

## His Head

Becca

They were, untouchable.  
You would get burned.  
She left, a while ago, but it still hurts.  
Their love, is breathin' here, without a word.  
But they loved too hard, too young too fast,  
They left no time to make it last.

His head will never let her go  
Though his arms are tired He still holds on  
But he can't hold them together  
She was, his fantasy. His every dream.  
And I'm, nothing like, that beauty queen.  
The life, he promised her, meant everything.  
But they went too far, to make it last,  
now their legends of the past.

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I wish I could kill the memory  
I wish that it was me instead  
I'm not the girl he almost married  
I'm not the one he won't forget

My head will never let it go  
Though my heart is tired  
I still hold on...

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