

"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