

Phases

Go-Jo

It's been two days since you made two pieces of my heart lover
Got a long list of things of things I should say but I'm stuck
with a stutter

Oh so how do we go from nights under the covers
Wrapped till the break, break of day
To saying things that hurt and closing the shutters
And walking away

I'm sick of all of this phases
With you, with you
I write the words to your spaces
But I don't want to
'Cause they burn red on my tongue and I can't escape
So I stay here 'cause I'm used to the aftertaste

I'm stuck in these phases
With you, with you
I'm stuck in these phases
With you, with you
Oh so how do we go from nights under covers
With you, with you
To saying things that hurt and closing the shutters

The covers of a page we turn for eachother
History we made, we made, we made
How quickly you erase the picture you covered next to where you
lay

I'm sick of all of this phases
With you, with you
I write the words to your spaces
But I don't want to
'Cause they burn red on my tongue and I can't escape
So I stay here 'cause I'm used to the aftertaste

I'm stuck in these phases
With you, with you
I'm stuck in these phases
With you, with you
Oh so how do we go from nights under covers
With you, with you
To saying things that hurt and closing the shutters

I'm stuck in these phases, I can't keep my mind off you
Stuck in these phases I keep coming back to you