

# Only

Matt Pryor

In too many days, too many tears,  
Too many stories of our yesteryears.  
I couldn't say the worst of my fears.  
I'm picking up the signs, maybe the end is near.

But at long last,  
I recall the words that you told me.  
This will pass and the love you have,  
Will be for me, only:

After an hour, when I couldn't speak,  
You tell a story that just makes me weep.  
It may be my age, I'm just getting weak,  
My skin's not thick enough for this critique

But at long last,  
I recall the words that you told me.  
This will pass and the love you have,  
Will be for me, only:

There's too many pains, too many cries.  
Too many hours drowning in your eyes.  
Those were the days, so full of lies,  
I guess I was in love with your disguise.