

A Writer's Reference

Halifax

Deep beneath your skin
You know this feels so right to you
But trust me girl with him you don't know
What your getting yourself into
Crawl under the sheets
With an unfamiliar face
It's getting back at me you want
It's to kill my so called grace

But now the tables have turned
There's one seat left at mine
And you're still choking on your word
No wonder why your still alone
A body bruised and beaten blue and black
No wonder why you sleep with the window open
You do this to yourself

Limping to your car
You never thought it would end like this
But your hero in his armor
Wasn't playing with those fists
So innocent and still
You lay against your truck's window
Replaying what looks to me as karma
Taking its last blow

And now you call yourself a lover?
All I know is that I love to hate
And how good it feels, to love to hate you
No wonder why you're still alone
A body bruised and beaten blue and black
No wonder why you sleep with the window open
You do this to yourself

Your lies, buried beneath the truth
Your lies, it's so hard to see through
Your lies, buried beneath the truth
Your lies, it's so hard to see through

Regret me, don't forget me
I want you to remember
Regret me, don't forget me
The last chance that you'll have to stay awake

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