

A Place Aside

Beth Orton

I do still sometimes put my hand across
And I feel as yours gets placed on top
We drive along these empty streets
Same old ones they've always been

I can still hear your heartbeat in the dark
We're still setting up the same old sparks
Pull me close and we lay still
I wrap my toes around your heel

And we're talking as I write this song
Unfolding as we go along
And I suppose we really do
I suppose it must be true
There will always be a place aside

For you

I do still sometimes stare into your gaze
The way we'd stay for days and days
'Scuse me but this seat is taken
They've been a while but I'm still waiting

And if I light these matches just to watch 'em burn
And I forget to keep myself warm
And I forgot how to sing my song
Then I suppose I really do
I suppose it must be true
But there will always be a place aside
For you
For you
For you