

Personal

Florrie

I took a walk outside
You were asleep with your head up on my pillow
I watched the fear leave your eyes
I felt a revolution starting as I tiptoed

And there's a method to my madness
I can't find the words, I don't speak your language
And it's my favourite habit
Lying to myself to forget what happened

'Cause maybe this time it's personal
You turned my heart cold, oh, why can't you tell that
Maybe this time it's permanent
Your love, it cuts deep and it hurts like hell

Was I so misunderstood?
You covered up my doubts and pushed away the silence
There was a time we were good
But all your growing insecurities defined us

And there's a method to my madness
I can't find the words, I don't speak your language
And it's my favourite habit
Lying to myself to forget what happened

'Cause maybe this time it's personal
You turned my heart cold, oh, why can't you tell that
Maybe this time it's permanent
Your love, it cuts deep and it hurts like hell

And I'll hold on strong
'Cause I don't want forever if forever is gone
And I'll hold on strong
'Cause somewhere in the middle's not where I belong

Oh, maybe this time it's personal
You turned my heart cold, oh, why can't you tell that
Maybe this time it's permanent
Your love, it cuts deep, but it hurts like hell

(Maybe this time)
(Maybe this time it's personal)
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