One Millionth Happy Customer

The Cassandra Complex

I could die if I touched you
A long, slow, torturous death
Of a thousand cuts
In a thousand ways
I can only hold you through a piece of plastic
With your name on it
With your name on it
I feel a million miles away from you
But it's just
It's just a millionth of an inch

So hold me, hold me close right now
Take me in your arms
But not too close
Not too close

I could die if I touched you
And you could die of me
You could die in my arms
Die in my dreams
We close our eyes so we can't see
How much we hurt each other
When we fall
When we fall between the sheets

So hold me, hold me close right now
Take me in your arms
But not too close
Not too close

We will lose our lives
We will lose our lives, we will lose our fears
We die a million times
A million times, a million times
And a million times, and a million times again

So hold me, hold me close right now
Take me in your arms
But not too close
Not too close

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