

# Anytime

**Brian McKnight**

Petals broke from tips of roses hidden underneath my arm  
All the framed, different poses of places I'll soon forget  
That I'll soon forget

Tell me again that part how you didn't feel a thing  
That part how you never actually really ever did  
And lift yourself from my grip  
But don't fall asleep

Nothing you say can or will ever penetrate  
These walls that I create  
When you spew that barage of insulting words

No that isn't all, that isn't all

Five stitches seal the crease  
From the fit fueled by your aching  
You're so temperamental darling  
With your little disease  
I'm happy for you baby, but I don't wanna know