Silver

David Cook

When writing your history,
I will always be a footnote
A distant memory
A warning sign of mistakes made
The kind that you learn from
This song is the best of me
Taking pills for solemn motive
A better side of me, an open mind
For mistakes made
The kind that you burn from
So take this small confession as my price to pay
I've never been the kind to let go
But before you up and walk away
I'm miserable without you, you know
This silver leaves me longing for gold
Second place has never carried me home
Second place has never carried me home

This song is so out of key
I'm trying harder just to even
These memories of you
A warning sign of regression
The kind you never learn from
This song is the melody
Meant to show you a little more than
A better history, an open sky
Of redemption
The kind you always burn from
So take this small confession as my price to pay
I've never been the kind to let go
But before you up and walk away
I'm miserable without you, you know
This silver leaves me bruning for gold
Second place has never carried me home
Second place has never carried me (home, home, home, home)
It never carried me (home, home, home, home)

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