

Half Hearted Hero

"Home : Graduation Feels More Like Excommunication"

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I have a song in my heart, but not in my head.

I don't want to part with these words unsaid.

I have a song in my heart, and all these word's in my mouth;

The hardest part is trying to spit them out.

This is our time and I don't want to throw it all away.

I swear this time that I'll mean every word I say.

I know it's hard to leave and simply look away.

I've got to go but I want to stay.

I'll miss you more and more each day.

[Speech]

If there was a way for the fireworks in the sky

To guarantee some meandering wish to come true,

Than I'd wait around for every 11:11 and hackle

The gods of pattern and possibility.

With every second handshake

I just watch the channels change in the mirror,

Each one clearer than the last.

I still see the need to fiddle

With the reception until I like what I see.

Nothing is ever good enough for me.

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