

Clouds Take Shape

"Right The Wrongs"

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So get your story straight.
We need to find a way to relate ourselves and our lives
to the unexpected,
because without it, these plans aren't quite perfected.
So walk the plank off this ship, and we won't talk of the
things you won't admit.
But I'll shoot you these metaphors to get it out that I
don't want you anymore.

And don't you say a thing, cause tomorrow is another
day.
And I'll have you eat those words;
your promises are your mistakes.
So if it feels like forever,
and it seems like we'll never, no,
we're never gonna be the same again,
I'm not running through all your excuses.

You make it so clear, you make it so obvious
that your love is a talentless machine.
The words you spoke, they won't be taken in,
and all the good times are tearing at their seams.

And if it makes me sick, you make me sick,
and there's nothing we can do about it,
I guess we just might have to call it quits.
So bring on the cheers, bring on the glory
for making me end this played out story.
It's about time you called it quits.

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