

Working Title, The "The Significance of Not Turning Around"

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The other night was so much colder,
I couldn't sleep and you weren't home.
I wonder if I'll sleep tomorrow the way I will three weeks ago.

This wound keeps getting deeper, the one that embeds itself in my heart.
I pray that I won't ruin chances for you and me to never part.
You can't know how far I'd go for you, that I couldn't tell you.

But if you knew that I was falling for you would it change?
I'm rambling on with nothing to say just wishing you were here.

Do you remember that night that we sat along clutching chains?
To keep us from flying, to keep you from sailing free, free of me.

I told you, "my love, the boar's headed right for me, it's path is set"
Ignoring my plea, you just walked away while I stayed and waited
And to this day I feel the pain all because I turned and looked into your eyes.

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