

Second Hand

Anni B Sweet

Your love, your love is second hand, you know
You didn't let me see at all,
You dragged your own feelings here to us
I walk; I walk until I see the place,
That reminds me of yesterday
And throw all your lies away
You could have done it so much better,
You could have told me I was never the one
And never lend me your heart
I'm a disorder but you weren't too much order
I can fly with you
Start, restart, undo
But I can never forget the pain you made
I'm not L.A to you (2)
Once more
Your talks, your talks are second hand, you know
And I don't want them any more
To be next to my sweet, sweet, sweet soul
I thought that you and I could make a song
Telling all the stories of how loners do go on
I still hear your guitar in my ear
And I hear you whispering your lot
I feel, I feel your heart
Beating fast enough to be making love, to be making love
You could have told me I was never the one
And never lend me your heart
I'm a disorder but you weren't too much order
I can fly with you
Start, restart, undo
But I can never forget the pain you made
I'm not L.A to you (2)
Once more