

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