

Photographs

Marble Sounds

I don't need, nerves of steel
I can resist a gentle tease
If it's a test, I can be tough
If it's a bluff, I'm not impressed
You closed the books, I'm off the hook
You left a stress, I can't fool less
I must confess, I have no fear
But neither did guts, my dear

I picture your photographs,
I'm dying here and I don't know why
I picture the clothes you have
The blush you felt, but I won't ask why
I picture you're somewhere else, the story ends
But I don't know how
If only the timing had been right

I'm backing up, my favorite shots
It's not a lot, but all I got
Give me a scheme, cause as it seems
I'm running out of good ideas
I'm risk of hurts, I don't jump first
I'm taking out of each I've learned
So no more loss, I let it go
I'll take things nice and slow

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You cut me out, you cut me out
You cut me out, you cut me out
You cut me out, you cut me out
You cut me out, you cut me out
You cut me out, you cut me out
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