

We Still Dream "Time Machine"

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GO!

A few breaths, a few left,
what's next, you tell me.
We both spoke, we both choked,
now here we go again.

Who's to say, this isn't the day
that everything falls apart.

Like boards without nails,
the carpenter never tells,
the secret that cupid holds,
we're the writers while the story unfolds.

Decisions, decisions, and neither will listen,
a problem has risen with no mathematician.
Let's re-calculate how something so perfect can
disintegrate..
right before our eyes.
Well I guess it's hard to have vision,
when both lids are down.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OL' DAYS,
TO ALL THE STREETLIGHT CONVERSATIONS,
CAN WE GO BACK TO OUR OLD WAYS,
WHEN THERE WAS NO COMPLICATIONS
[x2]

A thousand hellos still couldn't make up for this one
goodbye,
never thought this would be a line I'd sing.
I thought I had enough charm to never see harm,
now nothing occupies these arms.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OL' DAYS,
TO ALL THE STREETLIGHT CONVERSATIONS,
CAN WE GO BACK TO OUR OLD WAYS,
WHEN THERE WAS NO COMPLICATIONS
[x2]

There's a feeling that sweeps,
and tears soak sheets,
on the spot where we used to sleep..
I'm sorry.

You'll have to try back later,
I'm lost in the ink on this paper,
only way to show my true colors,
explain the pain caused from one another.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OL' DAYS,
TO ALL THE STREETLIGHT CONVERSATIONS,
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WHEN THERE WAS NO COMPLICATIONS

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OL' DAYS,
TO ALL THE STREETLIGHT CONVERSATIONS,
CAN WE GO BACK TO OUR OLD WAYS,

BACK TO OUR OLD WAYS?

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