Nothing Better

The Postal Service

Will someone please call a surgeon
Who can crack my ribs and repair this broken heart
That you're deserting for better company
I can't accept that it's over
And I will block the door like a goalie tending the net
In the third quarter of a tied-game rivalry
So, just say how to make it right
And I swear I'll do my best to comply
Tell me am I right to think that there could be nothing better
Than making you my bride and slowly growing old together?
I feel must I interject here
You're getting carried away feeling sorry for yourself
With these revisions and gaps in history
So let me help you remember

I've made charts and graphs that should finally make it clear
I've prepared a lecture on why I have to leave
So please back away and let me go
I can't my darling I love you so but oh, oh
Tell me am I right to think that there could be nothing better
Than making you my bride and slowly growing old together?
Don't you feed me lines about some idealistic future
Your heart won't heal right if you keep tearing out the sutures
I know that I have made mistakes
And I swear I'll never wrong you again
You've got allure I can't deny
But you've had your chance so say goodbye
Say goodbye

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