

## A Writer's Reference

Halifax

Deep beneath your skin  
You know this feels so right to you  
But trust me girl with him you don't know  
What your getting yourself into  
Crawl under the sheets  
With an unfamiliar face  
It's getting back at me you want  
It's to kill my so called grace

But now the tables have turned  
There's one seat left at mine  
And you're still choking on your word  
No wonder why your still alone  
A body bruised and beaten blue and black  
No wonder why you sleep with the window open  
You do this to yourself

Limping to your car  
You never thought it would end like this  
But your hero in his armor  
Wasn't playing with those fists  
So innocent and still  
You lay against your truck's window  
Replaying what looks to me as karma  
Taking its last blow

And now you call yourself a lover?  
All I know is that I love to hate  
And how good it feels, to love to hate you  
No wonder why you're still alone  
A body bruised and beaten blue and black  
No wonder why you sleep with the window open  
You do this to yourself

Your lies, buried beneath the truth  
Your lies, it's so hard to see through  
Your lies, buried beneath the truth  
Your lies, it's so hard to see through

Regret me, don't forget me  
I want you to remember  
Regret me, don't forget me  
The last chance that you'll have to stay awake

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