

you could have it all
but i can't have it too
now i'm at that age
where no one pulls for you

and you want it bad
whatever's left of you
and you want it bad
but there's nothing you can do
whatever's left of you

never had the range
to put it in my sights
never had the strength
to pull it to new heights

and you want it bad
whatever's left of you
and you want it bad
but there's nothing you can do
whatever's left of you

i'm at an awful age
i'm at an awful stage
we don't stand a chance
it's the death of true romance
when a glance was just a glance
we don't stand a chance

if i sell my heart
i'll leave it far behind
but if i could restart
there would be a spark you'd never find