

# Face

Tracey Thorn

Saw your page, lovely new life  
Lots of likes, lovely new wife  
On my phone, you're in my home  
I'm on my own, in monochrome  
I wanna put you behind me, I wanna put you to bed

Wait, what was I thinking?  
Oh what have I said?  
Is that me or Freud talking?  
Or me on wine?  
I shouldn't be clicking  
On your new Valentine  
I shouldn't be lurking, but look here I am

Giving into temptation, not giving a damn  
If I just keep refreshing, maybe you'll disappear  
If I just make you jealous, then you'll wish you were here  
Baby look at the time now, I should just go to bed  
It's send or delete now, on all that I've said  
I'm closing your page now, are you looking at mine

Do you scroll through my photos  
Just to check that I'm fine  
With a casual disinterest  
Or a trace of regret  
Or stabbed through your heart  
When you think how we met  
If I just knew for certain  
That you weren't having fun  
I could bring down the curtain  
It would prove that I won

But your face is in my face  
And you're all over the place  
I'm lost without a trace  
And your face is in my face  
I wish you'd vanish without a trace  
But your life is all over the place  
And your face is in my face  
Your face is in my face  
It's in my face  
In my face  
In my face, oh