Hindsight

Neal Smith

Hindsight's givin' me too much memory
It's too much never seen
It's always there cuz it's everywhere
Takin' my own advice
It worked out for me nice
Now I come to find
The chicks(?) who play with human brains
They don't wanna think about the other side
Is that grass just greener cuz it's fake?
Cuz that's all that we've been told
Since we were five years old
Is that all we'll ever know?
Hindsight brings me down
Keep's me on the ground
Though I never crowd(?)

I wouldn't dare if you weren't there
Think(?) we're gettin' up
Feels like givin' up
Feels like not enough
Here to come(?) and ways to love
They don't wanna talk about the other side
Where the grass is greener than they said
This doesn't bring to mind what I expect to find
They must be color blind
What about Canada? (x2)
It's paradise with pounds(?) of ice
Morning comes in freight ships while you're sleeping
That into idea's was no suprise
Wait till the wine has rised
And never look doors(?) at night
Kiss all those woe's goodbye.

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