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Sorry grateful

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You're always sorry, you're always grateful,
You're always wond'ring what might have been,
Then she walks in.

And still you're sorry, and still you're grateful,
And still you wonder and still you doubt,
and she goes out.

Everything's diff'rent, nothing's changed,
Only maybe slightly rearranged.
You're sorry-grateful, regretful-happy,
Why look for answers where none occur?
You always are what you always were,
Which has nothing to do with,
All to do with her.

You're always sorry, you're always grateful,
You hold her, thinking, "I'm not alone."
You're still alone.

You don't live for her, you do live with her,
You're scared she's starting to drift away,
and scared she'll stay.

Good things get better, bad gets worse.
Wait, I think I meant that in reverse.
You're sorry-grateful, regretful-happy,
Why look for answers where none occur?
You'll always be what you always were,
Which has nothing to do with,
All to do with her.