

Almost Sorry

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if anyone was headed for the gates of hell i knew you'd be first
i used to picture your obituary and i wished you the worst
the danger of the playground
the radio said you drowned
and i'm sorry
almost
almost sorry

no sympathy is given to the perpetrator charged with the crime
im willing to admit that it feels good to be a victim sometimes
and i wont ever get to thank you for the terrible things you said
'cause i'm sorry

almost
that you're dead to the world
where i hoped you would be
never imagined you'd live on in me
you gave me destination but i paid for the ride

the place you punched my ticket left a crater inside
where i cried (he cried)
where i cried (you died)
where i cried from the bruises
learned to live with the scars
now you live in the mirror
when i look there you are
you're the shadow on the faces of the ppl i meet
have you claimed eternal shotgun in my passenger seat
well i'm sorry
almost
almost sorry

sometimes the best design is done by damage
the accident can cease
the rainbow still looks pretty when it bleeds

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