

Zac Clark

"Amelia"

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It's a seven semester window of opportunity that's been boarded up
Over seven semesters spent in relative obscurity, collecting dust
Because I couldn't collect myself enough
To break the habit of keeping my mouth shut

I wouldn't call it giving up cause I feel just fine
But I won't hold my breath while I'm waiting for a next time
I'll step back and start over again

so now I'm stuck facing my luck and the possibility of being buried alive
In another semester of open windows closing
Knowing there's no chance but hoping
You'll do anything but hate me
Cause you, you could save me

I wouldn't call it giving up cause I feel just fine
But I won't hold my breath while I'm waiting for a next time
I'll step back and start over again

It's nothing, it's nothing, it's nothing.. but I'm lying and it shows
This doesn't mean a thing, forget I even mentioned it
This doesn't mean a thing
But I'm lying and it shows
I can't leave here without letting you know
I'm tearing down these boards before I go

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