

## Damage

Whitney

Before we parted ways I heard the violins  
Alone we danced while the storms rolled in  
A little piece of mind for a troubled soul  
That ain't prepared for a future unknown

But either way I'm on the line  
For a lover's debt  
And I don't even recognize the damage done  
Yet

When love becomes the problem you just can't quit  
It all piles up, sanity loses grip  
Visions of the past make their way back 'round  
We can't start over before we burn down

And either way you're on the line  
Speaking of regret  
But you don't even recognize the damage done  
Yet

So I'll be waiting on the line  
With the hope I'll get  
To meet you in another life, with no damage done  
Yet