

Markus Fagervall

"Close But No Cigar"

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All my life's been a mess.
It's like I always end up,
two minute's late and a dollar short.

I had some fun on the way
but I've come to the end of the rope
'cause I pulled and tore apart my boot-straps.

How come I don't know what to do?

I bet into the sand,
but I was trying to chase down a rainbow.
Just castles in the air,
I'm circling the drain, a bitter pill to swallow.

I'm a fool who thought that I could win
It's been really close but no cigar.

I hate being told what to do
what to say or think,
I've been lead up to
the garden path before,

I'm not gonna act like it's fine
to set the alarm every night,
Hoping someday it won't go off no more.

How come I don't know what to do?

I bet into the sand,
but I was trying to chase down a rainbow.
Just castles in the air,
I'm circling the drain, a bitter pill to swallow.

I'm a fool who thought that I could win
It's been really close but no cigar.

I think it's better for me just to walk away
than keep being beat down 'cause it happens every day

I bet into the sand,

but I was trying to chase down the rainbow.
Just castles in the air,
I'm circling the drain, a bitter pill to swallow.

I'm a fool who thought that I could win
It's been really close but no cigar.

I swallow the pride and try to set aside
that it's been really close but no cigar.

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