

# The Story So Far, Ali

So this is what I get for trying to be nice  
Like its the only time I've ever cared  
These blank walls make me sick  
Like excuses made up quick  
I'd move forward if I only could  
I'd like to thank you for this effort  
It left me barely breathing on this stretcher

We'll work things out in the end  
But we'll still be far from friends  
Take my hand, run it through your hair again  
I'll just pretend you're someone else  
It's what I always did  
I'm not gonna force it if it doesn't fit  
I'm not supposed to feel like this  
But the weight of the world is just too strong for me  
And I think I might just run away  
Back to your door

Empty days and lonely nights  
Provide a blueprint for the things I write  
So when people ask me, I know just what to say  
The thought of you helps me wake up every day  
And I don't believe in fate  
IN FATE  
The only fate is the fate you make  
YOU MAKE  
So I'll keep my nose to the grindstone  
Cause that's all that I can do  
I've got good friends that help me too  
And someday I will get back to you

On the back of my hand is the number she wrote  
I'll call her when my whole world goes up in smoke  
Until then I'll wonder what could have been  
Cause everything works itself out in the end