

# 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 already I care about what you see  
Even though you try to take the best of me apart  
And punish me for trying I 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 rain I 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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