

## Staple "The Best Of Times"

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To fall from the ladder that you've climbed so high  
For true love, for victory, for the right to succeed.  
Why do we always miss our last chance to try,  
but never the heartache of saying "goodbye"?

Heavy hands and sad, red eyes waiving at their  
dreams that just passed by.  
We were so fond.  
But those moments are gone.  
Beloved times that our hearts find - sometimes we  
must say "goodbye".

Now the pieces fall and the chips are laid,  
but I'm not the man that I would have made or could  
have been.  
But this is where I find what trust is for:  
crying tears of faith that God's got something more.

Heavy hands and sad, red eyes waiving at their  
dreams that just passed by.  
We were so fond.  
But those moments are gone.  
Beloved times that our hearts find - sometimes we  
must say "goodbye".

THIS IS LIFE AND WHO'S TO SAY  
THE MAN I SEE WON'T PALE IN THE SHADOWS OF THE  
MAN I'LL BE...  
with my heavy hands and sad, red eyes waiving  
goodbye.  
We were so fond, but we have to move on.  
Beloved times that our hearts find - sometimes we  
must say "Goodbye".  
"Goodbye" to love, my first chance to succeed.  
"Goodbye" sweet victory, I know there is something  
more for me

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