

The Hurting

Psyche

Standing around the corner
You were afraid to go outside
Then your heart was stolen
All you needed was some time

In the moment when the hurting
Finds no way to heal
There is nothing but the memory
When love had gone for real

You stood alone on that day
It all seemed so safe and true
Before a tear had fallen
That's not what love's supposed to do

In the moment when the hurting
Finds no way to heal
There is nothing but the memory
When love had gone for real

In December
When the snow is falling
I will think of you