

Elected, The

"7 September 2003"

Visit "[7 September 2003](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was riding around with my worst friend.
It was the seventh of September; the day that I
surrendered.
Now fifteen more 'til my birthday.
And he was talking about a girl that he had just met.
what was her name? I can't remember.
Oh, but man she was a mover.
You should have seen the way she danced.
Oh baby, please don't leave me here
with these awful people, I fear may help me
become a man I will regret.
And they say when you finally lose your love,
it's gone but you never forget.
Well, my cup it runneth over with dyin' dreams and
losing bets

And if every man's an island and you just don't look
back,
oh, the stories they say we'll tell.
Well, I tell too many stories, so I guess it's just as well.
Oh, keep that bad news to yourself, yeah save it for
somebody else.
Yeah, baby, I do beleive I'll never see your face again.
Oh baby, I got something to tell you.
These awful people don't know me as well as you do.
I'll save my good side for you.
And on the last night of summer I got you alone
we talked until dawn and then I walked you home.
And I said baby, there's someone out there for you
and maybe he's saved his best side for you.

Visit [Elected, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.