

## Pick Up The Pieces

Money Mark

Too many sorries went around  
And he became a familiar sound  
Got so tired of the melody  
Melodies were meant to be free

You got me pickin' up all my pieces  
Put 'em back in my pocket in case I need them  
Hoping it's not, if but when  
Hoping it's not so much later but so soon, ooh

When we last talked, we didn't expect a thing  
Couldn't believe but your love did sting  
If I found myself walking backwards into you  
Would you spill out all your memories too?

We're pickin' up all our pieces  
Put 'em back in our pockets and just leave them  
Hoping it's not, if but when  
Hoping the same old melody will feel new, ooh