

## Still In Love

Justin Currie

Lovers leave their traces  
Like jets across the sky  
They find in all these faces  
Lines they recognize

My keepsakes have their places  
At the back of a drawer or slip between pages  
And stuck on a shelf

But I'm still in love, I'm still in love  
I'm still in love with nothing but myself

Yes, sometimes I remember  
The way they signed their names  
And always in December  
I feel some kind of shame

The heart it stays so tender  
I reminisce like a hangman  
Wishing his prisoners well

But I'm still in love, I'm still in love  
I'm still in love with nothing but myself

And I know them all these ages  
And I know all the stories so well  
And I know we'll see their faces in hell

So wipe away their traces  
Blow the dust off from the shelf  
'Cause I'm still in love, I'm still in love  
I'm still in love with nothing but myself