

Haley Reinhart

"Home : Graduation Feels More Like Excommunication"

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I have a song in my heart, but not in my head.
I don't want to part with these words unsaid.
I have a song in my heart, and all these word's in my
mouth;
The hardest part is trying to spit them out.
This is our time and I don't want to throw it all away.
I swear this time that I'll mean every word I say.
I know it's hard to leave and simply look away.
I've got to go but I want to stay.
I'll miss you more and more each day.
[Speech]
If there was a way for the fireworks in the sky
To guarantee some meandering wish to come true,
Than I'd wait around for every 11:11 and hackle
The gods of pattern and possibility.
With every second handshake
I just watch the channels change in the mirror,
Each one clearer than the last.
I still see the need to fiddle
With the reception until I like what I see.
Nothing is ever good enough for me.

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