

Still In Love

Justin Currie

Lovers leave their traces
Like jets across the sky
They find in all these faces
Lines they recognize

My keepsakes have their places
At the back of a drawer or slip between pages
And stuck on a shelf

But I'm still in love, I'm still in love
I'm still in love with nothing but myself

Yes, sometimes I remember
The way they signed their names
And always in December
I feel some kind of shame

The heart it stays so tender
I reminisce like a hangman
Wishing his prisoners well

But I'm still in love, I'm still in love
I'm still in love with nothing but myself

And I know them all these ages
And I know all the stories so well
And I know we'll see their faces in hell

So wipe away their traces
Blow the dust off from the shelf
'Cause I'm still in love, I'm still in love
I'm still in love with nothing but myself