

## Still Part Two

Matthew Ryan

In the house of the lie we were living  
You lost your tongue, and in my touch I lost all feeling  
I saw the sun falling small upon your shoulder  
I lit your smoke, we barely spoke, the days got colder

I took my things to a flat in the suburbs  
I put your ring in the folds of a long verse  
Now your blue scarf, your green eyes, the great sadness  
They often dwell, recall and swell a wild tempest

I can't hold you, but I'm still kissing you  
I don't want to, but I'm still missing you  
Still, I carry you still  
I guess I always will

In these hours that unwind with such effort  
Amid this hoax that swirls and floats upon the weather  
Some hearts get numb 'til they become frozen hopeless  
But this I swear, I will live there beyond this slowness

I feel my sleep on the verge of a bright dream  
Where all is well and cherry light warms a dark street  
And there your hand will fall to mine, safe with comfort  
And there your lips will rise to me 'til they whisper

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