

## Zachary Addison

# "Pondering Life Through The Provincial Outlook Of A Regretful"

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If you were gone I would tell,  
Silhouettes form in our eyes.  
So I, stood by your desolate side,  
Waiting for you, to confide in me.

You began to lie,  
Silhouettes fade I'm beginning to stray, far away.

I Regret, It really makes you wonder,  
What we're doing here.

Someday I'll find her,  
But not this here bus.

You were the only one, my one and only one,  
My one and only one.  
You were my only one, my one and only one,  
My one and only one.

Seasons pass with much regrets,  
How I long to forget you, and those days in June

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