

The Years Gone By

"Tell Someone Else"

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I'm still big on saying sorry
Like every chance I get
I say I'm sorry that I met you
I'm still big on taking chances (whoa)
When every chance I see you,
Is another chance I get to walk away
I'll give
Every last word to you
You make
Your self sound dumber when you're mad
You know I always hated that
Every first kiss
Will be better, more noticed
And softer then your lips
Every love sick note,
On my wall, I threw out
This sickness won't weigh me down
Unfaithful is ridden on your shoulders
Our faith gets tested hard
When your living for the moment
I've settled, We're taking back,

All the memories wasted on you

Every first kiss,

Will be better, more noticed

And softer than your lips

Every love sick note,

On my wall, I threw out

This sickness won't weigh me down

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