

# Linger

Jonatha Brooke

I am walking past the sprinklers and the newly painted porches  
And the lemonade stand girls on a suburban afternoon  
I am leaving cuz I love you, I am leaving cuz I don't  
And I am hoping you will follow, and I'm praying that you won't

Let me go

I am captive in your presence I will melt before your eyes  
But I still crave your approval, and I'm helpless when you criticize, criticize

Cuz it's written on your body -- it's on the tip of your tongue  
The look in your eyes, in the glare of the sun  
The touch of your cold fingers, when you say goodbye  
The way that you linger  
The way that you lie

You saw me through the keyhole of a door that I kept locked  
But I'd decorate the threshold just in case you knocked  
What I might feel on the edges you will never come to know  
And who I might be in the corners I will never ever ever ever show  
Never show

Cuz it's written on my body -- it's on the tip of my tongue  
The look in my eyes, in the glare of the sun  
The touch of my cold fingers, when I say goodbye  
The way that I linger  
The way that I lie

Who said that love would linger who said that love would last  
When we cannot seize the moment and we will not leave the past  
I don't think I was afraid of you but how could I be sure  
When with every altercation you were showing me the door  
Well here I go, here I go, here I go...

Cuz it's written on our bodies -- it's on the tip of our tongue  
The look in our eyes, in the glare of the sun  
The touch of our cold fingers, when we say goodbye  
The way that we linger  
The way that we lie  
The touch of your fingers  
The look in your eyes  
The way we accuse  
The way we deny