

Tangling up at the foot of your bed  
Wonder who's next both went ahead  
She swears the passion is past me  
She will outlast me

The try to look bored  
Well fall on the length of the sword  
She's falling faster I cannot ask her

So to bed all can decree  
Holding your breath, afraid to breathe  
This is the last time

Cinema stare and their hands  
Tangle up in the cinnamon hair  
And the freeze I cannot let go

They can't afford but it picks up  
His clothes from the floor  
And he leaves and this will let her know

Find a way so they can believe  
Breaking their hearts they wear on their sleeve  
But you will not break mine

There's no darkness in the dark for them  
There were chances for the ball to end

So to bed all can decree  
Holding your breath, afraid to breathe  
This is the last time

Fall to waste they can believe  
Breaking their hearts they wear on their sleeve  
But you will not break mine