

Covers Are Thrown

Josh Pyke

If you're to believe in the things that I say,
Then you should know I speak up,
Even when I'm afraid.
Coz it scares me more,
To think that you wouldn't know,
How I feel when those covers get thrown.

And I kick them off,
In the night when we're sleeping.
So we wake from our warm dreams,
To find ourselves freezing.
And you corner me on edge,
And expect that I'm fleeing,
But it's just that those covers got thrown.

You're enough for me.
Am I enough for you?
And ordinarily,
I wouldn't ask such a question of you.

And it's only recently,
To me occurred.
That I'm not at all sure,
If I could take the hurt,
Or the ache I'd incur,
From a heart-break like her.
But it's too late,
Those covers got thrown.

You're enough for me.
Am I enough for you?
And ordinarily,
I wouldn't ask such a question...

But I've been investing,
Much more than I'm worth.
Fully expecting to collect a return.
And based on the climate,
Thing could be much worse,
But this gambling frightens me.

Try not to be careless,
Or jealous with hearts.
And try not to think of the end,
From the start.
And don't cripple your future,
With limps from the past.
Coz it can get cold,
When those covers get thrown.