

Fags, The "Reserved"

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I want to say I'm sorry, but would you hear what's said?
Sometimes it seems you're listening along inside my
head.

I want to tell you so much that's happened, good and
bad.

I know that you would understand, and try not to get
mad.

You gave me this gift, better run with it.

Tougher than the hardest question.

Steeper than the highest grade.

You have got a spot in heaven, save me a place.

I want to help you somehow, to take away your pain.

Hold your hand and walk outside.

Hear you laugh again.

Tell you that I love you, more than words can say.

Let you know how much you shaped the man I am
today.

You gave me this gift, better run with it.

Tougher than the hardest question.

Steeper than the highest grade.

You have got a spot in heaven, save me a place.

Then I want to run away.

Not deal with it today.

But where do you run away?

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