

Traces Remain

Morgan Page

Are you coming up to see me
With a loaded gun to me head?
Are you coming up to leave me alone
Alone with my head?

I could think of nicer ways
To let me down
I could blink and you were gone
Without a sound
(Run)

It's going, going place and trace
Of laughter remain the same
Ooh, this critical devotion
Slow it down traces remain of pain

You try to answer me with silence
Violence lies in your eyes
You try to tell me what I'm feeling
You're stealing the prime of my life

I could think of nicer ways
To let me down
I could blink and you were gone
Without a sound
(Run)

It's going, going place and trace
Of laughter remain the same
Ooh, this critical devotion
Slow it down traces remain of pain

No luxury
No love
No pride

Just canopies of pain inside
These enemies of love decide
From memories of pain I hide
(Run)

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Of laughter remain the same
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