

Lyndsay Diaries, The

"The Magic In The Number Nineteen"

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

She's selling herself short and it costs all she has.
Paying for all the smiles,
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, and it gets me
everytime.
Is it already too late to dream? They move on and I
stand still.
There's something about the night, it 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 and it gets me
everytime.
Is it already too late to dream? They move on and I
stand still.
There's something about the night, and it gets me
everytime.
Gets me everytime.

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

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