

# This Is Me This Is You

Marit Larsen

Your skin feels like  
Counting the bricks in the city  
Your temper's light  
Like all the girls in the city

Your eyes are like  
A cold, cold swim in the river  
Your words are like  
Flowers floating by on the river  
Flowers floating by on the river

So now we're just like everyone else  
You're a riddle to me, you're a stranger to me  
And now we're just like everyone else  
A few hours ago we were getting old  
And our love it is reduced  
To this is me, and this is you

Mystery  
How we were once so familiar  
It's hard to see  
How we were once so familiar  
Lightyears apart  
Standing here next to each other  
Impossible  
Standing here next to each other  
Standing here next to each other

So now we're just like everyone else  
You're a riddle to me, you're a stranger to me  
And now we're just like everyone else  
A few hours ago we were getting old  
There's nothing left to lose  
And our love it is reduced  
To this is me, and this is you  
This is me, and this is you...

This is me, so this is you...

So now we're just like everyone else  
You're a riddle to me, you're a stranger to me  
And now we're just like everyone else  
A few hours ago we were getting old  
And our love it is reduced  
There's nothing to lose  
Our love has been reduced...

To this is me, and this is you  
This is me, and this is you  
This is me, and this is you