

Politically Incorrect

"Seasons"

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(Verse 1)

Looking for Apologies
But it's not that, that's bothering me
It's the way our friendship drifted away
After all the bull I had to say
I had to go and take a chance
On this thing they all call romance
I could've asked anybody else
One I could live without
And I look at it as a mistake
Second glances make us look so fake
Was it done the day we met
Or the day I made the bet

(Chorus)

I can't help the way I'm feeling
I can't tell you all the reasons
I can't tell if it's hell or healing
I can't stop the changing seasons

(Verse 2)

Waiting for something to do
But it's not that, that's bothering you
It's the way we haven't talked since then
Since the note written in pen
Used to be together, wherever we'd go
You meant more to me than you know
It was so easy
Could talk about anything
Felt so awkward, felt so right
Though we didn't put up much a fight
But who were we to kid
Known each other since we were

(Bridge) x2

Kids, swinging off the monkey bars
Kids, sharing all our candy bars
Kids, passing notes w/o a sound
Kids, running round the playground as
Friends, telling secrets in the dark
Friends, meeting up at the park

Friends, yelling for no reason at
Friends, waiting through the seasons as

(Chorus) x2

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