

# Bleed Through

Soja

Everytime I pick up a pen I think of you

Get back in my arms and just say you're by my side  
Love notes of you have left me dry  
Tell me where you go onto and when you arrived  
Oh you never once left my mind  
Tell yourself I'm sorry for these things that I've done  
Oh tell yourself you never seen baby love that good no  
Tell yourself it's over now and not to run  
Just tell yourself I'm sorry for everything I've done

Everytime I pick up a pen I think of you  
You're beside me in my mirror I still see you  
The pages turn so fast I never got to read you know  
Tear soak these pages and now your words bleed through

Who's listening now I'm talking I don't do it too much  
Girl this is the feeling that can sustain us  
Whatever happen to the way that it was  
One thing I can't have is what I want  
Who decided it had to end up this way  
Who decided that you can not stay  
And you won't be here at the end of the day  
Cause I can't even listen to what I say

Everytime I pick up a pen I think of you  
Oh suddenly you're in my mirror and I still see you  
The pages turn so fast I never got to read you know  
Tear soak these pages and now your words bleed through

Quite in my house outside sound fills up my home  
Everything reminds me of my lawn  
Quite you used to be and now that you're gone  
Not a sound not a word not a tone  
It's quite when I'm drinking  
And it's quite when I smoke  
And it's quite when I'm eating  
And I sleep alone  
It's quite now it's louder than  
Stand still like a stone  
Only from my dream where you still hold on

Everytime I pick up a pen I think of you  
Oh I look beside my mirror I still see you  
The pages turn so fast I never got to read you know  
Tear soak these pages and now your words bleed through

Don't pick up that pen  
All I do is think of you  
Don't look in my mirror  
All I see is you  
Pages turn pages turn  
All the tears bleed through  
Tears soak these pages  
And all the words you left me with  
Have bleed right on through  
Everytime I pick up a pen I think of you

Even beside me in my mirror I still see you  
The pages turn so fast I never got to read  
Tears soak these pages and now your words bleed through