be  
But every story I have told  
Is part of me  
You keep the air in my lungs  
Floating along as a melody comes  
And my heart beats like Timpani drums  
Keeping the time while a symphony strums  
And I'm drying out, crying out  
This isn't how I go  
Hurry now, lay me down  
And let these waters flow, flow  
Let it flow, let it flow  
Son, I am not everything  
You thought that I would be  
But every story I have told  
Is part of me  
Son, I leave you now  
But you have so much more to do  
And every story I have told  
Is part of you

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