

## Rebolution

### "A Means To An End"

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Sitting in the living room  
Seeing your empty stare  
And I know that you are thinking  
About something that's not there.  
The sunlight doesn't shine  
Through the windows,  
It doesn't shine at all.  
And I'm trying to think of reasons  
Why you and I don't talk

We are only feet apart  
But it seems more like miles,  
And the loveseat that we occupied  
Is old and out of style  
And I want to hold you hand  
A thousand times more again.  
Is this what it's come to,  
A means to an end?

Sitting in our secret spot  
Knowing it's not the same  
And I'm wishing you were here  
With me  
But I'm the one to blame.  
And the nights that we spent  
Right here  
They don't exist anymore.  
And I'm begging you girl,  
Don't leave me,  
Don't walk out that door.

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