

# Talking of Michelangelo

## Bayside

The sidewalk's cracked and dirty face  
Is look up from underneath my feet,  
It's staring at the hallow, broken boy,  
Who's lost and wandering these same old streets,  
And every night I wander here alone,  
A night that we won't meet I wonder when, when I'll finally understand,  
Why time can wash away love like,  
It was made of sand,  
And it's wonderful  
The pain that comes with regret,  
Sometimes you have to see the beauty,  
In all of this loneliness The streetlights flicker, and they fade,  
Like every good intention that I've had,  
And every face that passes through my mind,  
And I'll be struggling with these same old dreams,  
Until the concrete turns to sand,  
And I'm swept up by the waves I wonder when, when I'll finally understand,  
Why time can wash away love like,  
It was made of sand,  
And it's wonderful  
The pain that comes with regret,  
Sometimes you have to see the beauty,  
In all of this loneliness There's only so many chances that you get to do,  
Something that's this important,  
Now I'd rather sink than swim  
Sewer grates keep spitting up their steam,  
Exhaling all the broken dreams I've flushed away And I wonder when, when I'll bow out,  
Wash me away like I was made of sand,  
And it's wonderful, it's wonderful

Songwriters

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