

## 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 each other  
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