

Fingerprints

Rose Falcon

I know the password to your voicemail, I check it everyday
Swear up and down I do it purely out of curiosity
I got somebody new, hes good to me, hes really a nice guy,
But I been accused of lovin' you and I don't have an alibi

I can feel you, I can smell you, I can taste you on my lips
I may have washed my hands but I'm still dirty with the evidence
I still bleed you, I still breathe you,
I cant prove my innocence
I'm covered in your Fingerprints

He found your picture in my wallet; I forgot that it was there
He found your tee shirt in my closet, think it hurt him, its not fair
I turn away, I feel so guilty I cant look him in the eye
Should I confess, should I come clean, would it be kinder just to lie?
I can feel you, I can smell you, I can taste you on my lips
I may have washed my hands but I'm still dirty with the evidence

I still bleed you, I still breathe you,
I cant prove my innocence
I'm covered in your Fingerprintsyour Fingerprints

In this prison, theres no chains
But some how I still cant escape
I can feel you, I can smell you, I can taste you on my lips

I can feel you, I can smell you, I can taste you on my lips
I may have washed my hands but I'm still dirty with the evidence
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