## **Traces Remain**

## **Morgan Page**

Are you coming up to see me With a loaded gun to me head? Are you coming up to leave me alone Alone with my head?

I could think of nicer ways To let me down I could blink and you were gone Without a sound (Run)

It's going, going place and trace Of laughter remain the same Ooh, this critical devotion Slow it down traces remain of pain

You try to answer me with silence Violence lies in your eyes You try to tell me what I'm feeling You're stealing the prime of my life

I could think of nicer ways To let me down I could blink and you were gone Without a sound (Run)

It's going, going place and trace Of laughter remain the same Ooh, this critical devotion Slow it down traces remain of pain

No luxury No love No pride

Just canopies of pain inside These enemies of love decide From memories of pain I hide (Run)

It's going, going place and trace Of laughter remain the same Ooh, this critical devotion Slow it down traces remain of pain

It's going, going place and trace Of laughter remain the same Ooh, this critical devotion Slow it down traces remain of pain