

I WON'T BE BACK AGAIN

There was a crooked man, he walked a crooked mile
He loved a crooked woman with a crooked little smile
She broke his crooked heart, he cried a crooked tear
And here's their crooked story, if you listen you might hear

That I'm not sayin' I never think of you
I'm not sayin' I'm sorry for all that we've been through
And I'm not blaming beginnings for what happens in the end
I'm just sayin' that I won't be back again

There was a little girl, she never learned to cry
Her tears became a river that she bottled up inside
The river turned to anger and it ran throughout her life
Hurting those who loved her and some that only tried

But I'm not sayin' I never think of you
I'm not sayin' I'm sorry for things that you've been through
And I'm not blaming beginnings for what happens in the end
I'm just sayin' that I won't be back again

Sometimes I just can't figure out what I can't understand
Like Tinkerbelle and Captain Hook and Neverneverland
Why Peter Pan and Wendy had forgotten how to play
If they should ask about me, here's what you might say

There was a little boy, his parents had to leave
Two angels came and saved him and held him tenderly
They fed him from a bottle, they even called him "son",
They did their best to mend him, but the damage had been done

Oh, I'm not sayin' I never think of you
I'm not sayin' I'm sorry for things that I've been through
And I'm not blaming beginnings for what happens in the end
I'm just sayin' that I won't be back again
And I guess that's just the way beginnings end