

Suitcase

Charlotte Church

Here I go I'm handing my heart out like communion
I pour it out in rhythm and rhyme
Sticks and stone throws won't change my lines
Tell me how to sing what everyone is feeling
When oh so many others have tried
Tears on the paper, love in my mind

Heavy the heartaches, we carry the suitcase
And you can tell it to the weather it won't get any better
Until you learn to live with your scars
It's all in the suitcase, that holds who you are

Glory days and bad times are all here in my baggage
They're folded up and kept here like clothes
Throw out the hurtful to lighten the load

Heavy the heartaches, we carry the suitcase
And you can tell it to the weather it won't get any better
Until you learn to live with your scars
Heavy the suitcase

Hidden in the pocket space
The hope you lost in younger days
And the few you thought you couldn't face
They're travelling today, you're throwing them away

Heavy the heartaches, we carry the suitcase
And you can tell it to the weather it won't get any better
Until you learn to live with your scars
It's all in your suitcase, that holds who you are
That holds who you are