

To Love You

Autoheart

Looking at my watch, pulling at my hair
You could cut the atmosphere with a knife in here
It's time, it's time
Everything is quiet, sat here in the dark
Frozen on the spot are the hands of the clock
It's time, I said it's time

Bossa nova
I'm a devotee
Dancing away my failures
Scratch the surface
So that I hurt less
Get me a thicker skin

To love you is the worst thing
That I can do, it's the worst thing
I am hanging on a wire
And yes, I do regret
So now I must forget

At the kitchen table sat with head in hands
Tragedy awaits so I really must escape
It's time, it's time
All of me suppressed, nothing is alive
Knocking at the doctor's office so that I survive
It's time, my god it's time

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The 2nd of November
If you care to remember
Was the day we first met
And who'd have thought
A year or two down the line
That we'd have messed it all up
Second in command
No longer in demand
An underlying hunger hits me
Understandably I'm struggling to come to terms with this

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