Walking Wounded

The Beautiful Mistake

We lit the match, dropped it and waited
Just to see how beautiful,
and painful it could be
It's funny how clear,
your eyes get from crying
It's funny how clean, your life gets from dying.You know your sleeves are long,
waiting on an answer
all we want is shelter
from the times that bring us down.
You know your sleeves are long,
waiting on an answer
just to be protected
from the doubt thats in our heartBeen at the bottom, soared to the sun
Just to see how beautiful
and painful it could be
Wings that were ours, broken from trying
Wings that were ours, melted from flyingYou know your sleeves are long,
waiting on an answer
all we want is shelter
from the times that bring us down.
You know your sleeves are long,
waiting on an answer
just to be protected
from the doubt thats in our heart

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