

All my skin like porcelain  
Crack beneath the pressure of your hands again  
I guess I've been thinking that its been to long  
Sense I fell down hard  
And bled my heart all over you  
But maybe I never recovered from the last one

What if I could be  
Something more than me  
They say that I got a disease  
Of the human kind  
Maybe all I know is  
In your arms and in your eyes  
I'm more than alive

Well all I have to say  
About these serious days  
And the condition of my heart  
Is there both still as much a mystery to me  
And they both get so hard  
When I forget what its like just to die in your eyes  
And when I live just to live n your arms  
Well they say that a man can never go home  
But I just can't get out of your front yard

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