

A Cursive Memory

"The Lost, The Lucky"

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You're heart stopped and I still think of where you've been and where you have gone. I'll be missing you for way to long. Cause I took chances on you're sympathy and lost the auction when, I bid the lost and the lucky. I can't erase what I can't change... But the guilt still hurts the same. I know I could have saved you in the end. I skipped town without the last of words, the last of what I left. You chose drugs, and chose an ending. A closed up casket shows me that you'd hide the girl you used to be. So strong and so forgiving. I still hear you're voice on my machine, as you ask if the bigger picture is all it seems. You killed yourself for what you could have been. I was building a life to bring us back again. Now I can't say I'm sorry, it's too late and I'm holding all the answers to our dreams. Now I'm waiting silent, and I think of what regret now means. You're the girl, lost and lucky. You're heart knew that I still thought of you and where your life had gone. This will leave a mark for way to long. And every bone that aches remembers you, and remembers who you were. You are the loss that I am living. I feel the world around me change, while coming back to L.A looked the same. I know we could have changed this in the end... Every promise that I didn't make I wish I did. Every word I thought I could have said before you left. Every promise that I didn't make I wish I did. Every word that kept me holding you until these words forgave me. I'm loving you until my life can say this: Angel, I'm

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