Loving, Self-Loathing

Smoke or Fire

The optimist that died in me
awoke to the pale blue in your eyes
to show me there's a world I gave up long before
I married to the bottle, hit the road, and chose to go it alone.This world can lose all meaning, burn and break your spirit,
but something about you says it's not too late for me.
If we could all learn to fight our demons, yeah and I've got regrets but still there's
something about you that says it's not too late for me.So show me, give me half a chance to be for you
the person that I buried deep inside.
For once I'd rather live than die, and sympathize with anyone who
doesn't find the kind of second chance I did.This world can lose all meaning, burn and break your spirit,
but something about you says it's not too late for me.
If we could all learn to fight our demons, yeah and I've got regrets but still there's
something about you that says it's not too late for me.

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