

## Jason Collett "These Are The Days"

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How can we leave at a time like this?  
You know the ocean where the sun comes up  
Is different than the ocean  
Where the sun goes down

These are the days  
That were never really meant to be won

Wiggle your toes, can you feel your soul?  
Winter sun, you've been laying low  
Arrows and bows play in the cubicles  
Lord, I wish I was home

Before you regret the days  
That were never really meant to win  
These are the days  
That were never really meant to be won

Now that the day has passed away  
Here I remain true to you again  
The morning breaks, it must be fate  
Starting over with a big finish

Once again these are the days  
That were never really meant to be won  
These are the days  
That were never really meant to be won

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