

American Music Club

"The Day The Music Died"

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Never thought the world was going to end..
Always knew I'd come across your face again.
Still healing broken hearts and holding broken bones..
Singing Taps off-key and breaking quiet phones...
You don't know what you've got until you're left all
alone.
See the strain in my bloodshot eyes?
I'm a hollow box, empty as your lies...
And I know I can't live,
Because the price that I pay will be the love that I give.
Nothing hurts like that look in your eyes
Fuck the day I thought love was more than a lie
I only die every day
Sit alone count the no's of the yesterdays..
Those seven days sure made me weak
And when I'm dead and gone (shed a tear, bless my
memory)
But I can't go on...
All I want in these dying days is a breath of fresh air,
and some sanity
But nothing's ever good enough, so I'll take a sad song
sure enough..
The feeling I'm feeling is a feeling I've felt for far too
long...
The feeling I'm feeling is a feeling I've fought for far
too long.

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