Past the Past

Ida

After you gave up on the world
For the first time I understood
Your words were as good to me as gold
But it's all getting old alreadyI care about what you see
Even though you try to take the best of me apart
And punish me for tryingI watched you hit the ground
With the luckiest smile around
With your stupid guile and your chain
I couldn't have missed you hailing cabs in the rainI care about what you see
Even though you try to take the best of me apart
And punish me trying
Everyday the nausea hits you
You face the mirror
Wonder if you'll ever get out of here
We'll never get past the past
Staring a hole through the bottom of a dirty shot glass
I listen well to your rage
And search your face for a spark
For something shimmering in the dark
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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