

"Everyone has choices
Everyone has a chance to get what they want; but they let go.
Easy to regret
Hard to forget; Only you know
Missed opportunities...They last a lifetime.
So to make sure that doesn't happen, I plot it all out on a story line.
And it goes like this..."

Dealing with such weak transitions
Between my life and yours
Don't want to send mixed messages
Or let it run its course
What is this presentation missing
The beauty within the flaws
Fade out, its a wrap, I wish I could say that
But my direction is an effect of the cause

Of...

Overanalyzing every situation
Preparing myself for the worst
Hard to stay grounded with so many expectations
Its like these lines have been rehearsed.
But I'm still looking for perfection in the way I think
Just haunted by bad timing; my life is so out of sync
Trying to find something real; something concrete
But how can I? My story's still incomplete

Coda:

I see potential in every character interaction
Play out the scenarios in my head
Cue the subtle features; build up the attraction
Turn the noise and lights down a little; see what I get
Record, critique, and then repeat.
Let it say the words I cannot speak.

Chorus:

I think cinematically through frames, through slides
Change, rearrange them, when something doesn't feel right.
I hid behind the lens; but now it's my turn to take the lead
Cut the parts out of the picture that don't include you and me
Turn the camera on inside my mind

Try to fast forward or rewind

Wish I knew the answers ahead of time..but I don't.

Trying to translate these images into something meaningful

But can I give up control..... and just let the camera roll