

# Hindsight

## boyChild

Hindsight's givin' me too much memory  
It's too much never seen  
It's always there cuz it's everywhere  
Takin' my own advice  
It worked out for me nice  
Now I come to find  
The chicks(?) who play with human brains  
They don't wanna think about the other side  
Is that grass just greener cuz it's fake?  
Cuz that's all that we've been told  
Since we were five years old  
Is that all we'll ever know?  
Hindsight brings me down  
Keep's me on the ground  
Though I never crowd(?)

I wouldn't dare if you weren't there  
Think(?) we're gettin' up  
Feels like givin' up  
Feels like not enough  
Here to come(?) and ways to love  
They don't wanna talk about the other side  
Where the grass is greener than they said  
This doesn't bring to mind what I expect to find  
They must be color blind  
What about Canada? (x2)  
It's paradise with pounds(?) of ice  
Morning comes in freight ships while you're sleeping  
That into idea's was no suprise  
Wait till the wine has rised  
And never look doors(?) at night  
Kiss all those woe's goodbye.

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