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

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