

## **Bane**

# **"Woulda, Coulda, Shoulda"**

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Probably never shoulda even opened my mouth  
And I had no right to say what anything meant to you  
I'm still trying to figure out what it all meant to me  
We all know sometimes I speak too quickly  
Been known for choosing all the wrong words  
Seems I wasn't very careful when traveling back in time  
Remembering how I'd wished we coulda burned a little  
bit brighter  
The second time around  
I was holding out for something greater  
Than broken slogans, empty sing-alongs  
I still do  
It's still not

Maybe it woulda been easier if I was less honest  
When giving the answers Lord knows can be so hard to  
hear  
Like the older we get the less that there seems to be  
worth fighting for  
Don't you think that makes me sad too? But I was just  
reciting basic math  
Same tired words  
Familiar let downs  
I could not help but see all those lines that you were  
drawing in the sand  
Would blow away at the slightest wind  
But I have been giving it some thought and I have  
decided  
That I'm not sorry, not sorry, not sorry about nothing

And I never shoulda named names when it wasn't you  
But all the faces, all the ideas, bands that came and  
went and came again  
Just could not find the patience to differentiate  
But based on your reaction the lesson still remains  
Bonds built on words don't mean a thing to me  
And with friendships like ours who needs friendships  
anyway  
I didn't then  
I dont now

