

Me, Her and You

William Clark Green

First thing in the morning, I wake up next to her
And I think of you
Staring down the barrel of another day
Of things that I can't do
I can't hold the hand I wanna hold
Kiss the lips I wanna kiss
I'm craving every inch of you, like a cigarette
First thing in the morning, I wake up next to her
And I think of you

And I can't stop this awful feeling
Yeah I feel it all the time
Staring at the ceiling 'cause I can't look her in the eye
And I know that she loves me
And I wanna love her too
I don't know what the hell to do
About me, her, and

You ain't coming back
And I'm not moving on
She ain't got a clue what's going on
What the hell is wrong with me?
And God damn her memory
Holds me like a prison, haunts me like a ghost

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