

Blues Traveler, My Only Regret

Music & lyrics: John Popper

Please let me speak of my only regret
Let me speak of the girl that I'm sure you've all met
A kind with the earth like a dream that you've had
Terribly happy and wonderfully sad
This dream got to know me when I was in school
She made me look silly while I tried to act cool

She asked me to dance and I flatly refused
For my perpetual fear of being abused
She brushed me once more, and I turned away
So I can't help but wonder, what if I'd stayed

Devoid of a purpose, devoid of a place
I muster my courage by the smile on her face
I'm not used to people didn't know who they were
It needed a reason so I'd do it all for her
To pry for a meeting, how secretly I dreamed
Song and dance to hide, how easily it screamed

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For my perpetual fear of being abused
She brushed me once more, and I turned away
But I can't help but wonder, what if I'd stayed

Soon I wound up in a rock and roll band
A conquested number part of my total plan
One night we played for many, but I played for one
She'd not yet arrived and soon we'd be done
We finished too early and another band was on
My hopes for impressing this girl were gone

She asked me to dance and I flatly refused
For my perpetual fear of being abused
She brushed me once more, and I turned away
But I can't help but wonder, what if I'd stayed

She got there soon after and to my surprise
She walked right up to me with those beautiful eyes
She tried conversation, I tried to be bold
I came off indifferent, my manner was cold
I could see I was tired, perhaps unprepared
But the truth of the matter, I was too damn scared

You see she asked me to dance and I flatly refused
For my perpetual fear of being abused
She brushed me once more, and I turned away
But I can't help but wonder, what if I'd stayed

In different directions our two lives have led
And though not with her, but with thoughts in my head
Regrets can be scary, they can choke like a noose
But I also believe they can be put to good use
So follow your views, but be sure that they're yours
And try them out in real life, cause that's what they're for

She asked me to dance and I flatly refused
My perpetual fear of being abused
She brushed me once more, and I turned away
But I can't help but wonder, to this very day

The next time the girl of your dreams asks to dance
Put your dreams on the shelf and just give it a chance