

The Lyndsay Diaries

"The Magic In The Number Nineteen"

Visit "[The Magic In The Number Nineteen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She said, "It looks as if you've lost your best friend."
I tell her I've definitely lost something close to me.
I can taste the failure on my lips.
You know I'd love to just go back.
You can feel the world biting at my heels.

She's selling herself short and it costs all she has.
Paying for all the smiles and forcing back the tears at
the questions asked.
There are just too many romances that expire at the
stroke of midnight.

Stare straight at the wall until the tears form.
There's just something about the night. It gets me
everytime.
Is it already too late to dream? They move on. I stand
still.
There's something about the night. That gets me
everytime.

To highlight your dreams is to give in to a false reality.
I gave up, I gave in. The joke is always on me.
Love gone bad with age...
These are surely the signs of the times.

Stare straight at the wall until the tears form.
There's just something about the night. It gets me
everytime.
Is it already too late to dream? They move on. I stand
still.
There's something about the night. That gets me
everytime.

I know you would give everything if you could.
But sometimes it is just not enough to be told the
words,
"Everything will be okay."
Can I just break down and fall into your arms?

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

