

Burned

Better Than Ezra

On a Tuesday in December,
When you walked out I remember.
You were smiling as you turned around,
In the hallway, you lingered in the doorway.
And still the words you said to me, make me think of how we used to be.

Hand to my heart, I want to be the one who always learned.
She said, You're just like the sun.
I get so burned when you are close to me.

In the back room of a mansion,
You are planning your deception.
Always calling, never phoning.
I'm a victim of another's war.
And still the words you said to me,
Come ringing in your silent symphony.

Hand to my heart, I want to be the one who always learned.
She says, You're just like the sun.
I get so burned when you are close to me.

And still it hurt so bad, (I thought I'd get one over on you),
You know, I hope you're sad, (you deserve it more than anyone).

I could give you one good reason.
You could be my winning season.
All the things we could have been, just fell away.

Hand to my heart, I want to be the one who always learned.
She says, You're just like the sun. I get so burned when you are close to me.
I get so burned when you are close to me.