

Chris Chace

"Better Days"

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If I could see you now
to forget about you
forget about you

Or maybe I'd keep you around
You're my devil you're my angel
Don't you let me down

Conscience Conscience come to me
don't hang me out to die
You knew when to stay away
so I could feel alright

Yeah I'm up but out
not thinkin about
what might've never been
Your Memory never made a sound
'til I saw you again

Say Oooohh
Ahhhhh
You sit in here and dream of better days
I said no
You're wrong
My dreams are like a rat lost in a maze

Remember when we use to sit
Bob Marley, joints, and wine
Problems, no one thought of it
It always worked out fine

A thousand and one sillhouettes
of me and you those days
And now I sit behind a bar
serving redemption on a tray

Conscience conscience come to me
Don't hang me out to die
You knew when to stay away
so I could feel alright

Can you hear me laugh out loud
Can you feel my stare
Could you see me in the crowd
When no one was really there

Say Ooooohh
Ahhhhh
You sit in here and dream of better days
I said no
You're wrong
My dreams are like a rat lost in a maze

I see so many faces
and not enough places
Where we know just who we are
And I said that the pace is
set by foolish chases
aimin up into the stars
And i'm running my races
without any shoelaces
Never takes me all that far
And I said that the basis
of my life with no traces
was that first trip to the stars

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