

Back in the Saddle Again!

I wonder if she remembers, regrets that Sunday night she didn't call?
Four years ago with a returned call she could have had me, easy, I'd give it
all

Now she tries my memory as if I regret it somehow
Perhaps she wants pay back for whatever, in the present, in the now

Looking for a scapegoat, looking for a fall guy
For a mistake she made, what can you do, but give a sigh

You set out to take me down, to put me in my place
I regret to inform you miss, the smile stays on my face

- To: Her Bitterness & Regret
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