

## Glue "Never Really Know"

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I'm sorry I'm 3 months late,  
Keeping you up to date on my travels and shape,  
Things have been going great and for honesty's sake,  
It's good to sort it all out and get the story straight,  
Justified by infinite car rides, I've had the time to sort  
and process us,  
And I can't say for sure but I think I've finally started  
making some sense  
And good, out of old habits, they don't go away young,  
I can't ignore the fact that we used to think as one,  
It's like watching the flower grow into old age,  
No matter how much water you give it, it fades away,  
You lose what you love, nature always make sure,  
You bruise when you touch, nature always stays pure,  
With her I wouldn't have it any other way,  
There's hope in the things good people have to say,  
(drop)  
We'll do anything in our power to forget the past,  
Or we sing songs to make the best moments last,  
I grab these recent years anytime I can,  
Close my eyes and relive the all laughing again,  
And I've been through this before but it's never the  
same,  
Fought the same kind of war, for someone else's  
name,  
I don't want to go back, but something's pulling me  
there,  
No matter how much I concentrate your ghost is still  
here,  
You never really know...

My eyes are giving out from staring into nothing,  
They've been looking inside to fix the malfunction,

Reliving old moments to say the right thing,  
That's my god given gift of imagining,  
What it could have been like, what it would of been like,  
To build a world as man and wife, despite that  
I chose tears without explanation,  
Standing in the rain nursing my patience,  
But then again there was nothing left for me to say,  
Or at least I was convinced that was the only way,

To get past the cities limits and visit myself for once,  
Find an audience that mimics the people I trust,  
Confront the damaged parts of my psyche  
So the rest of the world could start to like me,  
But first things first, the slate must be clean,  
Change the things you can touch but leave the rest to  
dreams,  
I seem jaded but it's more like preoccupied,  
Saving everyone I can in this little world of mine,  
It's always been this way, roadblocks and broken toes,  
I'm trying to keep it going, cause I know one day I'll  
grow,  
Into the world's best therapist with something to show  
It's all so overwhelming, you never really know...

Reality check, she doesn't live here anymore, don't  
Reality check, she can't hear what your saying,  
Reality check, at some point the connection's gone  
Reality check, there's a reason this happened  
What happens when you slit your wrists and everyone  
dies except you?

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