

# I've Said Too Much

Howard Jones

Put that finger back to my lips  
Will I taste of sugar of cold wet stone?  
Hope the shell will break on a paper dinner plate  
Ooh, not a headstone

How long does it take to change the man?  
How much sun to melt a frozen life?  
How long will it take for the mask to slip  
And find a way to mend this broken heart?

I've said too much, I've opened up  
I've spilled my guts  
I can't go back, no I won't go back  
No I shouldn't ever go back to you

Push your finger into my ribs  
Am I made of honey? Am I made of bone?  
Scrape your nails over my skin  
To find how many layers I'm wrapped in

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Shouldn't ever go back to you  
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Here's the person you used to know  
A strange new alchemy produces the gold  
A local warming of a frozen ghost  
A homeless entity returned to the host

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