Splintering

Sara Bareilles

We found a tender love it blossomed wild and free.
Pure proof was in your arms when you were kissing me.
I was an open book, you were an ocean breeze;
rustling through pages I never should have let you see.
Never should have let you see.

Was I so wrong being such an open book?
Trusting so soon, losing all the tender time it took to love yo
u,
just to crawl away with broken wings
and the pieces of my heart still splintering.
The pieces of my heart still splintering.

Friend's asking where you are, say I misunderstood.
I say he's gone away, but he's not gone for good.
Speak of romantic plans we're looking forward to.
Meanwhile, imagining you end up with someone new.

Was I so wrong being such an open book?
Trusting so soon, losing all the tender time it took to love yo
u,
just to crawl away with broken wings
and the pieces of my heart still splintering.
The pieces of my heart still splintering.

It's surely over now, but how I ache inside.
This ocean full of tears that I'm about to cry.
You're sorry for this pain, yeah, that's not what you meant.
I'm sorry too but my feelings more permanent.

Was I so wrong being such an open book?
Trusting so soon, losing all the tender time it took to love yo
u,
just to crawl away with broken wings
and the pieces of my heart still splintering.
The pieces of my heart still splintering.
The pieces of my heart still, pieces of my heart.

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