

Methodical

What if I hadn't done that?
Where would I head to now?
Ah, but it just happened.
What options do I have?
I spilled nothing,
Left no marks.
There are no traces.
But still I drive.

She was my only heartbreak.
She was my only love.
She was my only mistake,
My dreams will haunt me of.
I said nothing,
Dropped no hints.
There's no surmising.
But still I drive.

She said nothing,
Just hit the floor.
She will say nothing.
I'll spend a life in what-ifs,
And what-could-have-becomes.
Regret's an ugly feeling
I have brought upon myself.
I've done nothing.
I feel not.
And I deny it.
But still I drive.

Feelin' methodical, feelin' like I've no mind.
I am almost maniacal like I've got just one thought.